Collier's

SEPTEMBER 11, 1948 TEN CENTS

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Were Churchill and F.D.R. the "unwitting dupes" of Stalin at Yalta?

Read and decide

The Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins

HOW TO GET WHISTLED AT

BY RUTH CARSON

ept. 11, 1948

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Eugene Bielaski works the night shift on the Studebaker truck line. His father, Stanley Bielaski, is a welding specialist on convertibles, has 27 years of Studebaker seniority.

This Studebaker Old-timer's Poker Face Hides a Father's Pride and a Craftsman's Respect

THAT intent-looking young man in this picture is getting quite a kick out of having his father for an audience.

As you may have guessed, the dad is a master at this exacting kind of hand welding. He had a reputation at Studebaker long before the boy was born.

Nobody ever has to look far on a Studebaker production line to find some father eagerly watching how his son is doing. This custom got started way back in 96-year-old Studebaker's early days.

Many automotive authorities would tell you that father-and-son teamwork is the backbone of Studebaker's far-famed quality.

A look at Studebaker's employment roster certainly bears out that opinion. Yes, year after year, members of old-time Studebaker families handle the jobs where competent craftsmanship and trustworthy judgment count.

You cash in on this painstaking care every day you own and every mile you drive a far-advanced new Studebaker car or truck.

You get a "plus" of transportation value with the compliments of Studebaker's craftsmen—top quality you pay nothing extra for.

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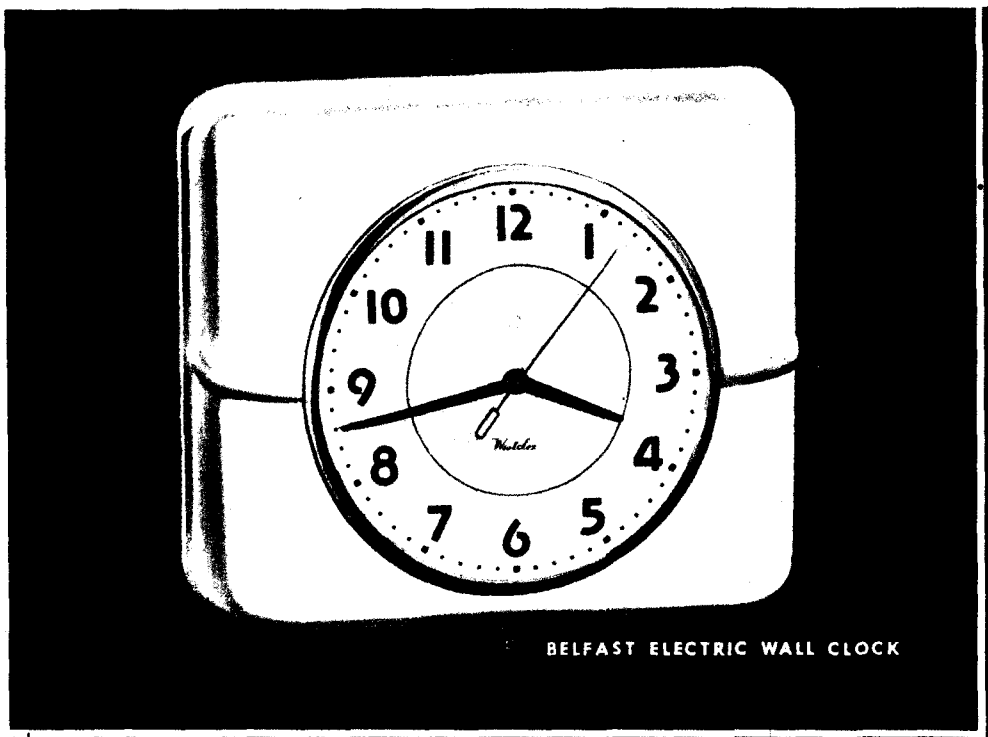
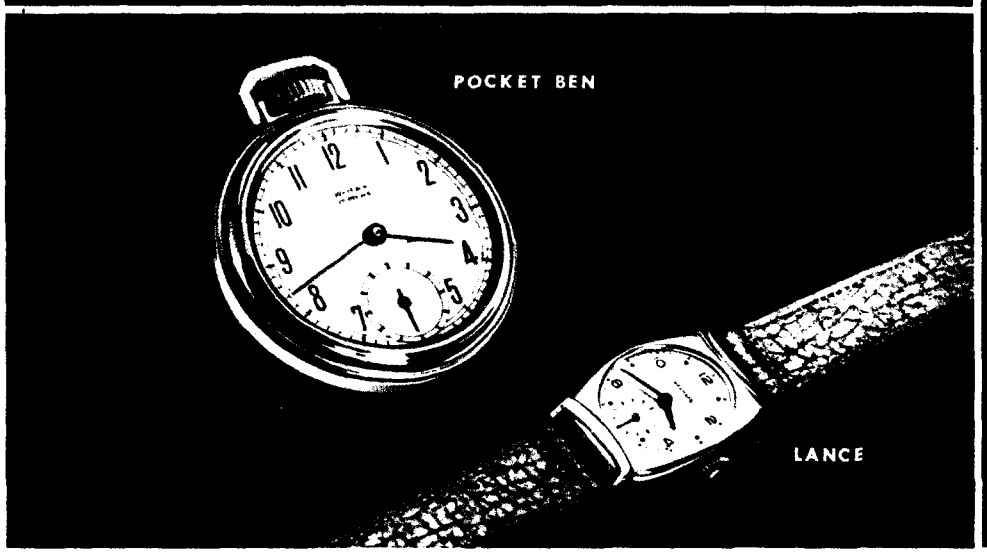
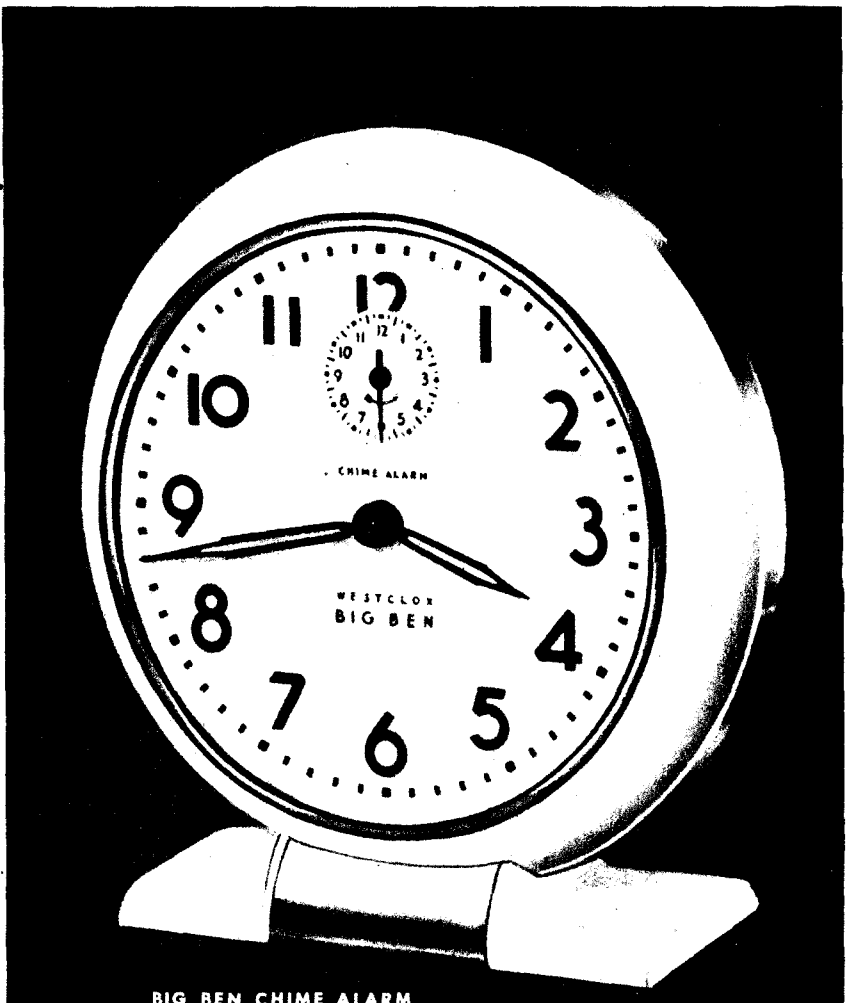
TIMES have changed since Mother Goose rhymed of dillers and dollars and ten o'clock scholars. Now, in our schools and in our lives, we learn to treasure time. Since 1885 more than 200,000,000 Westclox have kept guard over time. They are companions you can trust.



BELFAST ELECTRIC WALL CLOCK





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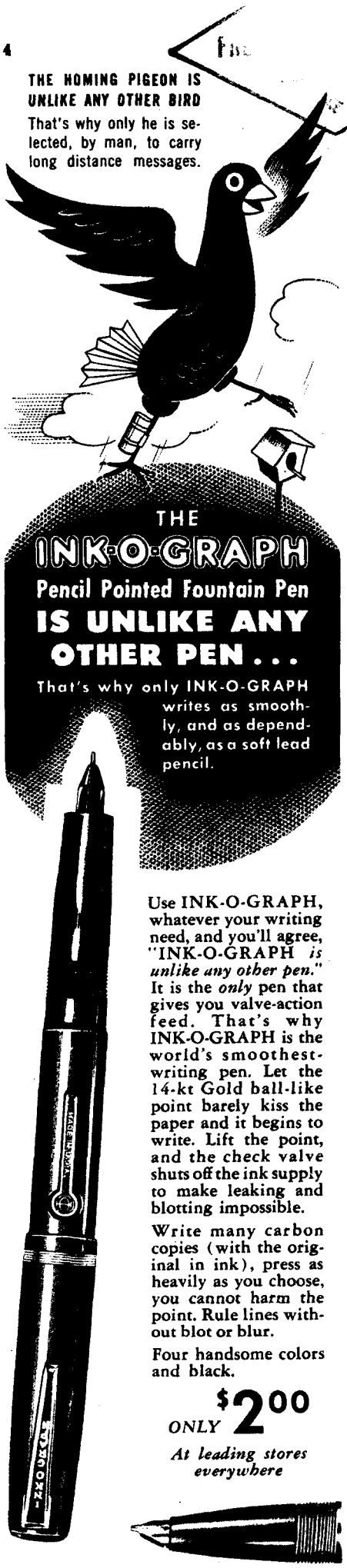
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That's why only he is selected, by man, to carry long distance messages.
THE
INK-O-GRAPH
Pencil Pointed Fountain Pen
IS UNLIKE ANY OTHER PEN . . .
That's why only INK-O-GRAPH writes as smoothly, and as dependably, as a soft lead pencil.
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September 11, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

THE UN IN UNITY

DEAR SIRS: This letter is written by an average American who one day forgot to duck while taking a pillbox in Germany, who remembers his pals, many of whom will never come back, and most of all, looks upon his country torn apart by disunity, greed and selfishness. Our American system with all its faults is the greatest system in the world today. Our Bill of Rights is the answer of all mankind.

We must have unity in America. A nation's strength should not be determined by its gold or size of its army, but by the way a nation takes care of its own, the old, the sick, the poor and its children. Let's pass housing bills no matter the cost, double old-age pensions; all who have the ability should go to college. Free medical attention for the poor. Bills passed giving millions in research for the cure and causes of diseases. These things will make America stronger, and their results would pierce the iron walls of Russia. Today Americans killed in action are returning home. Their bodies should be placed in parks of the towns and cities which were their homes. We then can always pay homage to our brave. Their being close to us should remind us that only in unity can we be free.

JUST AN EX-G.I. JOE
(Name withheld by request)

BOY'S LIFE

GENTLEMEN: In the July 24th issue you had a cartoon by Charles Pearson. The same day I received a letter from my son, photostatic copy of which is enclosed.

"Dear Mom & Pop: I'm probly being a pest to you. Because every time I write a letter I want something. But I would like a flashlight. I'm sorry I din't tell you before whan you wrote a letter & asked me. And would you PLEASE send some batteries too. You have been a great help to me. Thanks Trilyons. It doesn't matter how

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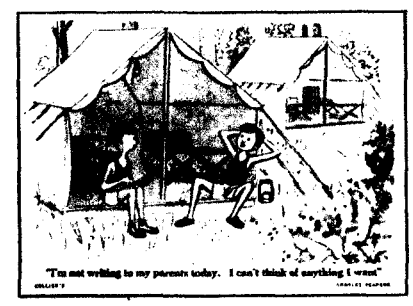

Vol. 122, No. 11. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Donnerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; one year $4.00; two years $6.00; three years $8.00 in the United States and Possessions, also Canada, Labrador, Newfoundland and Philippine Islands. In Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela, one year $5.00; two years $8.00; three years $11.00. Other countries: one year $8.00; two years $14.00; three years $20.00. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

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"B-B-But they won't let my Daddy drive anymore..."

It's a long walk from home, Bobby—when you're used to riding. Guess you'll just have to start earlier, because your Dad had to surrender his license plates yesterday. It was either that—or post $11,000 in cash or security for his recent automobile accident.

Most states now have financial responsibility laws which make nearly all motorists subject to such drastic penalties in case of accident. Under these laws you could lose your driver's license, your automobile registration, or be required to put up cash or security in sums as high as $11,000. Furthermore, you could lose this amount—or more—as the result of a court judgment.

Insurance protection is your most practical solution!

These laws are complicated . . . vary from state to state . . . change from year to year. The average driver can't hope to be familiar with all of them. But—all these states will accept adequate automobile insurance as proof that you are financially responsible.

In *every* state you can, of course, be sued for damages, which might mean the loss of your home, your property, your savings. The most practical and economical way to comply with requirements of the law and protect yourself against shattering losses is to carry the right insurance.

Why it pays to insure with State Farm

1. *State Farm Mutual's rates are low*—because State Farm policyholders are "preferred risks"—people we *know* drive carefully.
2. *For your extra security,* State Farm gives *twice* as much public liability protection, *five times* as much property damage protection as is required by any state financial responsibility law.
3. *Sound management, financial stability* assure prompt payment of legitimate claims.
4. *State Farm Mutual is big*—the largest automobile insurance company in the world.
5. *7,500 representatives* at your service, coast to coast, in the U. S. and Canada.

Get the details from your State Farm representative today. If you are a responsible driver, you can qualify for membership in State Farm Mutual.

The states are cracking down!

The 40 states and the District of Columbia (shaded on map) have financial responsibility laws requiring you, under certain circumstances, to prove you can pay for injury to people or damage to property you do with your car. A similar law already has been passed by Pennsylvania but is not yet in effect.

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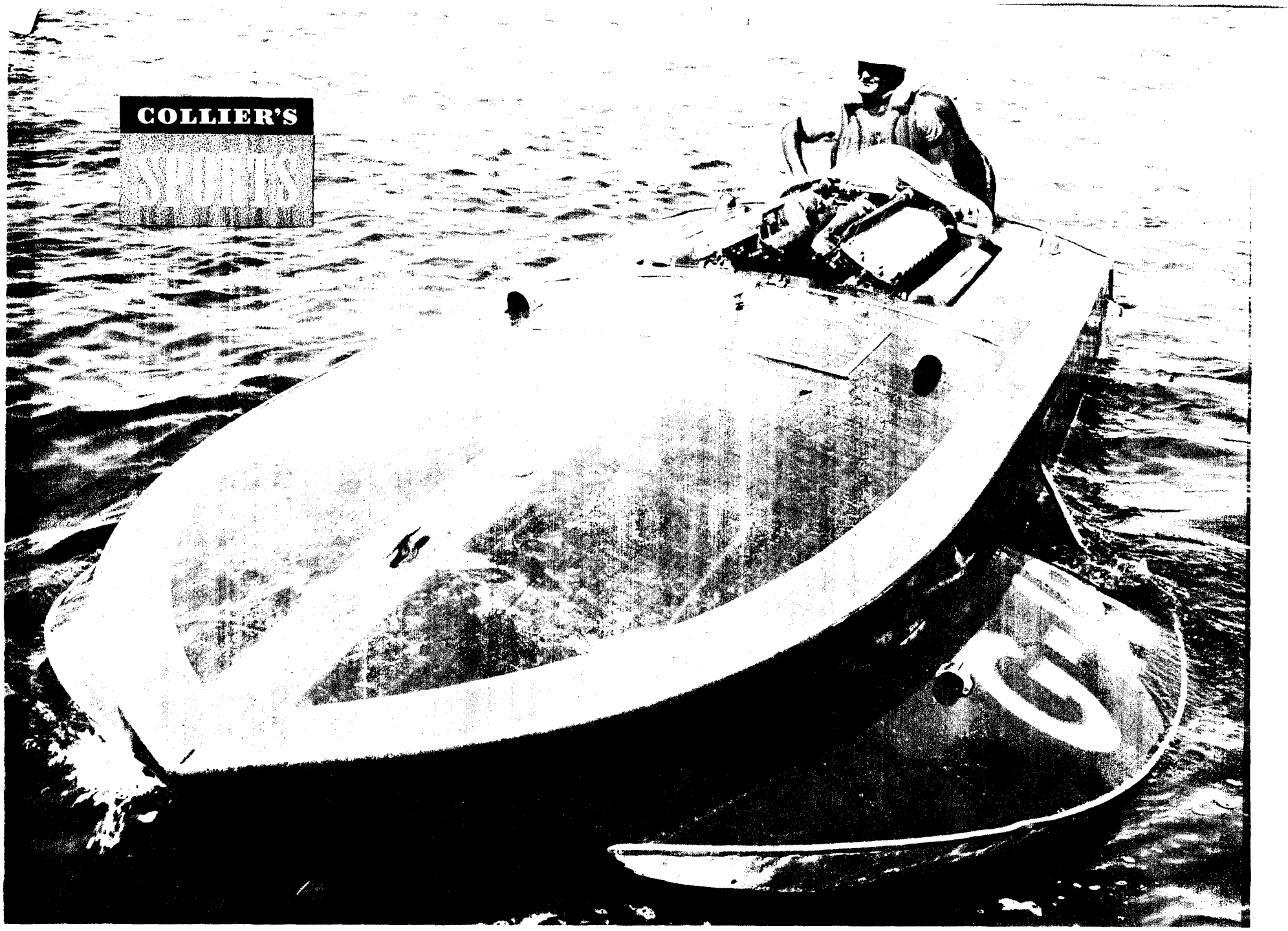

Band leader Guy Lombardo tunes up the big 1,350-hp engine of Tempo VI, which holds the world's single-engine speedboat mark RALPH FORNEY

RECORD BY LOMBARDO

BY BILL FAY

IT HAS been said that Guy Lombardo, who allegedly plays the sweetest music this side of heaven, took up speedboat racing—a thunderous avocation—to escape the wail of his saccharine saxophones. Lombardo denies it.

"My dad owned an outboard in Canada," Guy insists. "That was long before we organized the band. I started racing big boats when we played the Cleveland Yacht Club 20 years ago. Got the bug then."

Lombardo holds the world record for single-engine boats—118.2 miles per hour—but something always happens when the maestro tries to exceed 124.9—the unlimited mark Gar Wood established on four motors. Guy's frustration of last June 27th is typical.

At three o'clock in the morning, Guy hopped off the bandstand at Virginia Beach. He taxied to the airport and flew to Middle River, Maryland.

At seven o'clock he warmed up Tempo VI. At eight o'clock, mist settled over the river. At nine o'clock, Guy told mechanic Tony Orth, "Better call it off. We can't play this record by ear."

At one o'clock the mist lifted. Lombardo captured the Glenn L. Martin hydroplane free-for-all. At four o'clock, Lombardo was back with the band—playing a reception for the governor of Virginia.

Guy's racing record was a model of consistency for more than a decade. From 1935 to 1946, he didn't win anything. He tinkered with all kinds of boats—even installed experimental exhaust stacks that resembled saxophones—but couldn't develop winning speed. Some people were unkind enough to compare his driving with brother Carmen's singing.

But not Joe Taggart, the Ohio ice-cream dealer, who owned the 225-class record holder, Tommyann III. Joe claimed there was nothing wrong with Lombardo's driving that a championship boat couldn't cure. At the 1946 Turkey Lake, Ohio, races, Joe suggested, "Let's switch today, Guy. You race Tommyann." Guy did—and won.

Vastly encouraged, Guy deserted the 70-mile-an-hour 225s, bought Zalmon Simmons' hydroplane, My Sin, rechristened it Tempo VI, and won the Gold Cup. Since then he's been battling Danny Foster, the reformed P-38 pilot, for the top spot in powerboat racing, and the sweetest music this side of heaven has been the roar of the 1,350 horses in the hull of Tempo VI.

COLLIER'S ALL-AMERICA

After Notre Dame overpowered Army last November, Coach Frank Leahy held a press conference, and somebody asked, "Wasn't George Connor terrific? Did you ever see anybody play a better game at tackle?"

"Well," Leahy answered, "I'm confident George played a splendid game, but I won't be able to answer that question until Monday morning when I look over the game movies."

"You mean," the reporter persisted, "you couldn't watch Connor from the bench?"

Leahy shook his head. "That's the worst seat in the stadium. On the field you get a worm's-eye view—a tangle of arms and legs. We have a spotter who phones down information from the press box, and I question the players as they come off the field, but when it comes to analyzing mistakes and commenting on individual performances—well, I can't do that until I play the films over a few times."

Leahy spends at least one hour every day at the movies. "Our players also review their work by watching themselves on the screen," Frank says. "It saves the coaches a lot of work because the players are their own severest critics. After all, you can't argue with a camera. It's the only impersonal, infallible observer in the stadium."

Now let's talk about football films and All-America teams. Collier's originated the All-America in 1888, when Caspar Whitney picked the first one for this magazine. Whitney was succeeded by Walter Camp, and Camp by Grantland Rice.

At first, the selection of the All-America was comparatively simple because football was an eastern seaboard sport. Each year the task became more difficult as good teams and good players multiplied. Now the

(Continued on page 47)

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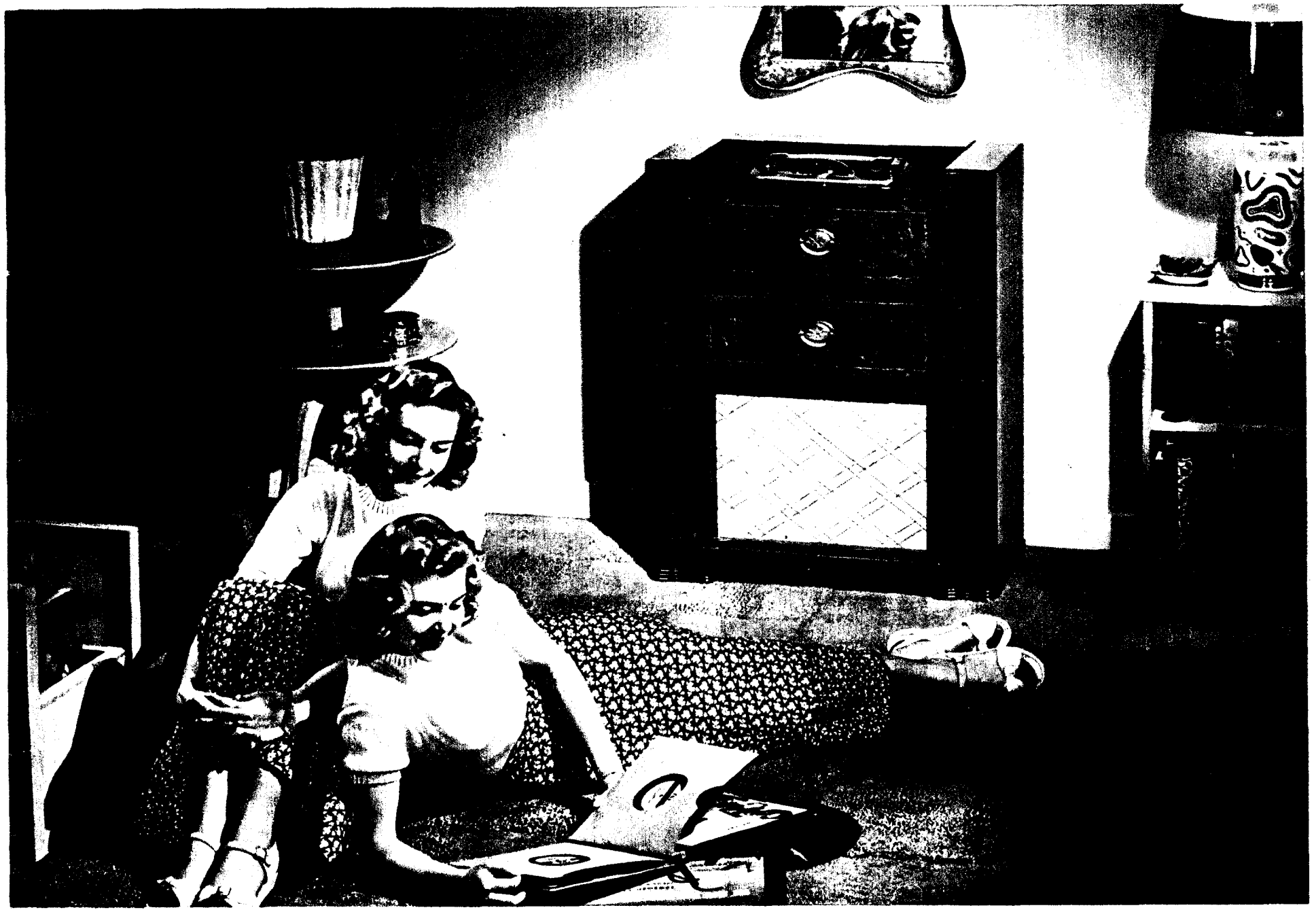


Be prepared for a Sensation...

Listen Now to Zenith's Amazing Twin Triumphs in Tone

...ONLY AT YOUR ZENITH DEALER'S

ONCE you've heard the amazing Zenith twin triumphs in tone . . . once you've experienced this thrill that no other radio can give you . . . you will have the sure evidence of your own senses to tell you why Zenith is not and cannot be successfully imitated.

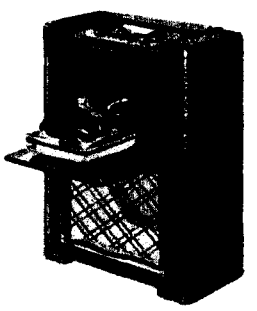
The exclusive Cobra Tone Arm (so good that hundreds of AM and FM radio stations use it to broadcast records) —the one and only genuine Zenith-Armstrong FM— these twin triumphs, and all the other exclusive advantages Zenith gives you, are products of Zenith's unique experience and position in radionics exclusively. There is no substitute for the more than 30 years of "know-how" that go into every Zenith, from the largest console combination to the most compact portable or table model.

Zenith challenges comparison. Accept your Zenith dealer's invitation to come in and let your own eyes and ears tell you why no other radio at any price can give you what Zenith gives you.

New Zenith "Georgian," shown closed above, open at right. Console combination with Cobra Tone Arm; Silent-Speed INTERMIX Record Changer—handles 10-inch records, 12-inch, or both sizes *intermixed;* FM on *both* bands; Standard Broadcast; Radiorgan Tone Control; Wavemagnet.

$239.50*

*Other Zenith models from $19.95 to $675**



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ALSO MAKERS OF AMERICA'S FINEST HEARING AIDS

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The Famous Cobra Tone Arm

New way to play records! Invented and perfected by Zenith . . . reveals tone beauty never heard before, keeps records sounding like new for over 2,000 plays by actual test!

Genuine Zenith-Armstrong FM

With FM aerial built-in—just plug in and play! Gives glorious new radio fidelity—static-free—with quality and sharp tuning not possible with imitation FM sets.

PLUS— ***Radiorgan Tone Control***—makes you master of 64 different tone blendings and shadings; ***Wavemagnet***—up to eleven times more effective than a 50-foot outside aerial; ***DialSpeaker***—in portables and table models, combines dial and speaker into one unit, permits larger speaker than in any other sets of same size; ***Consoltone***—exclusive Zenith circuit that gives table size radios the big, rich tone usually found only in large consoles.

**West Coast prices slightly higher.*
All prices subject to change without notice.

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"... **WORLD EVENTS** absorb him so much, yet he overlooks important *little* things. His hair's a sight! It's dull, unkempt and he's got loose dandruff, too . . . I'd better tell him right now about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic—it'll do him a world of good!"

SEE HOW MUCH better his hair looks now! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic —just a few drops a day—does the trick. Why don't *you* try it? Keeps the hair well-groomed, *natural*-looking. Loose dandruff is checked. Remember, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients . . . is beneficial with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair . . . and it's more economical than other hair tonics, too.

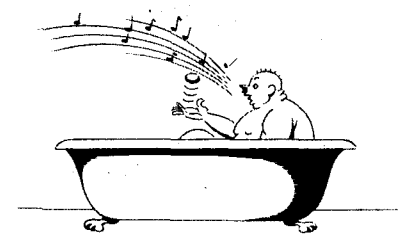
Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK ®

Look for the new green and white package—out now!

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

Probably no monarch ever lived in greater fear of assassination than Abdul Hamid II, Sultan of Turkey from 1876 to 1909, when he was deposed and exiled. His Yildiz Palace in Constantinople was heavily guarded and he held no interviews with outsiders except from behind a fine screen on a balcony so he could not be seen. His private rooms contained alarm systems, concealed revolvers, trap doors and mirrors set at angles as well as life-sized models of himself, standing at windows, sitting in chairs and reclining on lounges, which he hoped would receive any knives or bullets intended for him.



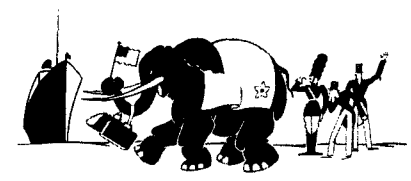
One of the cleverest spies in the first World War was a German who had a unique system of transmitting information to Berlin from his hotel room in Stockholm. Being instructed to watch the man, Allied counter-espionage agents took an adjoining room, shadowed him day and night, tapped his telephone and read his mail for weeks without finding any evidence. Finally, they discovered he was sending messages to a confederate in the other adjoining room by singing loudly in his bath every morning such seemingly innocent gibberish as "do-do day-did do-do dum-dee," which meant Ajax in the message, "Ajax sails five Monday."

A jockey has many ways of favoring his horse in a race. For example, he rides over the animal's forelegs, or just above its center of gravity, where he interferes least with its movements and equilibrium; and frequently has his right stirrup two or three inches shorter than the left so his body easily follows that of the horse on the turns. Another way is to make up additional weight assigned his mount by using a heavier saddle instead of adding dead weight (lead sheets) to a light saddle, which is pound for pound the greater handicap.

The use of the Lohengrin Wedding March, also known as Here Comes the Bride, is frowned upon in church nuptials by millions of Christians. They consider it sensuous as well as secular because it is not the music in the opera that is played as the bride walks to the altar of the church, but the song that is sung several hours later at the castle as the bride and groom enter the bridal chamber.—*By Ellen Lauck, Chevy Chase, Md.*

Holding a skunk off the ground by his tail does not, as is widely believed, render him completely incapable of ejecting his intensely offensive secretion. While the position does prevent him from firing his fluid in normal volume with his customary force and accuracy, it does not prevent him from doing plenty of damage.

Owing to a strange meteorological condition that prevailed over the Atlantic Ocean for several days in 1940, the television programs put on the air by the B.B.C. in London were picked up clearly by the NBC in New York, having traveled 3,500 miles or about 75 times their normal distance. —*By Frank Walsh, Long Island City, New York.*



In 1882, the London Zoo announced that its famous elephant, Jumbo, which it had owned for 17 years, had been sold to Barnum and would be taken to America. Immediately, a great storm of protest swept over England and a campaign was started to keep the animal there. Mass meetings were held, signs were erected, editorials were published and even a song was popularized in this effort which proved to be in vain. When Jumbo sailed, he received not only thousands of farewell messages, but also hundreds of gifts including many dolls, games and books from friends who, in their sorrow, had forgotten that such things are useless to an elephant.

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

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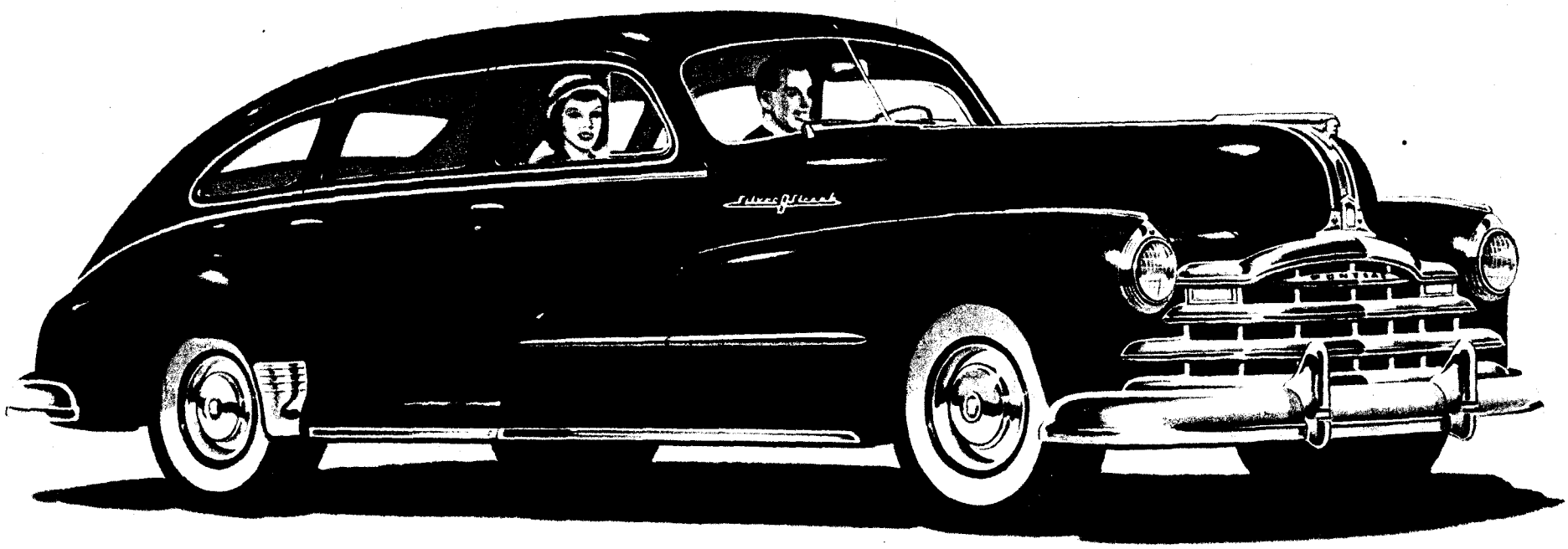
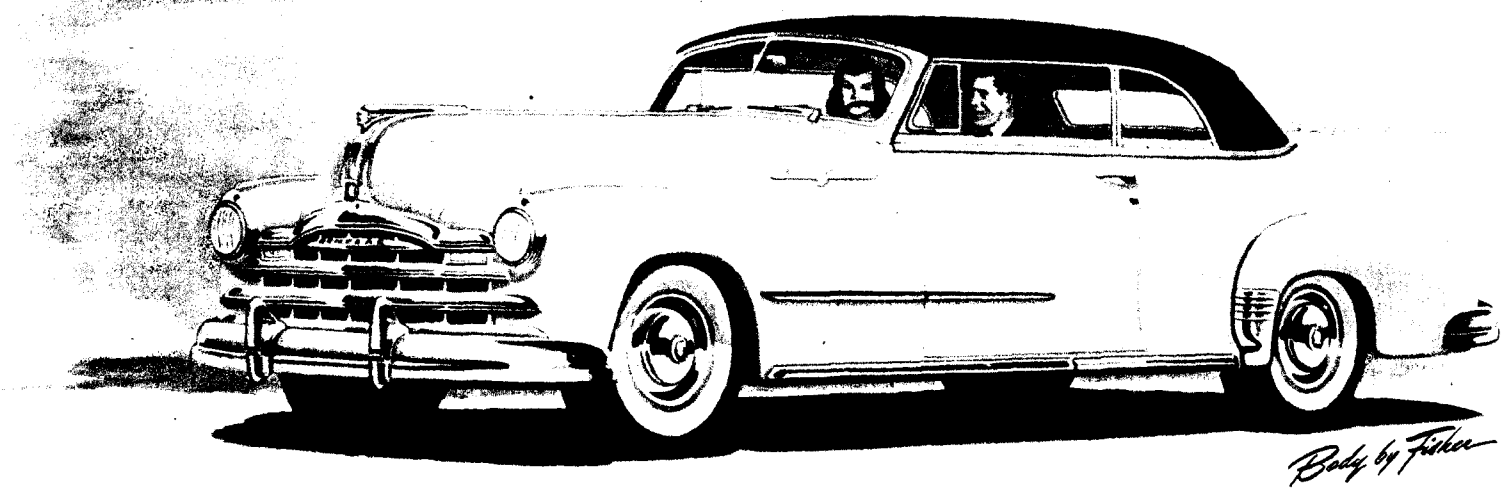
A fine car made even finer

PONTIAC





Always an exceptional car!

Year after year, Pontiac is a *fine* car made *finer*. Constant effort is applied in behalf of Pontiac beauty, Pontiac performance, Pontiac safety, Pontiac economy and Pontiac dependability—*all* the things you want most in a car.

The result—this year or any year—is an *exceptional* automobile excelling in all the things that make for basically better, more convenient, more economical motoring.

An outstanding example of Pontiac progress is the availability of GM Hydra-Matic Drive* on all 1948 Pontiac models.

Pontiac is the lowest-priced car in America offering you this proved achievement in easier, finer automobile performance.

Pontiac's *exceptional* record is your best assurance that you will be very happy if you choose a Pontiac for your next new car. Regardless of when you get it, it will be a wise choice—for Pontiac is *always* an exceptional car.

*Models Illustrated: De Luxe Streamliner 4-Door Sedan and the De Luxe Torpedo Convertible. *GM Hydra-Matic Drive and white sidewall tires optional at additional cost.*

HELP AMERICA PRODUCE FOR PEACE — TURN IN SCRAP IRON AND STEEL

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION of GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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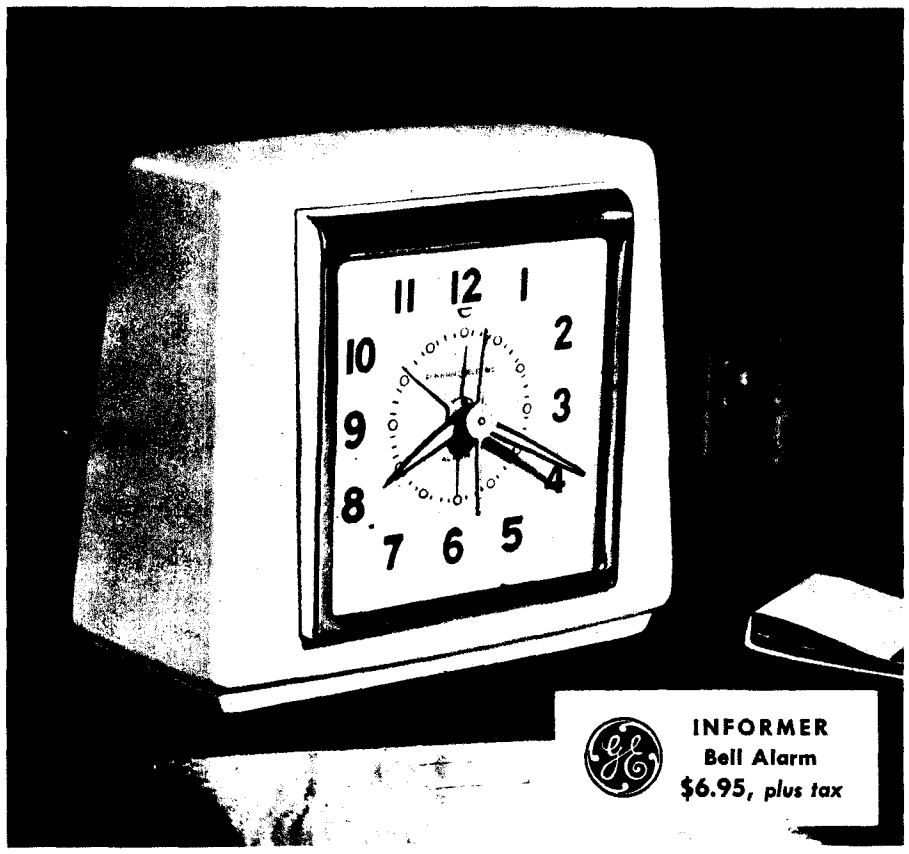
Look! A new-and-beautiful alarm clock!



Listen! A new-and-pleasing alarm!

By General Electric, as you might expect! This latest star in the alarm clock firmament will shine in any company . . . in any room.

Its softly gleaming tapered case is of ivory plastic, contrasting handsomely with the glittering gold-colored "frame" around the face.

The dial is *unusually* distinctive. Mahogany numbers and luminous hour dots harmonize with their rich ivory background. Hands are luminous for time-telling in the dark. There's even a silvery second hand!

The bell in this General Electric Bell Alarm will wake you—*positively*—without assaulting your ear drums. It's authoritative yet melodious! General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

ALL the BIG G-E advantages!

In addition to beauty and a new alarm, this handsome clock has ALL the big General Electric advantages:

Self-starting . . . no winding.
Quiet . . . no disturbing ticktock.
Dependable . . . wakes you on time, every time.
Accurate . . . electrically checked by your electric utility to correspond with official Naval Observatory time.

Why wind a clock today? Get a General Electric Clock and forget it!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

TONI

TONI

RUGE . . . AND FIEND

ON July 31st we presented a dossier of Mr. Fred Balk, the cartoonist with Okay and Nokay sides. Mr. John A. Ruge, responsible for the cartoon spread: Class of '49 (p. 24) and assisted by a sheer stocking, offers his own Jekyll-Hyde character:

The Awful Truth About Ruge

Born: Faribault, Minn. (pop. 14,527) Oct. 2, '15.
Major Childhood Event: At 2, house burned down. Had nothing to do with it. Sister saved him. Art survived.
Early Movement: To New York at 10, via Philadelphia. Had rather forget latter—no Sunday baseball then.
Life in Art: Started drawing in kindergarten, so in time illogically attended the Art Students League, studying anatomy, painting. Latter messy. Sold first cartoon to Collier's—third year of Art School.
Remarks at Time: I can't believe it!
Remarks 11 Successful Years Later: I still can't believe it!
Influence of Hitler On: Greeted by F.D.R. in 1942, he was invited to Camp Upton and was given abuse, a set of form-fitting (somebody else's form) clothes, his basic training and latrines to clean. Stood guard over 3,000 pairs of woolen underwear, till transferred to *Yank*, later to Pacific as combat-artist-correspondent. Attacked Saipan, Iwo, Okinawa, Tokyo with pen and sketch pad. On carrier Ticonderoga off Tokyo in A.M. war ended.
Black Mark on War Record: Lived secretly with *Yank* staff in private house in Tokyo. Against regulations to even enter Jap homes. House only 300 yards American Embassy. MacArthur never knew.
Postwar Record: Work, work, work. Play, play, play. Likes golf, but golf doesn't like him.
Occupational Hazard: The Man with the Martini. He backs cartoonists against walls and blurts out: "Say, you oughta meet Joe. He's a riot . . . he'll keep you in gags for next six months."
Person Cartoonist Never Hopes to Meet: Joe.
Hobbies: Photography and being unmarried—both of which keep Ruge broke.

PAUL JONES, a pre-war Collier's perennial, is back again with a short short (The Shanahan Strad, p. 25). He says he spent the war with a civilian agency increasing the Good Neighbor Policy, and the postwar years brooding on same.

In World War I Mr. Jones was a fighter pilot, and after teaching college French and journalism, he became a free-lance writer. He now runs a comment column in the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Of The Shanahan Strad, Mr. Jones, who usually derives his short shorts from news clippings, says, "I read of an East Sider who lived for years on the alleged value of a violin he expected to leave as a legacy, and I set to work."

LYNNE BAU

THIS week's $1,000 Star award copper, Margaret Chase, informs us: "In the library of Northwestern University is an early work of mine entitled Political and Legal Antiquities in Lysias. I wrote it for my Master's Degree in Greek—no less. Right now at my home in Rye, New York, I have a large husband, a teen-age daughter and two sons. The Girl Who Was Nobody's Daughter (p. 18) was written in fond remembrance of our departed maids—Svea, Adela, Virginia, Elizabeth, Anna, Hannah, Louvaine, Geranium, Hazel, Ella and Old Kate.

This week's cover: The Winner! Last summer, photographer Ozzie Sweet, of Darien, Conn., met little pro model Lynne Bau in New York, with her mother. Months later he met Champion Côte de Neige Roncevaux (Ronnie, for short), of the Great Pyrenees breed. Somehow Lynne, that yellow skimmer and Ronnie got together in Ozzie's mind—and a cover was born . . . TED SHANE

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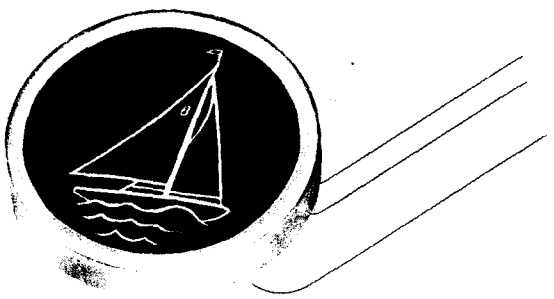
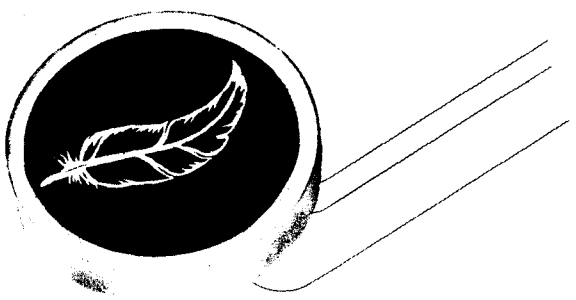
Dear Smith-Corona,

Please add these keys to your typewriter...

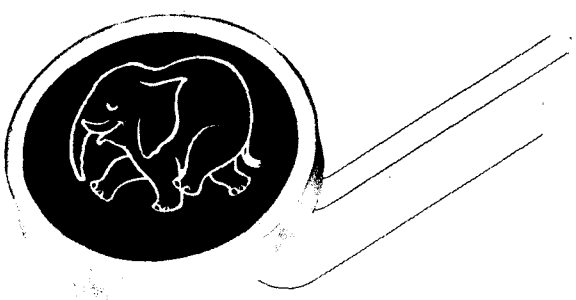


...this because work is such smooth sailing.

...a jack-rabbit to suggest your speed, or should I say a whippet?



...a feather for your light, soft touch that never shocks my fingers.



...you'll get the idea of the elephant since everyone knows how strong and rugged you are.

...and a trophy 'cause you help me to turn out more work with less effort.

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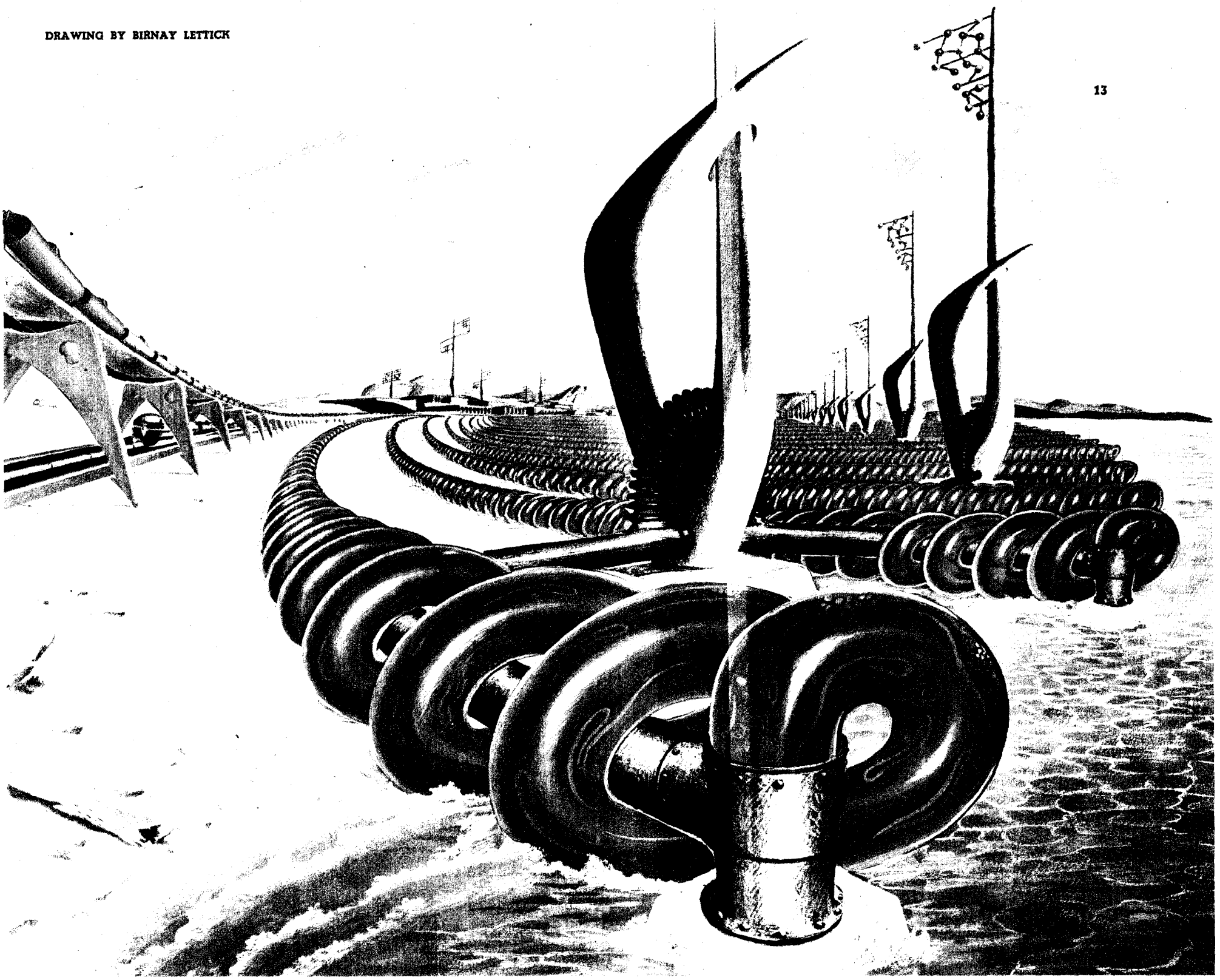
DRAWING BY BIRNAY LETTICK



These weird glass coils are an artist's conception of tomorrow's farm machinery, in which water plant life will be harnessed to produce the world's food

BREAD WITHIN THE WATERS

BY LESTER VELIE

THE time is the Year X, perhaps five years from now, perhaps 25. The place is the Texas shore line of the Gulf of Mexico. But it could be the Pacific beaches of southern California or the shores of one of the Great Lakes. Or the sands beside the Sea of Galilee.

For miles—as far as the eye can see—twist fat coils of glass pipe, two and three feet thick. Greenish-yellow fluid courses sluggishly through the transparent mains, giving the appearance of a Dali surrealist landscape. Great pumping stations dot the shore. The coils lead inland and terminate in a huddle of other plants from which a mile-long train of tank cars—the only sign of human life—is just gliding away.

This is the farm of the future—based on solid discoveries already made at the University of California and by the Carnegie Institution at Palo Alto.

Collier's for September 11, 1948

In the farm of the future of Year X, man has come a long way from the wooden stick with which he scratched the earth in the days of Moses or even from the power plows that churned up vast acres in the days of Franklin Roosevelt. Now he has learned how to grow food in water in such abundance that, for the first time in history, there is enough for everybody, and hunger is banished from the earth.

Man has learned to train a wide variety of plants to produce, to order, fats, starches, sugars, vitamins —all the vital elements he needs. He has done this by wresting from Nature her best-kept secret: how a blade of grass or stalk of wheat creates its own food and, indirectly, *(Continued on page 66)*

Every five years Mother Earth has 100,000,000 more mouths to feed. Come wars, pestilence and famine, this is Nature's will. Man in his ignorance has flogged the land within an ounce of its life. But now the wonders of the fissioned atom fetch plant food from the seas. Here's your farm of tomorrow

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Pardon My Symptoms

BY NARD JONES

There wasn't much the matter with Hazel. Just the kind of heart trouble that no doctor could cure—unless his name was Ed

HIS Aunt Libby said it was too bad Ed Ferguson wasn't a doctor instead of assistant postmaster of Maple Corners. She also said it was a pity he couldn't get away from Umatima County.

All the doctors in the county—and we have quite a few—were right with Libby on that last.

You see, Ed is related to a tremendous lot of folks. That would be okay with the local knife-and-pill brotherhood if he weren't always telling his relatives what their symptoms meant. A thing like this can be very upsetting to a regular doctor, especially when his diagnosis does not agree with Ed's.

But Ed only means to be helpful, and his heart is as big as his interest in medicine, which is certainly considerable. Ed is tall and gangling, with very disconcerting blue eyes, unruly tow hair, and freckles, so help me. He arouses the mother instinct in a girl, and then before she knows it she is not feeling the least bit motherly. Ed is not aware of this awful talent. We have been engaged since he got out of the Navy, so I should know. Maybe the reason he never discovered his wattage is because he is so concentrated on medicine in his off hours from the post office. Aunt Libby always said his concentration would make him a great doctor, if he had the chance. I agreed, but privately sometimes I wished he could move his concentration around a little more handily.

One day old Doc Gibbons wheeled up to me on the main street and said, "Hazel, if that damned nosy boy friend of yours don't stop his medical kibitzing, I am going to have the law on him. And stuff in your shirttails. You're getting too old to leave your shirttails hanging out."

Doc Gibbons talks that way to me because he has known me all my life. It always seemed to me that more than doctoring people, he spent his time going around badgering and scolding them.

I stuffed in my shirttails. "What's Ed done now?" I asked, as if I didn't know.

"Don't you gallivant around with him every Sunday when he makes his visits to his consarn relatives? Wasn't you with him at old lady Murchison's last Sunday?" I admitted it. "I thought so," Doc Gibbons spluttered. "And didn't he tell her she had gall-bladder trouble?"

"I wouldn't know," I said. "I just go in and pay my respects and then I wander outside to look at the brood sow or something."

ILLUSTRATED BY JIM DWYER

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They began shaking each other silly. The barker yelled down: "Gentlemen! Come up into the arena"

"Old lady Murchison ain't got any more gall-bladder trouble than I have!" Doc Gibbons shouted, right out in front of the feed store.

"Ed said you looked a little like you might have. Gall-bladder trouble, I mean." I shouldn't have said it. He got so flushed up I thought he was going to have a stroke. I know the symptoms. I have learned a good deal from Ed, naturally.

"I am going to write Washington," Doc Gibbons said. "I'll have Ed Ferguson fired from the post office and maybe then he will go away from Maple Corners and Umatima County."

THE threat didn't worry me. Nobody can fire Ed from the post office, as there is no assistant postmaster officially. Ed is hired by Jake Bulfinch, the appointed postmaster, out of Jake's own pay. Jake has been postmaster since before I remember, when the Republicans were in. It doesn't seem to make any difference to Jake who's in and who's out. But he likes to hunt and fish, so he hired an assistant. And I knew he wouldn't fire Ed because in the first place Ed is his nephew.

In the second place, Ed saved Jake Bulfinch a trip out to Mayo's. None of the docs had been able to figure out why Jake had fainting spells and they were all set to ship him out to the clinic when Ed came along and said it was the fumes from the kerosene stove in the post office. He fixed the leaks in the stove and, sure enough, Jake didn't have any more fainting spells. I don't mind telling you he was right about Annie's gall bladder, too!

In my opinion it was the U.S. Navy that got Ed interested in medicine. Ed happened to get on one of those little ships that don't have a doctor. They are supposed to have a pharmacist's mate which, as Ed explains it to me, is not the wife of a druggist. Anyhow, here was this little ship in Seattle with orders to sail immediately for the South Pacific, and no pharmacist's mate. So the skipper gave a big thick book to Ferguson, Edwin B., seaman 2/c, and showed him the medical stores.

"Ferguson," he said, "you
By the time he got back to
recite whole chapters of tha
for word.

So I knew that Ed wasn't
office, although he never c
much. He said he was happ
the South Pacific alive. Bu
that he felt responsible for
of depended on the money h
room. I love Libby as if she
of my own, but I thought ma
another boarder for her. So w
office and the town looked p
after the Navy, I said, "How
batted my eyelashes.

"You look good, too," he sa
tension, but nothing serious."

"Do I seem healthy enough
maybe?"

Ed said yes, and he (Continued on page 53)

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CARELESSNESS...THE CHILD KILLER

're busy with your chores, lady. The baby will have to amuse himself around the house until you're through. Listen, thousands of kids left ike that died horribly in American homes last year. Want to know what to do? Well, read this—The second of two articles on this subject

lies in wait for children in thousands of seemingly harmless things around the house. managed to screw a steel nut firmly on his thumb. It took a dentist's drill to get it off

II

THE young couple drove up to their apartment-house door with a sigh of relief. The long, 500-mile drive back from vacation had been tiring, and for the last hour their two-year-old daughter had been fretting. They entered their fourth floor apartment, and quickly threw open the windows to air the stifling rooms. The young woman placed her baby on the living-room floor and hurried to get the child's supper ready. The father went down for another load from the car.

All the window sills were well above the child's head, and there was no furniture near them. Yet, when the mother came in with her supper, the baby was on the pavement four stories below, dead. Too late, the heartbroken parents realized that what made the accident possible was the fact that the rugs were at the cleaners. Even a baby could slide a heavy chair across the slippery floor to the window, climb into it, and roll out over the sill.

But what really made the accident possible was not the slippery floor. It was the parents' disregard of a primary rule of home-accident prevention.

Never leave a child alone in a room with an open window.

Of the 39 children who die every day in accidents, more than half are killed in their own homes —the very place where they should be safest. Last year 7,400 children were killed at home. And nearly every one of these deaths could have been prevented.

This slaughter of the innocents will stop when parents can be brought to realize that the killer is, almost always, their own negligence. To alert them to the need of protecting their children, the Children's Bureau of the Federal Security Agency, the American Academy of Pediatrics, and the National Safety Council are this month co-operating with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in launching one of the first big national campaigns to reduce children's accidents.

As reported in Collier's two weeks ago, accidents are the chief killers of children today, surpassing the combined death rate of pneumonia, diphtheria, polio, meningitis and several other diseases. Children's accidents have become a national problem. The fact that most children are killed in their own homes is a terrible reflection on the carelessness of American parents. But it shows us all where one big safety job must be done.

Some of the accidents which befall children in and around the home are fantastic. In New York an 11-year-old boy was killed in the kind of an accident that makes your hair stand on end. He and his friends were playing baseball in their own alleyway with a broken bat held together with adhesive tape. One of the players swung at the ball and missed. The broken sliver was hurled from the bat with tremendous force. It went whirling through the air, the sharp end catching the boy in the throat, severing his jugular vein. He died before he could reach the hospital.

Yet, this shocking "freak" accident could have been prevented. Almost any broken toy is a dangerous toy. Parents should inspect their children's toys frequently and dispose of any which have become broken and dangerous.

Death lies in wait for small children in thousands of seemingly harmless objects. Take "pull toys," for instance. Millions of children enjoy playing with these brightly colored blocks of wood which, pulled along behind them, provide healthy exercise for the child. But recently, in an upper New York State town, a mother allowed her son to take his pull toy to bed with him. In the morning she found him dead. During the night he had somehow wrapped the long string of his toy about his neck, and then in his struggles to get free had strangled himself.

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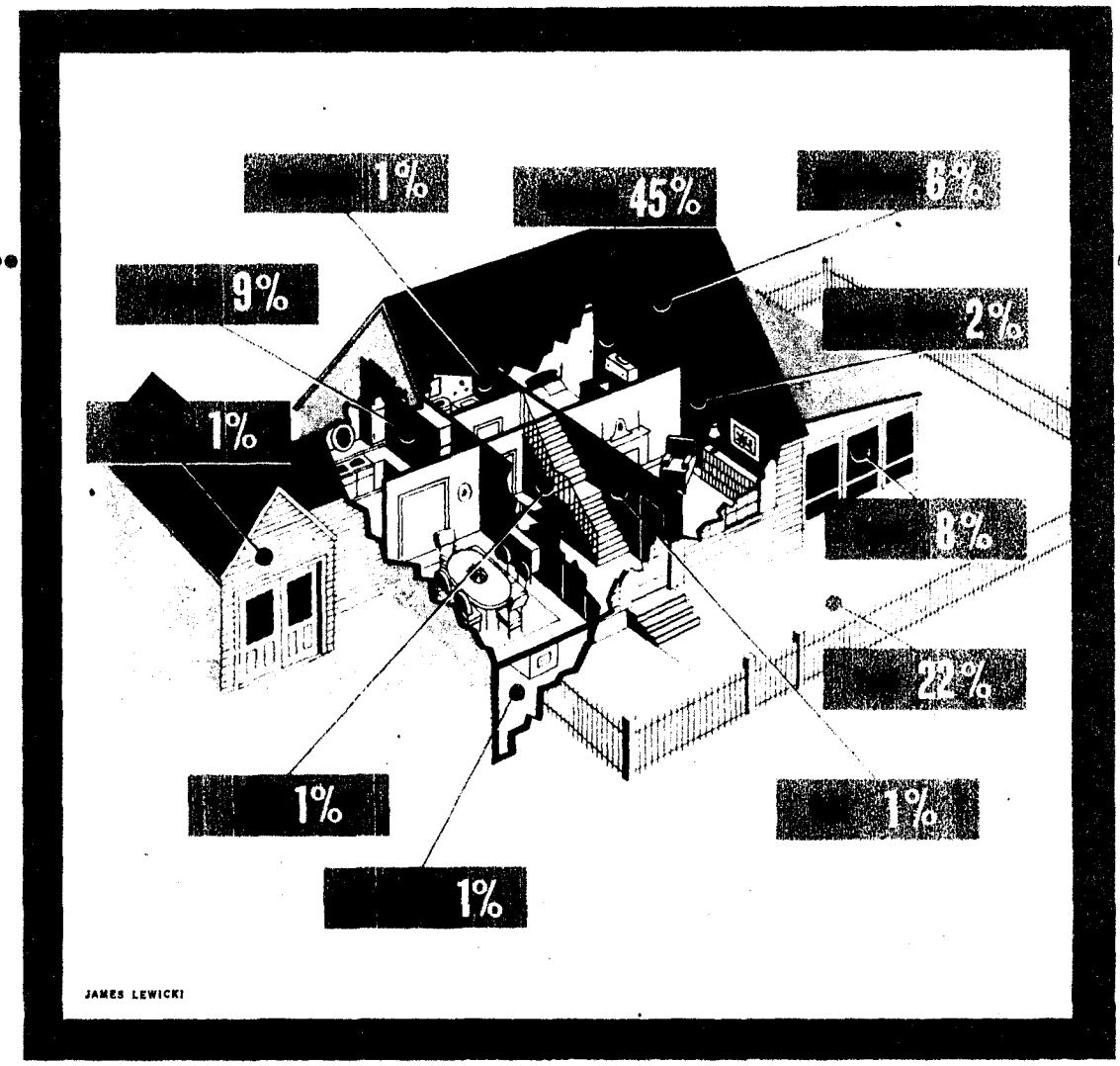
BY

HARRY HENDERSON

AND SAM SHAW



The places in your home most dangerous for youngsters are spotlighted here. The figures are from a National Safety Council analysis of nearly 1,000 fatal accidents to children

Several hundred children die of strangulation in similar accidents each year, some before their parents' eyes. One mother wondered why her three-year-old son was mumbling his prayers instead of sing-songing them as he usually did. Tired from a long day, she did not immediately investigate. A second later he began to gasp for breath. Almost before she could understand what was happening, he was dead. He had swallowed a quarter, given to him to play with. Of course, he was told not to put it in his mouth.

As his grief-stricken parents now know, you cannot trust any child with small objects, or depend on him completely to heed your warnings.

This Boy Took His Toy Rabbit to Bed

Despite the warnings of doctors, safety experts and nurses, parents still permit children to take toys to bed with them. A West Coast mother, for instance, finally gave in to her little two-year-old son's demands that his favorite plaything, a cotton-stuffed rag rabbit, be allowed to sleep with him. She left the child happily asleep, the rabbit in his arms.

Two hours later she went into the room to get a coat hanger and turned on the light. She saw her little boy lying on his back, his eyes wide open, his body stiff, a fluff of cotton between his clenched teeth. The bed was littered with scraps of cotton . . . and his rabbit, its back ripped open, lay near by.

Quickly throwing a blanket over the unconscious child, she ran with him to a neighbor across the street. By that time he had turned blue, and his hands and feet were ice cold. The neighbor pried open the child's mouth and began pulling out cotton while his wife telephoned for the emergency squad and the distraught mother began artificial respiration. The emergency squad administered oxygen. At the hospital still more cotton was plucked from the child's throat. Continued oxygen treatment kept him alive until all the cotton was out and he had resumed normal breathing.

Both of these accidents happened because the parents did not foresee danger, and because they did not realize that a young child may not cry out even if he is able to. That is why, long ago, doctors formulated the rule: *Never allow any unnecessary object in a child's bed.* Yet three children a day die in accidents similar to these. Nearly all of them are under five years of age.

Most children who are killed at home die from burns. Altogether, more than 2,400 children die from burns each year—the majority of them, according to insurance statistics, in fires which consumed their homes. In too many cases the parents had gone out and left small children alone.

The safest safety match is dangerous in the hands of a child. Matches should be kept in a metal container out of the reach of small children. Older youngsters must be constantly educated to the danger matches represent.

Not long ago, in an eastern city, a thirteen-year-old boy, whose safety education had been neglected, found a box of matches. He immediately began striking them, throwing them away. His three-year-old sister, fascinated, followed him. He tried dropping them into milk bottles, drain pipes, tin cans. Finally, in the garage, he got one into a nearly empty gasoline can. The explosion killed both him and his baby sister. His parents found the trail of burned matchsticks afterward. Not only had they neglected their son's safety education, but they had, in leaving a nearly empty gasoline can around, literally provided him with the means of blowing himself and his sister up.

Two of the most dangerous periods for home fires are Halloween and Christmas. At these times children are apt to be dressed in inflammable costumes —and near candles, fireplaces, bonfires. *In some cases where death has resulted, Halloween victims had been given the matches by their parents.* A handful of matches given a boy dressed in an inflammable clown suit burst into flame in his pockets. Before his panic-stricken parents could get the flames out, he was so severely burned that he died a few hours later.

A New Jersey child, dressed in a grass hula skirt, caught fire and only the quick, courageous action of his mother, who beat out the flames with her hands, saved his life But a Holyoke, Massachusetts, child, also wearing a grass skirt, was not so fortunate. She caught fire and died from her burns when a wisp of her skirt poked through the grinning face of a candle-lit pumpkin.

Both Halloween and Christmas are coming up. You can help your children celebrate these holidays safely by making sure their costumes are not inflammable, by keeping matches out of their hands, by supervising them carefully around open flames, and by placing candles—if you absolutely must have them—out of their reach.

A Caution Against Scalding Accidents

Hundreds of children are scalded to death by hot liquids. One Metropolitan Life Insurance Company study of 100 fatal burns among children under five showed that 56 of them resulted from mothers having left hot soup, coffee, or boiling water where the child could tip the pot over. One simple movement would have saved many of these lives—turning the handles of all pots on the stove to the inside.

Pediatricians say that one of the main reasons for children's accidents is their love of imitation. They try to do what their parents do, and the little girl who reaches up and grasps a steaming pot by its handle is merely trying to do what she has seen her mother do hundreds of times.

More than 500 children are killed yearly in falls. A study at Chicago's big Cook County Hospital of hospitalized accident cases showed that 60 per cent of children's nonfatal accidents are caused by falls particularly on slippery floors and on stairs. Youngsters tumble frequently because their muscles lack co-ordination, sometimes because their eyesight isn't good. But nearly all their fatal falls were fatal because some parent neglected adequate safeguards. Some children plummeted from windows because their parents thought fly screens were sufficient guard, or that the child couldn't climb up onto the sill.

Most frequently, children fall at night when, half-awake, they get up and go to the bathroom in the dark. Half-opened doors or badly placed furniture can be skull-crushers then.

In one case last year a five-year-old boy woke up and called for a glass of water. His mother went to the kitchen for it. While she was there, he called out again asking, "Mommy, can I get in your bed?" She answered, "Go ahead."

A few moments later she returned with the water. The child wasn't in her bed. She went to his room, but he wasn't there, either. Alarmed, she turned on the lights and roused the family. They found him half an hour later, his head crushed. Half-asleep he had walked into a wide-open air-shaft window and had fallen three stories.

The price of a night light is ten cents. The price of a safe steel window guard is a couple of dollars. And the price of a child's life is beyond any man's purse.

Frequently fatal falls are not the children's doing. The person holding them fell and landed on top of them, fracturing their skulls, breaking their necks or their backs, crushing their ribs. Many of these accidents would have been prevented by adequate handrails and nonskid treads on the stairs, and by keeping stairways free of obstructions. Tragically often, the adult who falls with a child is a grandparent, because as we grow older our missteps become more numerous and more dangerous. They are one of the principal causes of death among people over sixty-five. Elderly persons should avoid carrying children up or down stairs or across slippery floors.

Each year we electrocute nearly as many innocent children as we do murderers. Sometimes the amount of negligence required to do the job is staggering. In many cases, children are killed by wires on which the *(Continued on page 57)*

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The Girl

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who was Nobody's Daughter

BY MARGARET CHASE

The warm and exciting story of an orphan who pulled another woman's family together by main strength—of back, and of character

September 1

Dear Miss Pupke:

The place you got me is swell, and Mrs. Iredale is my ideal woman. I am not homesick for the Industrial Home for Orphan Girls. Don't forget I am now grown up, I am seventeen years old. I think I have stopped growing too. It is possible I am not quite so clumsy. Mrs. Iredale was so pleased when I lifted up her bureau and carried it across the room without marking the waxed floor. The drawers all fell out at once though.

I have a feller. He delivers the groceries from our store and has asked me to go to the movies on Thursday. He has pretty curly hair and pretty eyelashes and pretty white teeth. His name is Skibby. I do not understand the look in his eye, but this is the first time I ever got asked for a date. Frank the garbage man says Skibby is a juvenile delinquent, but Frank is just jealous. He wants me to meet his son Rocky, an unmarried cop. Juvenile delinquents do not worry me. I have seen plenty of them at the Home.

Mrs. Iredale is pretty and full of fun and a great athlete. The Mister says nothing and is very sallow but he must be a nice guy because he gives the baby her bottle every morning and plays with her although he takes no breakfast himself, just has a tablespoon of rye whisky. The baby is two. Her name is Cherry. She cannot pronounce my name right. She calls me Moosie. To show you how nice the Iredales are, they don't.

Besides the baby, the Iredales have one other child, a little boy called Stupy, but he must have another name. He stays in the basement mostly and saws or makes lead soldiers or something.

The kitchen has a beautiful big window over the sink so I can look out and see the grass and the trees, and the garbage wagon moving up the alley, and Cherry yelling in her play pen.

Over the kitchen is a storage space where they keep attic kind of things. It is reached by a trap door in the kitchen ceiling that you yank down by a chain. Yesterday Stupy says to me, "Ever play basketball?"

"Certainly. I jumped center at the Industrial Home for six years."

"See if you can reach that chain."

So I sprang up and yanked the chain good, and about a thousand tennis balls pelted me on the head. Stupy and I like to died laughing.

Our setup is like this, and Mrs. Iredale says it shows what a good executive she is because it works out so well, with only a cook—that's me—and a laundress, and a nurse girl. The laundress is very intellectual and a beautiful ironer. She is a small sad-looking colored woman named Jinkie and she knows a great deal about the Bible especially Ezekiel.

Mondays she washes and Tuesdays she irons. Wednesdays she takes care of Cherry because that is the nurse girl's day off. Thursdays she does the cooking because I am off. Fridays she scrubs the bathrooms and the windows and does the Missis' silk stuff. Saturdays she stays home for some reason, she has quite a few children of her own, and then she comes on Sundays when I get off at four o'clock and she makes the supper and goes home. So you see Mrs. Iredale is a good executive and leaves no time when she might have to do anything herself except there is the risk of Sunday evening—but the Mister can take hold then.

The nurse girl is Jinkie's daughter Joe Ella. She is very pretty and laughs and is absent-minded and reads Stupy's funny books all the time even when she is bathing the baby. So you see she is intellectual too.

The Missis is delicate. I carry a breakfast tray up to her every morning at nine o'clock and the last thing at night I turn down her bed and lay out her nightgown. She had an operation so she is not strong, and she hates whisky.

I have made lots of good things to eat. Stupy loves them. I burned my arm on an apple pie that turned over when I took it out of the oven, and I knelt on a sliver of glass that I was sweeping up because the Mister dropped a highball in the pantry, and I cut my knee. Nevertheless I still think everything out in the world is more beautiful than a dream, and more exciting.

Miss Pupke, I hung over my dresser the motto of the Industrial Home for Orphan Girls that you gave me, framed. *Every Tub Must Stand Upon Its Own Bottom* John Bunyan, but if you would not be hurt I would like to replace it with a new one I am lettering: *"Moonlight and Roses and Dreams."* I changed my name to De Lucie. That's French. So I will now sign myself, with love,

De Lucie (Lucy) Weed

September 7

Dear Miss Pupke:

I was reading in the paper I wrap the garbage in, and I saw the Missis' name. The Missis is a swell golf player and it said she was runner-up in a tournament and had eighty. It didn't say what of. What is running up? I asked Jinkie but she did not help much. She said it was eighty strokes and that golf is mentioned in Proverbs where it says, "A fool's lips enter into contention, and his mouth calleth for strokes."

Some days Mrs. Iredale plays tennis after she plays golf. I had a little run-in with Jinkie. She said the Missis isn't as delicate as she thinks she is but she has west-side malaria. I says, "What is west-side malaria?" She says, "She can eat and she can sleep but she can't work." So I says, "Shame on you, Jinkie. The Missis had an operation and she ain't strong yet," and Jinkie says, "She had her tonsils out five years ago." That's no way to criticize a beautiful mother like Mrs. Iredale and a good executive.

This morning I was fixing some waffles for Stupy when the Mister came shooting into the pantry like always for his tablespoon of rye whisky. "Try a bite of these, Pa," says Stupy. "They're swell." Stupy eats with me in the breakfast nook in the big bay window in the kitchen. It's like two pews opposite each other with a long table in between.

"Okay," says the Mister taking a bite. "Hey these are darn' good, De Lucie. Got one for me?" I quick gave him a nice hot waffle and a cup of coffee I had just made for myself and he ate right there with Stupy and forgot to drink his tablespoon.

Stupy was scrabbling *(Continued on page 62)*

The trap door flew open. Tennis balls and an old horse blanket fell over Skibby's head and he dropped the gun

ILLUSTRATED BY KEN COWHEY

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HOW TO GET WHISTLED AT

BY RUTH CARSON

ANN DELAFIELD is a woman with a Cause. That Cause is, we rejoice to report, to make more women beautiful—or at least easier to look at. To date she has succeeded with nearly half a million, via her famous DuBarry Success School in New York. And her Home Success Course goes by mail to women in every state of the Union and many foreign countries.

"One woman in every hundred in the United States between the ages of sixteen and sixty has taken this course," she says triumphantly. "One in every twelve has inquired about it."

Miss Delafield is a tall, slim, green-eyed brunette, given to wearing jersey dresses that mold her fine figure, and startling, feathered hats for drama. She is, according to her own analysis, just a teacher of physical education. "I want to make the world a lovelier place to live in," she says, batting her green eyes at you. "I am also a dietitian, but I am not a beautician. I don't even know what that means."

This attitude is not applauded by those competitors in the beauty business who merely sell powders and creams on the principle that beauty is only skin deep. Delafield tells you a body's insides might have something to do with handsome exteriors.

She now has 350 perspiring hopefuls crowding four floors of her salon every day. We've been looking at them each laboring through a six-week stint of exercising, dieting, and reclining every now and then with feet higher than head—a position which Delafield calls the Beauty Angle. She has an annual crop of about 45,000 women doing the same thing in their own homes. "The Beauty Angle combats the force of gravity," she points out earnestly, "sending blood in greater amounts to nourish your face and scalp. It is the only hope for men, to save their hair."

In the course of this performance her disciples, both salon and mail-order, are also slathering on their persons large quantities of Hudnut's beauty preparations.

Competitors have seen enough of Delafield's routine to install charm schools of their own, to instruct in the ways of beauty and the use of *their* cosmetics. Nor have they ignored her spectacular Before and After ads, showing on the one hand a dumpy fat woman and on the other a six-weeks-later slim beauty, complete with ecstatic testimonial.

Scoffers suggest camera angle tricks and worse. Miss Delafield answers happily that her advertising for the home course has been accepted for publication in the Journal of the American Medical Association by Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the Journal.

The converts have filled 120 active file drawers and 700 storage cartons in her offices with a remarkable correspondence. You read a batch and begin to suspect that Miss Delafield has probably repaired more broken hearts than Dorothy Dix. Thousands of records set forth personal woes, from wandering husbands to sore feet. The woes off their chest, they burst into raptures of gratitude and joy, with occasional spurts of poetry. Even the sour notes have a readable lilt. One smart girl answered Miss Delafield's come-on letter which starts: "How long is it since you have had a compliment?"

"How long, Miss Delafield, since I have had a compliment?" she hurried to reply by return mail. "One hour, Miss Delafield, one hour."

Miss Delafield herself is blessed with a naturally fine figure, a smooth complexion and wavy brown hair, which she wears in a glossy braid across the top of her head. She prefers to belittle her natural gifts.

"I am the ugliest white woman alive without my make-up. You know, I have no eyebrows," she confided to us, leaning across the small oval desk in her small blue-green office, and lifting a brief veil so we could examine a remarkably natural-looking pencil job. "They grow in low and scraggly, like John L. Lewis', so I pluck them right out. And my nose is too long. See what I do about that?" She adjusted the veil, the lower edge coming well above the tip of the offending nose. "That shortens it. Never wear a veil over the tip if your nose is too long. And here's another trick—I always do this before I allow a photographer to take my picture." She smudged a little rouge under the tip of the nose in question. "See how that shortens it?"

Miss Delafield keeps her five-foot-eight figure at 128 pounds, and never looks hungry, by using a diet that she calls Eating for Beauty. Eat *raw*, eat *alkaline*, she entreats her pupils. She sets an example by eating three different kinds of fruit for breakfast, a raw fruit or vegetable salad for lunch, more fruits, vegetables, and broiled fish, meat or fowl for supper. She prefers fruit juice to water. When driven to water, she'll have it only bottled or boiled. She hasn't had a cold in seventeen years, Miss Delafield claims. A cold, to her mind, is proof of wrong living. "No wonder," she tells her pupils, "winter is the season for colds. Look how you stuff yourselves at Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's, just fixing a fine breeding ground for germs."

Success pupils have no long skirts with which to hide a false move from eagle-eyed dancing instructor Herbert Lee. Step-perfect graduates have poise and confidence

These girls are being taught by Mrs. Dorothy Newton the tricks of using make-up to enhance their own particular type and personality

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It's Ann Delafield's work to make women more soothing to the eye—sometimes a tough job. But she's always the optimist. Maybe she'll begin on men next

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SHARLAND

A few of the many glasses of fruit juices which Spartan-living Ann Delafield consumes in a day. And, in the background, a few of the hats which exotic Ann Delafield also gets through in a day

Besides keeping herself a fine physical example, Miss Delafield works very hard at her clothes. Her formula for dramatic effect is to stick to basic black dresses, which she generally designs herself, and to change hats frequently, to suit various occasions. She keeps a wardrobe of hats in her office for this purpose. She was wearing the third shift of the day one afternoon we saw her. It was a small white creation with bristling white feathers, which she considers fine for photography *and* lectures.

She had just been wearing, for a tough business session, a concoction dripping with roses and swathed in veiling. "I don't think a woman should look hard-boiled at a hard-boiled business session, do you?" Earlier that morning she had put on a sternly tailored job for the immediate purpose of dismissing three Success School pupils. "One was a scout from a rival concern. The other two weren't working hard enough."

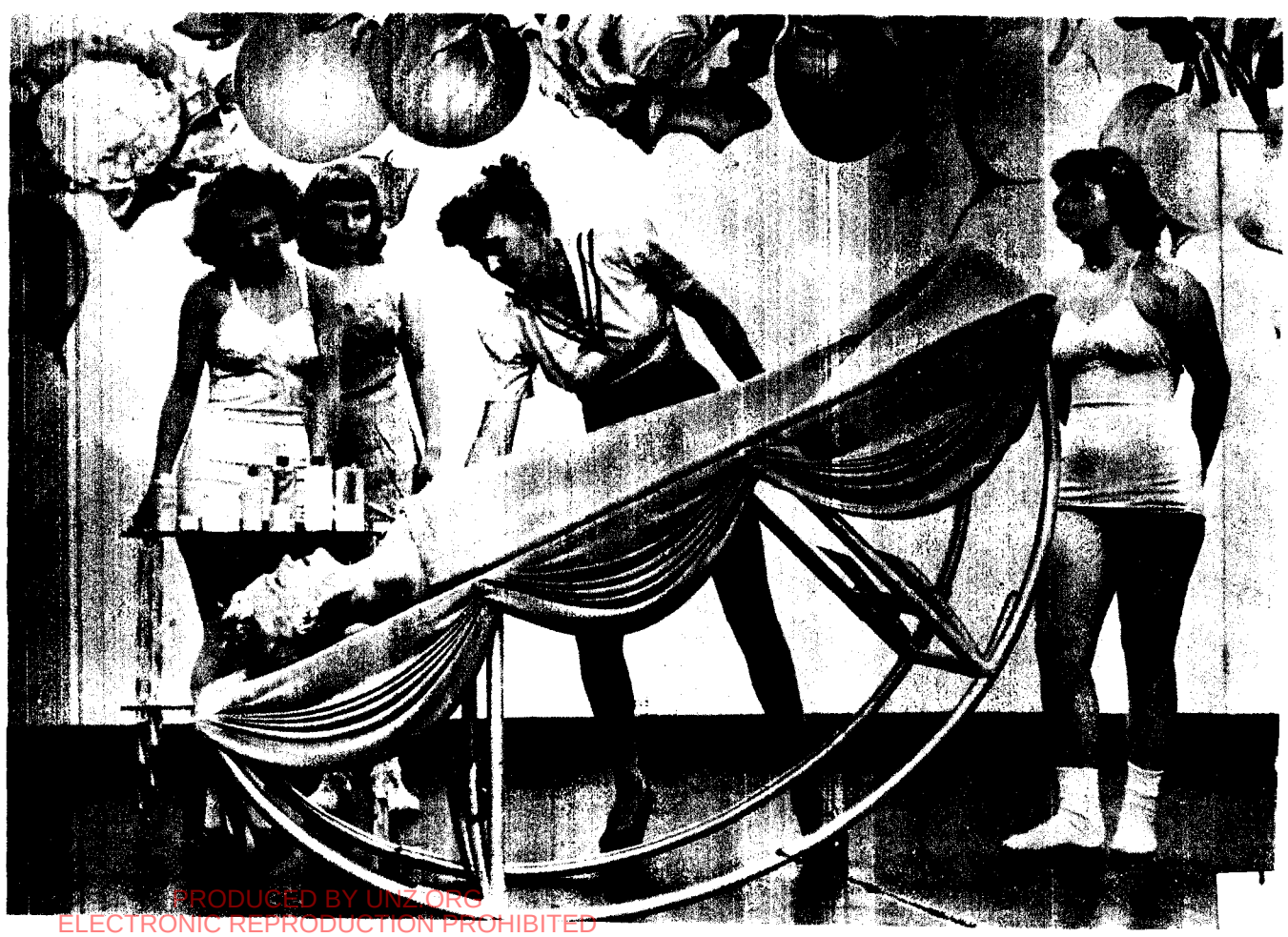
Such calculated personal dramatics and unrelenting self-discipline lead her enemies to declare that Delafield is cold and inhuman. But she is so accustomed by now to looking on herself as one of her own best advertisements for the Cause of Beauty, that she is never tempted to let down. Also, she thoroughly enjoys the admiration her appearance always arouses, and she especially likes the guesswork it starts about her age. She looks to be a young forty, is probably in her early fifties, and is delighted with the common rumor that she is at least sixty.

Speculation about her personal life is stimulated further by the fact that Delafield likes to mind her own affairs, and let other people mind theirs.

"I hate particularly," *(Continued on page 60)*

fraction of a stubborn ounce escapes adamant Miss lafield, who personally charts each pupil's course

A girl's ups and downs in Delafield's "Rock-a-Bye Cradle" send the blood racing on its way to fulfill the task Delafield has set it—restoring to smooth freshness the tissues of weary necks and faces



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HE HAD NO

BY MICHAEL FESSIER

That look in his eye, Janice decided, was not the calm, impersonal glance of the professional artist. She waited, without apprehension, for the worst

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RESERVATIONS

Chris Crummit had a way with women but his wife wasn't worried. He couldn't get away with running away because he was the helpless type

WHEREAS most men considered Jane Crummit a model wife, most women —even some of her best friends—considered her pretty much of a female jerk and more than somewhat nonunion. Besides being a companion, helpmeet, housekeeper, cook and potential mother of Chris Crummit's children, Jane was also general manager, bookkeeper, collector of fees, and bargaining agent for his business, which consisted of painting portraits and magazine illustrations.

Women resented her all-around proficiency and indefatigable energy; they realized that, compared to Jane, they themselves were mere slugs, drones, fifth wheels on the marital gocart. Too often had Jane's friends seen their husbands look long and critically at them, then over at Jane, functioning as bartender and life of the party, and then assume the yearning, poignant expressions of hungry kids gazing into a bakeshop window.

Jane, of course, was not conscious of this. When one has a husband who cannot even be trusted to the extent of wearing matching socks, one is too busy to concern herself with the opinions of less occupied females.

Contrary to popular opinion, Jane had never been one of Chris's models. He had met her at a week-end house party, the host of which had inconsiderately fallen off a horse and broken his arm, thus presenting the problem of who was to fashion the cocktails. Jane had made her first favorable impression on Chris by taking over and maintaining a shakerful of delightful drinks for the duration of the party. This impression was enhanced by the way she relieved him of the onerous task of keeping score for a gin-rummy session. Love came to him on a blue Monday morning.

Chris had overslept and he had an important appointment in the city. The host and hostess were sleeping and there was no one of whom he could ask the time of the next train to the city. Finally Jane came down, looking much more like five o'clock of a Saturday afternoon in May than nine o'clock of a Monday morning in March.

"Why don't you look at the timetable?" she asked.

"Are you crazy?" he snorted. "As if anyone could actually read timetables! The only reason they're printed is that most railroad presidents start out as conductors, and by the time they get to the top they hate people."

Much to Chris's amazement Jane could read a timetable. What's more she drove him to the station with five minutes to spare before train time. Chris, who had never caught a train in his life, without first having approximated the record for the hundred-yard dash, was overwhelmed. Just before departure time, he kissed Jane and then got on the train, having left his overcoat in the waiting room.

Only once—and that was at the beginning of their married life—did Jane ever question Chris's way of living. "Don't you ever do anything for yourself?" she asked, more out of curiosity than resentment.

"Not if I can help it," he said languidly. "I'm the artistic type."

Jane soon came to understand what being the artistic type meant as far as Chris was concerned. It meant that he was lazy, irresponsible, untrustworthy and, by most standards, no confounded good, excepting as a painter of pictures and a potential father of her children. This, to Jane, was sufficient. . . .

For three years Jane had been happy and contented and she thought that Chris was likewise happy and contented.

She did not know about Chris's new model. Jane never went to the studio, but managed all business affairs from an office in their home, which was by now in a suburban town midway between Pasadena and Glendale, California.

Chris's new model was Janice Mason and at first she meant no more to him than an apple, three bananas and an orange reposing in a bowl might mean to a still-life painter—assuming the still-life painter had no immediate need for sustenance. Chris painted Janice for months before he began to feel a need for her.

DESIRE came to Chris one day while he was painting a version of Janice posed in a bathing suit slightly larger than a watch fob and made out of material that stopped just this side of being Cellophane. He ceased painting and stared at her, his brush falling from his hand. That look in his eye, Janice decided, was not the calm, impersonal glance of the professional artist. A tingling sensation traversed her bare spine and she waited, entirely without apprehension, for the worst.

Chris rose and walked up to Janice while she wondered if she shouldn't scream, just a little bit and not too loud. She closed her eyes and debated the question. *Maybe,* she thought, *at the first touch.* But Chris didn't touch. He was staring at a small, lazy curl of blond hair at the base of her neck. Considering the visual feast offered by the over-all Janice, Chris's localized interest might have seemed to many people abstemious. But Chris was no anatomical gourmand. He was a gourmet and it took little to please him. But that little had to be good. The curl at the base of Janice's neck was perfection.

Chris told her in glowing terms what he thought of the curl on her neck. At first Janice was miffed at having this inconsiderable bit of her bountiful charms singled out for approbation. But, she decided, everything has to start somewhere. . . .

During succeeding weeks, Janice posed in four different costumes which, if all sewed together, would not have covered her grandmother's blush at seeing one of them. During that time Chris had eyes only for the curl. Finally there came a day when he kissed it. He contented himself with a repetition of this aesthetic salute to beauty for such a long period that Janice started looking at him with slanted eyes and a dubious expression. Then Chris kissed her lips and that brought out the gourmand in him.

From then on, Chris was like the man who starts by sniffing the bouquet of rare old brandy and then decides he won't be happy until he's drained the bottle.

Finally, and with considerable trepidation, Chris made the proposition which Janice had so long awaited.

"Darling," he said, "darling Janice—I—that is—"

"Yes, Chris," said Janice, closing her eyes. "Yes, dear heart. Yes."

Chris sighed with relief. This hadn't been as difficult as he expected. Obviously he had a way with women.

They talked the thing over in a sensible, modern, enlightened manner. There would be a marriage, of course, after the divorce; and meanwhile hardly any conventions would be fractured—excepting of course the one concerning breaking up the home and heart of a trusting wife. But neither of them gave much thought to Jane at the time. When they did get around to thinking about her, Chris realized that off-the-reservation romance was not all moonlight and roses. How to break the news to Jane?

"I've got it," he told Janice happily. "Suppose you just drop around and have a little chat with her? You know, tell her that neither of us is to blame; we just lost our hearts and all that. Tell her I'm very fond of her and she'll always be a sister to me—et cetera."

"The burglar seldom brings the burglary to the attention of the householder," said Janice. "And your wife is liable to consider me a burglar. No, no, darling. By the time I got to the et cetera part of the speech I'd likely be all over bumps and abrasions. I bruise easily, my own."

Chris couldn't help but feel that this attitude on Janice's part was a trifle unreasonable. After all, an elopement such as this should be a cooperative affair; all the unpleasant details shouldn't be left to just one of the parties involved. He spent a week trying to screw up his courage to tell Jane and then—and it was just like Jane—she, herself, provided a solution for the problem. . . .

Chris returned home one night to find her packing a bag. She informed him that a sister was having a baby in San Diego and that she was going there for a day or so.

"Fine, fine," said Chris happily. "Your sister's a nice kid. She deserves a baby. Nothing's too good for her. I hope it's a big one. Oh, by the way, dear, Tom Clark phoned me from Marina —you know, that little resort on the coast near San Francisco? Well, he said the fishing's great and he invited me up for a while. I think I'll go."

"Well, it'd be good for you," said Jane. "Of course, when Tom Clark claims he's fishing he's lying in his teeth. The nearest that lad'll ever get to open water is the soda in his highball. Still, maybe even a good binge might snap you out of the depressed mood you've been in recently."

"I am no longer depressed," said Chris and went into the parlor.

How wonderfully simple it had turned out to be. With Jane gone all he had to do was write a note explaining everything to her, pack his bag and—

That reminded him.

"Oh, by the way, hon," he called. "While you're at it will you be a good girl and pack my bag? And, please, for Pete's sake, put in plenty of socks this time."

JANE was gone and Chris was finishing his farewell note to her. It read in part: ". . . and I hope this will not hurt you too much. As a matter of fact, if I thought it would, I wouldn't do it. But you're so self-sufficient and understanding and all.

"Yours, and still with love,

"Chris

"P.S. I'm running low on shirts. Will you have the shirt people ship me up a dozen white ones and be sure to make the collars a half size larger?"

It was time for him to pick up Janice at her home and then they'd be on their way to Marina on the coast. He had selected this little town for his adventure because Tom Clark's letter had put the name into his head and he could think of no other resort. It did not occur to him that his friend would still be there and might see him and Janice and ask questions.

He went to the phone *(Continued on page 76)*

ILLUSTRATED BY J. FREDERICK SMITH

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"Gadfrey—have I got an Astronomy class! Three Varsity football players, a basketball center; one boy whose father studied Astronomy; at least four girls who are interested in the three football players. I have five repeaters; a veteran who wants to go into the roofing business, and who thinks Astronomy will help him, and two young females who think the subject is SIMPLY fascinating"

"'. . . and with the storming of Sugarloaf Hill the tide of battle turned. It was evident to all that the back of the Japanese resistance on Okinawa was broken. Hard-fighting American troops surged down to Shuri Castle, and then on southward crushing enemy attempts at consolidation . . .' Gee! It didn't seem quite that easy, did it, fellows?"

The Class of '49

In the hallowed halls of higher learning, next year's grads will soon begin making the grades. This preview is by Cartoonist John Ruge

"Sally's taking notes for me in Math; Doreen's doing both our book reviews, and Alice is giving me a carbon of her History outline. Otherwise I'd feel terribly guilty about cutting classes."

"Just think, darling: One day we'll have a lab of our own. Guinea pigs for me and white mice for you."

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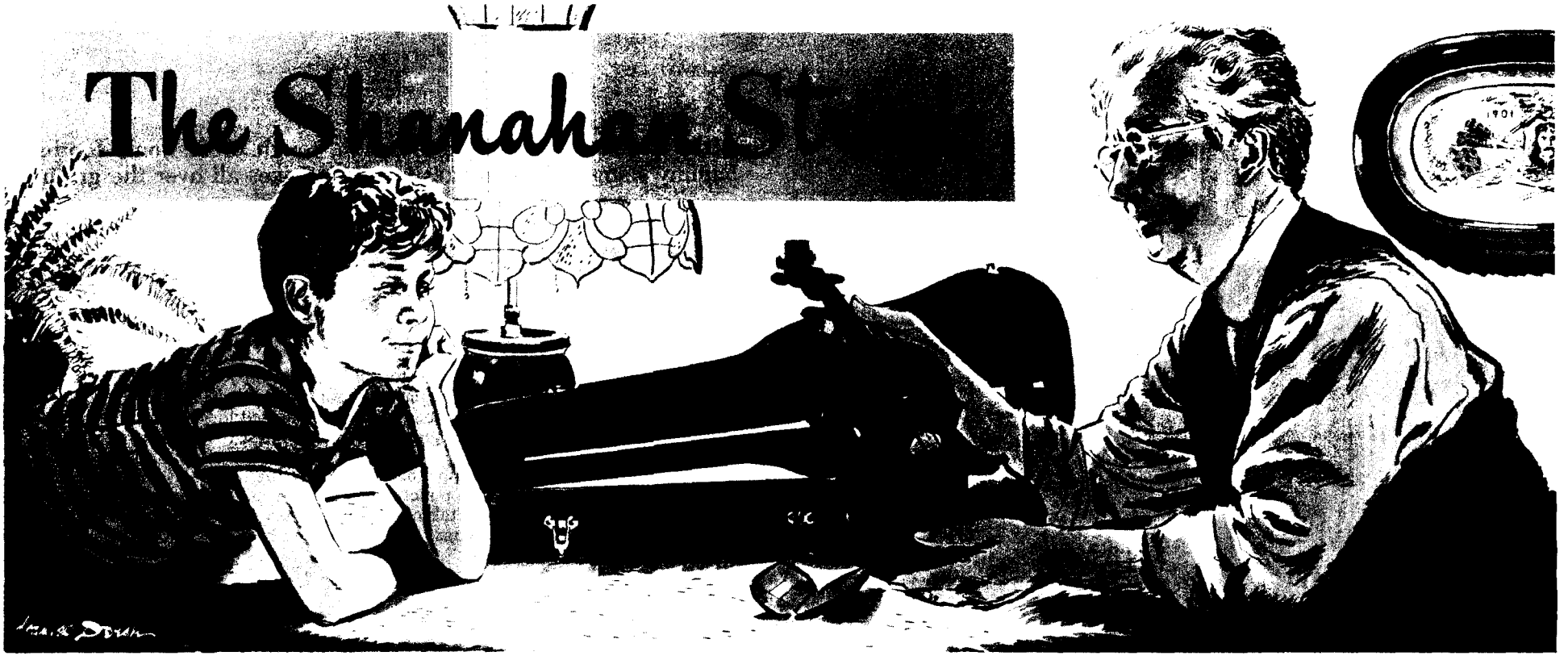
The Shanahan Strad



My earliest memories go back to the first time Uncle Mike let me look at his fiddle. He said solemnly, "Now you've seen a Strad"

BY PAUL JONES

COLLIER'S

ALL my life, until I went away to college, and even afterward, there was never a time when my Uncle Mike's fiddle lost its place as the recognized treasure of the household. Most families have something like that; maybe it's a sword or a picture or an old Toby jug. Whatever it is, it stands as a symbol. As long as it's in its place, the home is secure.

One of my earliest memories goes back to the first time Uncle Mike let me look at his fiddle. He opened the worn black case and there it lay in its bed of rich, glowing green velvet.

"Now you can say you've seen a Strad," he told me solemnly, and made me look through the f-holes at the faded label: *"Antonius Stradivarius Cremonensis Facibat—Anno 17."*

"It's a wonderful instrument," he said, and tucking it under his chin, he played a few bars of Garry Owen. Then he shut his Strad up in its case again, and put it back in its accustomed shrine on the top of the china closet in the dining room.

Uncle Mike was not really a musician. He was a clerk in the Water Bureau, a quiet, elderly man of the sort a neighborhood like ours mentioned with respect. He played his fiddle only in the evenings, at the dances the Irish are always having, or were in those days.

He was no genius of the violin, and he did not think of himself in that way. It was his father who had given him the Strad, and it was understood that his father had it from *his* father, and so on, back to the day when an earlier Michael had brought the fiddle from Italy to Cork.

My mother was Uncle Mike's sister. She was a wonderful woman, but always expecting the worst to happen. She said she knew she looked on the dark side too much, but she couldn't help it, because my father was too optimistic, and somebody had to keep things in balance. He was a baker, a very good hard-working German-American baker. First he was a journeyman, but he couldn't rest until he had his own shop, and after he had his own shop, he always kept an eye out for a bigger place.

That was one thing that used to worry my mother. She was afraid my father would get carried away with his big ideas, run into debt, and ruin his family. In her eyes it was not only shameful but terribly dangerous to owe anybody any money.

His biggest venture was when he opened the place on Essex Avenue. The front was a fancy bakery and the back was fitted out as an ice-cream parlor, with mirrors and marble-topped tables and big paddle fans swung from the ceiling. My father was excited when he first told my mother about it, but little by little his enthusiasm faded as a certain look came over her face.

"I tell you, Mary, there's no risk whatever," said my father. "It's only a matter of your signature on this loan application."

"How much is the loan?"

"Three thousand dollars. I can pay that back in two years without any trouble. The place is a gold mine, I tell you."

"But if it's a mortgage," she wailed, "they could turn us into the street. We'd be beggars, Carl."

We were all sitting in the dining room, after an early supper. I was doing my homework at one end of the table; my Uncle Mike was on my left, with the evening paper and the heel of a glass of porter. Now my Uncle Mike took his glasses off and folded his paper. "Just a minute," he said. "There's nothing worse than a quarrel where two good people each have a piece of the truth and can't let it go. I was thinking maybe I have the answer for it."

He got up and took down the fiddle from its place on top of the china closet. "I've read where a Stradivarius violin has sold for as much as five thousand dollars. Take it out and sell it, Carl."

"Oh, Michael!" my mother said.

"I don't like to do it, Mike," said my father.

"If you hurry," Uncle Mike told him, "you'll catch old Ehret before he closes." His hands trembled a little as he put on his glasses and unfolded the paper again, but his voice was perfectly steady. "I'm too old to be playing that thing anyhow."

So my father went out, with the violin case under his arm, and we sat there waiting for him to come back. Gustav Ehret's musical instrument shop was only three blocks away.

I remember I had a problem to do about how many rolls of wallpaper would paper a certain room, and it wouldn't work out to an even answer. Uncle Mike kept on reading the news to himself, and my mother resumed her darning. But she still had a shaky, uncertain look.

THEN we heard my father come in the front door. His step was quick and he was whistling, so we knew everything was all right. But when he came into the dining room, he still had the violin case and the first thing he did was to put it back on top of the china closet.

"There," he said, "that looks better."

"You didn't sell it?" said Uncle Mike.

"It came to me as I put my hand on the knob of Gus Ehret's door," my father explained. "Why should we sell it? Up there where it is, it's just as if we had a strongbox with fifty new one-hundred-dollar bills. And if we have that, a three-thousand-dollar loan needn't worry us, eh, Mary? Not when we can pay it off any time, if we have to, just by walking three blocks to Gus Ehret's!"

My mother was radiant. "I'm so pleased, Carl."

"A very sensible idea," my Uncle Mike decided judicially. "And I want you all to take notice that I'm leaving the violin to young Michael here in my will. He's never been able to get the hang of playing it, but it'll buy him a college education."

There was never any trouble about the loan, even though my father took five years to pay it off instead of two. While I went to high school I helped out in the afternoons, but it was taken for granted that I would go on to college.

My Uncle Mike died in his sleep the summer I graduated from high, and so his violin passed to me, as he had said it should. I planned to go to engineering school. The family income couldn't stretch that far, but there was always the fiddle case on the china closet to remind me that there was nothing to worry about.

"Don't they have some scheme where you can work your way through?" my father asked me, one night when we were kneading dough.

They did have a student assistance plan, I told him.

"I think that would be best," he said abruptly. "I put two hundred dollars in an envelope under the ties in your bureau drawer. That ought to get you started. Your mother thinks a great deal of that violin."

That was true. She did. But she didn't worry so much any more, except about my going to college in another city. And it was really my mother who insisted that I oughtn't to overtax my strength by studying and working at the same time. The violin was mine, she said, and Uncle Mike had meant it as a gift to pay for my college education.

The day before I was to leave, while she and my father were busy in the store, I took the violin over to Ehret's. The old man came out of his back room, blinking like an owl, and I opened the case and showed him what I had. "How much is it worth?"

He picked up the fiddle and held it close to his thick glasses. "Twenty-five, fifty dollars. Depends on who wants it."

"But it's a Stradivarius," I said.

"It's got a Strad label in it," he said gently. "Lots of fiddles have that. Not genuine. Never was genuine. This violin is maybe a hundred years old, but it is not, excuse me, a first-class violin." He peered at me curiously. "I have seen this instrument before. Aren't you Carl Engler's boy?"

"Yes," I said shortly. I didn't sell it, of course. I took it back home with me, and put it up in my room.

At supper, my last supper before leaving, my mother's eyes drifted to the top of the china closet and she caught her breath. "The violin," she said, putting her hand to her heart. "Did you sell it?"

My father looked worried, until I shook my head. "It's with my suitcases upstairs," I told her. "I want to keep it in my room at college. It'll be something to remind me of home."

Mother looked pleased and gratified. "Besides," I went on, "that way you won't have to worry about me, if anything happens and I need money. It will be just as if I had a fiddle case full of bank notes. Won't it, Pop?"

"It will, son, it will," my father said, avoiding my eye. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY DERSH

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26

RIFLE-ARM SAMMY

After eleven rugged years of rough, tough professional football, Sammy Baugh still manages to pitch strikes all over the gridiron

BY FRANK L. DENNIS

WHEN Sammy Baugh came to the Washington Redskins of the National Professional Football League as a rookie in 1937, he already had a nationwide reputation. Everybody who had followed his career at Texas Christian University knew him as "Slingin' Sam," the greatest forward passer in college football.

Ray Flaherty was head coach of the Redskins at the time, and he was noted for the thoroughness with which he punctured inflated egos. He thought that the tall, quiet Texan might need a bit of taking down, so when Baugh came on the field for his first practice with the Redskins, Flaherty looked him over, handed him a football, and said:

"They tell me you're quite a passer."

"I reckon I can throw a little," said Baugh.

"Let's see it," said Flaherty. "Hit that receiver in the eye."

Slingin' Sam cocked an eye at an end who was racing down the field.

"Which eye?" he drawled.

This story is probably fiction, but anyone who has ever seen Sammy Baugh in action will not find it difficult to believe. It may be that a better forward passer will show up sometime in the dim and distant future, but nobody better than Slingin' Sam is operating as of now. In 1947, his eleventh year in the rough, tough competition of professional football, Baugh completed 210 of 354 passes, each of these figures being a National League record. His percentage of completions was 59.3, his percentage of interceptions was 4.2, and he threw 25 touchdown passes. In addition, the Washington Touchdown Club voted him the league's most valuable player.

A few students of football statistics claim that some of Baugh's records are not all that they seem to be, and that his passing suffers in comparison with that of the great Sid Luckman of the Chicago Bears. Baugh completes more passes during a season than Luckman does, but the critics claim that Sammy "throws a lot of short ones, while Luckman throws for distance every time." Turk Edwards, a great lineman in his day and now head coach of the Redskins, says that all this is nonsense; that the short passes, and the remarkable accuracy with which Baugh throws them, are proof of Sammy's superior skill.

"You can't afford to let some guys throw short passes," says Edwards. "A short pass has got to be absolutely accurate because if it's intercepted it can mean a touchdown against you. But Sammy can throw so hard and so straight that you can let him throw anywhere he wants to. At ten yards, even if Sammy's receiver is only half a step from the defender, the pass will be completed."

Steve Owen, head coach of the New York Giants, whose team has often suffered from Baugh's wizardry with a football, agrees with Edwards, but says there is more to Baugh's skill than just speed and accuracy.

"Sammy's like a great baseball pitcher," Owen says. "He throws several kinds of passes at different speeds, and he'll hit the mark while he's falling down or throwing off balance."

There's one football player, a big tackle who used to play with the Giants, who'll believe anything you want to say about Baugh's accuracy. This tackle was a rookie a few years ago, and he was mighty rough and tough. He still is, for that matter, but he's smarter now. In one game he broke through the Washington line time after time and pushed his left fist into Sammy's face, even though the throw had been made. He was clever with his illegal roughing, and the officials didn't notice what he was doing.

When Baugh politely asked him to stop, he laughed and promptly did it again. This time he almost tore Sammy's head off. So on the next play Baugh held his throw for a moment, and as the big tackle came rushing in, Sammy let him have the ball smack between the eyes. The rookie was knocked cold and left the game for a while. Thereafter he bothered Slingin' Sam no more. The throw, incidentally, was ruled an incompleted pass. When the big tackle heard the ruling he roared, "What d'ya mean, incompleted? Look at my eyes if you don't think he completed it!"

Baugh employs no magic formula in performing his extraordinary feats with a football.

"Of course," he says, "there are some things a passer must know. For instance, I hold the ball differently in wet and dry weather. When the ball is dry I throw it with the laces at the heel of my thumb. When it's wet I have the laces at my finger tips. I think any boy who really wants to can become a good forward passer, but even a naturally good passer should work at it as much as possible. I used to practice all the time whenever I could get someone to catch my throws. I still work hard at passing. It is mighty easy to go stale.

"But I don't think anybody can be very good at football unless he really likes to play. There have been guys in this league who had a lot of mechanical ability, in addition to size and strength, but they didn't like to play very much. They didn't stay up long. Of course, sometimes we get the wrong impression about a guy; we may think he doesn't like to play when actually he's crazy about it. We thought that once about Dave Smuckler, who was a whiz of a running back at Temple University and later signed with the Philadelphia Eagles. We all noticed that Smuckler always went to the bench after a couple of plays, so we sent a scout to find out why. The scout reported that Smuckler really didn't like to play football, and, moreover, had a yellow streak.

" 'You guys just rack Smuckler up the first few times he runs with the ball,' the scout said, 'and he'll get out of there quick.' So when we played Philadelphia, the first time Smuckler carried the ball, we went right after him. So what happened? He bounced three or four of our guys on their heads and gained 25 yards. On the next play he went around the other end, stomped all over Wee Willie Wilkin, one of the great tackles of all time, knocked down Ernie Pinckert, our hardest tackler, and ran over me as if I weren't there at all. He sailed over the goal line, threw the ball down, and ran over to the Philadelphia bench and sat down, without even looking back.

(Continued on page 61)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ERNEST KLEINBERG

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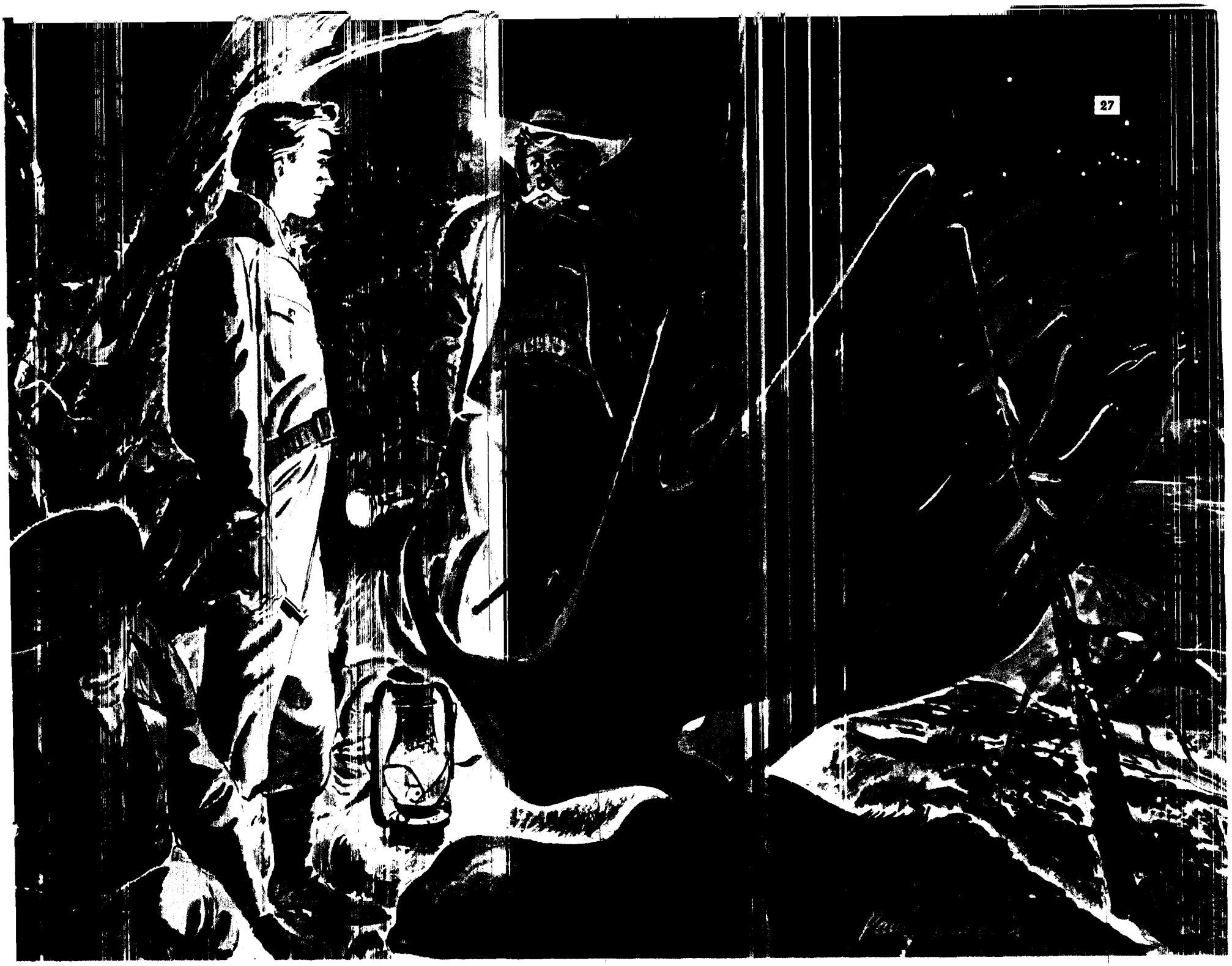

"Jeff Coongate!" said Steve dazedly. "It's you!" "Yes, son. What's so strange about that?" Steve laughed in a kind of nervous relief

THE ONE-EYED POACHER AND THE LONG NIGHT

BY EDMUND WARE

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HAMLIN

•

Jeff Coongate—famed for his illicit prowess with rod and gun—takes time off from hunting a very big moose to bag some very bad men

Collier's for September 11, 1948

IN THE morning, some hours after the second jug had fallen, Uncle Jeff Coongate opened his one eye, sniffed, and, through the stronger fumes of rum, detected the odor of sweet grass. It reminded the old poacher of Indians weaving baskets in the sun. Next, he thought fondly of Tom Compus Mentis, who was still asleep beside him in the spare room in Zack Bourne's cabin on Mopang Lake. Finally, with a wave of grief, Uncle Jeff recalled his tragedy: Zibe, his beloved dog, was dead.

It was Tom Compus Mentis, the gentle and ancient Indian, who, on the day before, had brought Zibe home to Jeff. With the crippled hound lying in the bow of his canoe, old Tom had traveled the twenty-nine miles from Hedron Lake to Mopang in seven hours. It was a feat of loyalty and endurance which revealed a long and dignified friendship.

Zibe had been shot in the spine. His hindquarters were paralyzed, and as the old woodsman gathered him in his arms, he had whimpered, and pressed his fevered muzzle to Uncle Jeff's neck.

"Zibe," Jeff whispered, "Zibe—what hellbird done this to you?"

"Red Hackett," said Tom Compus Mentis. "I find tracks. And empty shell—.351 auto."

The one-eyed poacher carried Zibe into Zack Bourne's cabin, and the Indian stayed in the doorway. Zack, Jeff Coongate's lifelong comrade in enterprise against the game laws, looked once at Zibe's wound, and shook his head in sorrow.

"It's mortal," he said. "Poor ole Zibe—best hound ever run a moose to water."

Zack's wife, the devout and tremulous Sarah, began to cry. She had never truly loved Jeff's hound, fearing him as a primordial and fiercely roaming adventurer, like his master. But Sarah was so tenderhearted that she was touched by any misfortune. *(Continued on page 48)*

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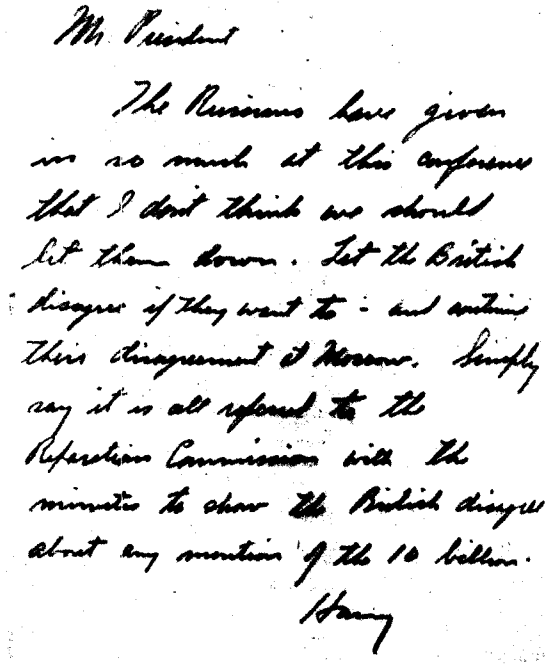
THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

The Big Three meet at Yalta and reach agreement—for the last time

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD



Mr President

The Russians have given in so much at this conference that I don't think we should let them down. Let the British disagree if they want to - and outline this disagreement at Moscow. Simply say it is all referred to the Reparation Commission with the minutes to show the British disagree about any mention of the 10 billion.

Harry

At Yalta, Stalin again demanded German reparations. Hopkins sent F.D.R. this note suggesting he pass the buck to the Reparations Commission

U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

Yalta, February, 1945. The end of the European war—and victory—is almost within sight. And each man's face shows the strain of the terrific load of responsibility he has had to shoulder for many years. It is the last time that the Big Three are to be together. President Roosevelt has barely two months to live

PART XVI—TRIUMPH, DISILLUSIONMENT AND DEATH

HE accommodations at Yalta were unexceptionable for those on the Very Important Person level. However, this was war-ravaged territory and space was so limited that 16 U.S. Army colonels had to share one bedroom. Hopkins had a bedroom to himself in the Livadia Palace where Roosevelt was staying, and he left his bed only to go down to the Grand Ballroom for the full-dress meetings. He was so ill that at one point Dr. McIntire wanted him to be moved to the Navy communications ship, U.S.S. Catoctin.

Hopkins attended none of the big dinners at Yalta, so that his condition at least became no worse and he was able to stick it out to the end. James F. Byrnes has written, "Members of our delegation frequently held meetings there (in Hopkins' bedroom) because Dr. McIntire insisted he remain in bed."

The President and the Prime Minister arrived at Yalta on Saturday, February 3d. Stalin and his party arrived early Sunday morning and he and Molotov came to call on Roosevelt at four o'clock that afternoon.

After thanking his hosts for all the arrangements that had been made to promote the comfort and convenience of the guests, Roosevelt remarked on the destruction that he had seen here in the Crimea and Stalin told him that it was nothing as compared with the Ukraine, for in the Crimea the Germans had been given little time to carry out planned demolition, whereas in the Ukraine they had destroyed everything with sadistic calculation and method. Stalin then asked how things were going on the western front; Roosevelt told him that General Marshall would later give a detailed outline of the situation, but he could say now that the main drive of the Anglo-American forces would begin in about a month's time. Stalin was gratified to hear this.

A few minutes before five, they moved down to the Grand Ballroom for the first formal conference. Hopkins felt too ill to come to this meeting—which must have meant that he was very sick indeed.

At the start of the meeting, Marshal Stalin suggested that President Roosevelt should again preside. The discussion, which lasted for nearly three

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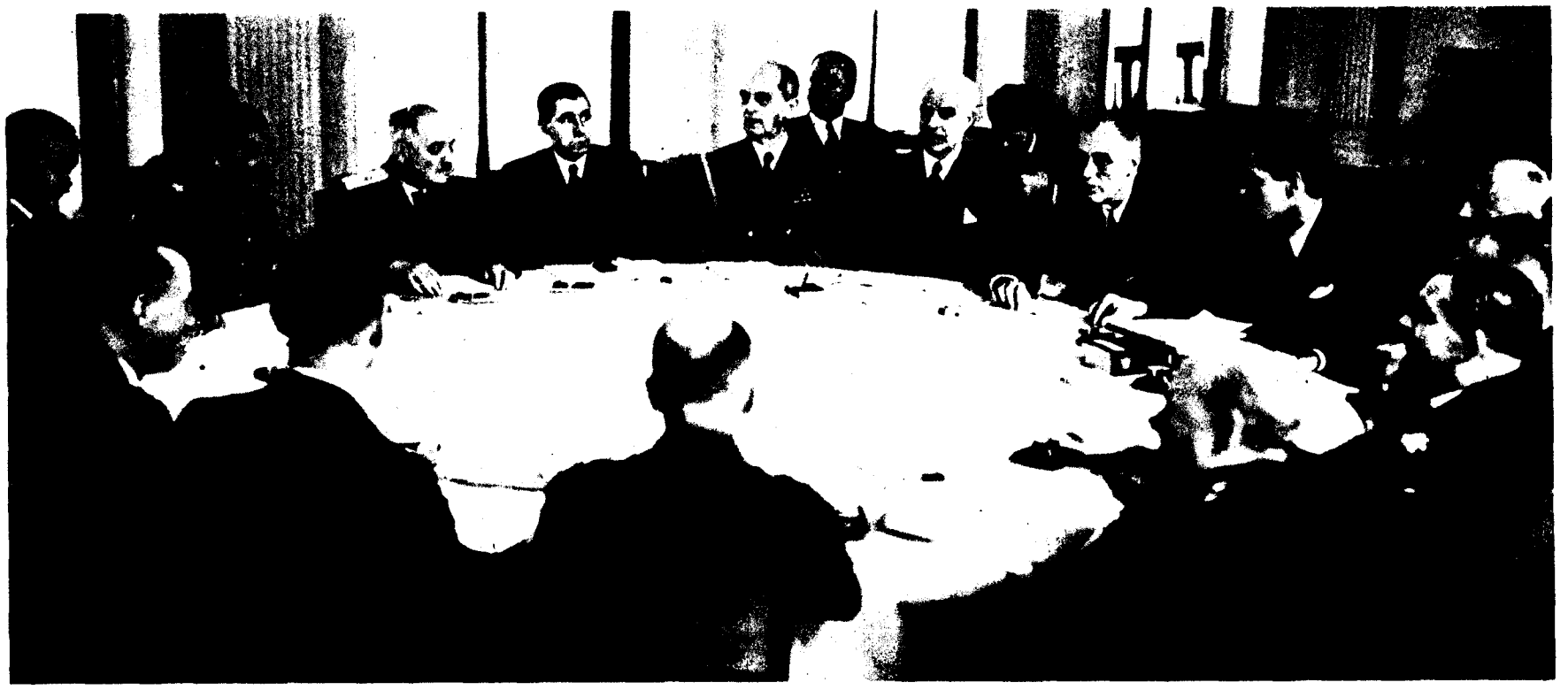

ACME

The big conference table at the Palace in Yalta. Churchill (back to camera, lower right) and Stalin asked Roosevelt to preside, as he had at Teheran. The President looks tired and ill. Yet those there testified that whenever the Big Three failed to reach agreement, it was always Roosevelt who found a meeting point

hours, dealt almost entirely with the military situation.

Roosevelt was host at the dinner which followed this meeting. The Filipino mess men were on duty, but the food was strictly Russian. Charles Bohlen (young State Department career man who had also acted as Roosevelt's interpreter to the Russians at Teheran) stated that "very good humor" prevailed throughout the meal, but he added a bit of conversation on the side between himself and Vishinsky which sounded mildly caustic. Vishinsky said that the Soviet Union would never agree to the right of small nations to judge the acts of the great powers, and when Bohlen ventured the opinion that the American people were not likely to approve of any denial of the small nations' rights, Vishinsky said that the American people should learn to obey their leaders. Bohlen suggested that it might be a good idea for Vishinsky to visit the United States and try to tell that to the people, and Vishinsky remarked that he would be glad to do so.

Another interesting fragment of that dinner conversation was Churchill's remark that although he was constantly being "beaten up" as a reactionary, he was the only representative there who could be thrown out at any time by the universal suffrage of his own people and that personally he gloried in that danger.

When Stalin observed ironically that the Prime Minister seemed to fear these elections, the Prime Minister retorted that he not only did not fear them but that he was proud of the right of the British people to change their government at any time they saw fit.

Referring to the rights of the small nations, he quoted: "The eagle should permit the small birds to sing and care not wherefor they sang."

The second formal meeting was held at four the following afternoon and the conference really got down to business. Hopkins dragged himself out of bed for it and attended all the main meetings thereafter. Hopkins was too ill to write extended memorandums at Yalta as he had done at other conferences, but Byrnes has provided a lucid account of the conference in his book, Speaking Frankly. I do not believe that Byrnes has placed enough emphasis on the background of the highly controversial voting formula in the United Nations Council.

Time and again, through all the conversations with the Western Allies, Stalin had stated his firm conviction that in the real world of power policies there was only the Big Three—that France and China had no claim to recognition as major powers, and that the rest of the United Nations consisted of small countries which should be content to do as they were told. Stalin liked to use Albania as the symbol of the small nations, asking, "Will Albania have a vote equal to that of the U.S.A., or the U.K., or the U.S.S.R.?"

Of all the "surrenders" to the Russians that Roosevelt is supposed to have made at Yalta—and the more kindly critics attribute these not to deliberate betrayal but to the fact that he was a dying man—those most often cited and emphasized relate to the establishment of the veto power in the Security Council of the United Nations and to the granting to the Soviet Union of three votes in the General Assembly. However, the basic issue of the veto and the American policy in respect to it had been determined long before Yalta and the Russian demand for additional votes was strongly supported by Churchill and Eden.

The principle of the veto was stated by the United States government and the British government in their separate "Tentative Proposals for a General International Organization" as drafted in July, 1944, prior to the Dumbarton Oaks Conference. There was complete agreement that in matters which might affect world peace the veto could be exercised by any one of the four (or, if France were included, five) major powers.

The Unyielding Attitude of Mr. Gromyko

The arguments with the Russians that arose at Dumbarton Oaks and resulted in failure to agree on a voting formula for the Security Council were concerned not with the principle of the veto but with the precise extent to which any power should be denied the right to vote on a dispute in which it was a participant. Various compromise proposals on this had been made by Stettinius and Cadogan, but Gromyko was unbudgeable. When Stettinius expressed the fear that this unyielding attitude might break up the world organization even before it started, Gromyko said flatly that no world organization would exist in which a major power was denied the right to vote in any dispute, whether it was a participant therein or not.

It was at this time (Dumbarton Oaks) that the question of more votes than one was first raised. Stalin said, in a cable to Roosevelt: "You, of course, know that the Ukraine and Byelorussia, which are constituent parts of the Soviet Union, are greater in population and in political importance than certain other countries which we all agree should belong to the number of initiators of the establishment of the International Organization. Therefore, I hope to have an opportunity to explain to you the political importance of this question which has been brought up by the Soviet delegation at Dumbarton Oaks."

On December 5, 1944, the United States government prepared a new compromise proposal on the voting formula which was forwarded to the British and Russian governments and which was again presented by Stettinius when this general subject first came up for discussion at Yalta. Agreement on it was reached with, it would appear, no argument at all.

There certainly wasn't any evidence on the record of opposition by Churchill, who was always at all these meetings a zealous and unflagging champion of the rights of small nations. Indeed, the British had been heartily in favor of the veto as a means of preventing any encroachments on their own imperial interests. The United States had favored it as a form of insurance against the commitment by the United Nations Council of American forces to action in all sorts of possible wars in all parts of the world—and Roosevelt, with the memory of Woodrow Wilson always alive in him, was particularly conscious of the importance of this point when the United Nations Charter would eventually be submitted for ratification by the Senate.

According to the December 5th compromise formula, the main concession to Russia provided that a major power could by its veto prevent the council from taking action, such as application of sanctions or of war itself, against said power. What Russia yielded in this compromise was this: A major power could not by its veto prevent the council from considering and thereby advertising the involvement of said power in any dispute. The British and Americans at Yalta did not consider this a negligible concession, for it represented a considerable relaxing of the rigid position taken by Gromyko at Dumbarton Oaks.

It was at the fourth formal meeting on February 7th at Yalta that the Russians made their request for two or possibly three additional votes in the United Nations Assembly. This was when Churchill spoke up strongly in support of the Russian proposals and he was undoubtedly influenced by British imperial interests particularly in connection with the Indian problem.

When it was Roosevelt's turn to express his views, he embarked on a long speech in which he employed his familiar tactics for attempting to dodge an immediate issue by maneuvering the conversation into the realms of irrelevancy. Evidently Stalin began to betray signs of impatience as Roosevelt's vagrant remarks were translated to him, for Hopkins scribbled the following note: "Mr. President—I think you should try to get this referred to the Foreign Ministers before there is trouble."

At the fifth formal meeting on the following day, February 8th, Eden reported that the Foreign Secretaries' meeting had considered this matter and decided that only those *(Continued on page 71)*

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"I'm getting a mouse," Clyde said. "I can feel it. Let me have your compact, Ginny." He took it from her

Continuing a story of love and political intrigue

SECOND MAN ON THE TICKET

BY EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story: The scandalmongering Washington newspaper columnist, CLYDE MCDONALD, boards the GOVERNOR WILLIS G. WARBURTON Vice-Presidential campaign train, and LUCY STRAWN, Warburton's secretary, learns that someone in Hydetown has promised to give McDonald a juicy item for his column. ROY MASON, Warburton's campaign biographer, is sent there by plane. In Hydetown, Roy learns from JOHN MILLS that Warburton's old schoolteacher HATTIE PERKINS is the only person in Hydetown who is not going to attend the forthcoming Win With Warburton celebration. Her grandniece, a beautiful girl named GINNY, arranges an accidental meeting between Hattie and Roy. But Hattie discovers who Roy is and will not speak to him. When Roy returns to the train, Governor Warburton tells them how he once borrowed school money for his personal needs. Warburton's press aide, BILL EVERS, says that Clyde McDonald must not find this out; and Warburton plans to leave the campaign train and fly to Hydetown secretly and rejoin the train before it gets there. Before the governor can do this, however, Clyde McDonald leaves the train for Hydetown. Warburton flies there with Roy and Lucy Strawn. As Warburton is talking to Hattie, footsteps are heard outside on the porch and he and Lucy run out the back door as Clyde McDonald and Ginny Perkins come in. Roy manages an explanation, and he and John Mills leave and pick up Warburton and Lucy Strawn. It is raining, and when they reach the airport, all flights are canceled. Warburton cannot rejoin the train. But Roy says that he will drive ahead and meet the train that Warburton's wife RUTH is coming to Hydetown on, and that he will get Ruth to pretend that she is sick; therefore, if the governor shows up in Hydetown unexpectedly no one will think anything of it.

III

JOHN MILLS had the door open and jumped out before the car came to a stop at the station. He slammed the door and I turned the car and raced back to the highway.

As we raced on through the storm Lucy glanced frequently at her watch, and told me the time. At 9:10 we had twenty miles to go. The road crossed railroad tracks and continued parallel to them. At last Lucy said, "Twenty-five past, Roy."

"Yes," I said, "No train yet, though."

"How much farther?"

"Eight miles, I figure."

It was a long eight miles, and as we entered the outskirts of the town Lucy told me it was twenty minutes to ten. But her voice had brightened, "Roy, the train must be late!"

I swung off a side street that looked as if it might take us to the railroad station. It did. I stopped with a squeaking of brakes, threw the door open, and we ran to the station.

"Train's late," I said. "We've got time to spare."

"I wish we'd known that on the road." She sat down beside me, blew out her breath, and stretched out her feet. Her stockings were soaked to the knees.

"Lucy, you drive a car, don't you?"

"Yes, but I don't have a driver's license with me."

"Neither do I," I said. "You'd better get going."

"Where?"

"Back to Hydetown," I said. "Drive the car back, and go straight to the depot. You might get there before the train."

"Not a chance," she said. "Not the way I'm going to drive."

"Anyhow, get going."

"Yes, sir," she said. "I'm on my way." She smiled at me, patted my shoulder, and whispered, "Roy, you're a good man in the pinches." Then she was gone.

I lighted a cigarette and went out to the platform. I was too keyed up to remain sitting in the waiting room, and I found the shelter of an ell, secure from the wind, where I smoked my cigarette and watched the storm and waited for the train. It was, in the end, nearly forty minutes late, and it was just past eleven o'clock when I swung aboard.

I went through each of the two coaches and four Pullman cars and ended at the observation platform on the last car. I had looked at every face, but had not seen Ruth Warburton. But it was too late now for failure. She *had* to be aboard. I had not tried the drawing rooms. I knocked on the door of the first I came to. A man opened it and I said, "Excuse me," and walked on to the next car.

At the third drawing room I tried, a woman's voice called, "Who is it?"

"Ruth," I cried. "Is that you?"

Ruth Warburton opened the door. She was a slim, chic woman with clear gray eyes and a pleasant, rather maternal smile. "Roy Mason, what are you doing here?"

"You look terrible," I said. "Did you get caught in the storm?"

"I got a little damp, but—"

"We'll have a doctor waiting in Hydetown," I said. "Ruth, sit down. You got caught in that gale. You've got double pneumonia."

Ruth took it calmly, saying, "I suppose there's some deep significance in all this?"

I told her the story. She listened with a little pucker of her eyebrows, and when I had finished she chuckled

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How to get fine steaks every time ...

SWIFT'S

Just look for a Swift brand:

SWIFT'S PREMIUM,
SWIFT'S SELECT or
SWIFT'S ARROW
right on the meat!

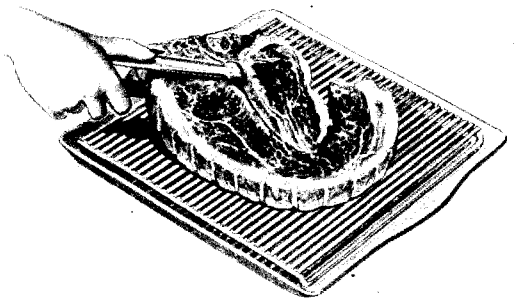
YOU'LL ALWAYS GET FINE BEEF if you buy by a Swift brand name. *Right on the meat,* the brand name identifies beef selected by Swift experts for tenderness and flavor ... the pick of all the vast amounts they see. *Swift's Premium, Swift's Select,* and *Swift's Arrow*— those are the three top brands. Look for them ... on thrifty cuts or choice ones ... whenever you buy beef. Now especially, when every morsel counts, your best buy is beef you can *depend* on, to the last tender tidbit!

Martha Logan,

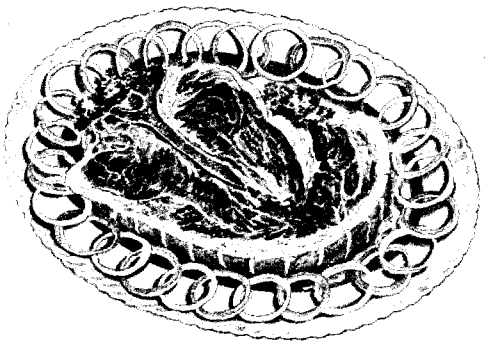
Swift's Home Economist, tells you

HOW TO GIVE A STEAK A BREAK

EVEN THOSE FINER Swift branded steaks are better for proper broiling: Slash fat along edge in several places to prevent curling. Preheat broiler. Place steak on broiler rack 3" from heat source. A 1½" steak takes 10 min. each side for rare, 12 min. for med., 13 min. for well done.



TURN STEAK CAREFULLY to avoid piercing —tongs are best. To test for *doneness,* cut along bone with a sharp knife and *peek!* Season each side of steak after it is browned, not before. And *do* serve the steak on a really hot platter. A garnish of rosy onion rings (marinated in pickled beet juice) is an epicurean touch.



NO NEED TO WASTE A BIT of that Swift branded steak. Leftover fat may be cut in bits and used in hash browned potatoes. The flank end (less tender than the other two muscles) can make another meal — sliced fine for meat pie, sandwiches, salad, or meat sauce for a noodle or rice casserole.

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and said, "I've done plenty for that man, but this is tops."

"He's worth it, Ruth," I said.

She gave me a look. "You bet he's worth it." She moved to the mirror. "I'd better get ready. First, off comes the make-up." She scrounged her cheeks with tissue, removed her make-up and lipstick. She turned for my inspection. "How's that?"

"Better," I said.

"I'll try a trace of eyebrow pencil," she said, and I watched faint circles form under her eyes. She turned again to me, looking haggard. "Better?"

"Good," I said. "Got a muffler?"

"I have a scarf."

"Wrap it around your throat. When we get off the train fetch up a hacking cough."

She practiced one. "Like that?"

"Like that," I said.

I took off my wet shoes and put my feet up against the heat register. They were dry by the time we reached Hydetown, and by then I had my shoes on again and I had Ruth wrapped up in her fur coat, with a scarf around her neck and another scarf over her head. It was still raining hard, but the wind seemed less strong.

The train moved slowly into the station. I had a glimpse of soaked yellow shingles and steamy windows, and then close against the wall of the station I saw the clustering umbrellas and raincoats of the reception committee. Among the women was Ginny Perkins, in a transparent, hooded raincoat.

"Now is your big scene, Ruth," I said. "Lean on me."

I HELPED Ruth Warburton along the passage to the vestibule. The train stopped and the porter put down the yellow steps in the rain. The committee drew near, and Ginny Perkins stepped forward and said in a clear, rehearsed voice, "Welcome home to Hydetown, Mrs. Warburton."

I went down the steps ahead of Ruth, and Ginny's eyes opened wide. "Why, Roy Mason," she said. "You jack-in-the-box!"

"Get an ambulance," I said.

"An ambulance?"

"Mrs. Warburton has a fever of a hundred and four," I said. "It looks like pneumonia. She was caught in the big storm last night." I stood on the bottom step and raised my voice. "Ladies, Mrs. Warburton is extremely ill. I'm afraid we must dispense with the ceremonies."

I held out my hands to Ruth and she chose that moment for a cough that echoed in the rain. It was an achievement.

A plump, graying woman wearing a slicker and a transparent covering over a feathered hat moved forward and called, "Ruth, you must remember me. I'm Agnes Mills. My husband is here and we'll rush you straight to our house."

We had Ruth between us, and we went quickly across to the cindered ground where cars were nosed up to a white iron railing. John Mills had picked up Ruth's two suitcases, and as he overtook us I said loudly, "I've already notified the Governor, Mr. Mills. I sent a wire."

I saw Lucy Strawn holding open the door of a car. I helped Ruth in, and ran around the other side to get in front with John. Immediately he backed the car out.

As John drove away I turned and said, "Good work, Lucy. I didn't think you'd make it in time."

"She beat you by five minutes," John said. "Roy, I called Doc Arnold, and he'll meet us at the house."

John's house was a big yellow structure on the edge of town, a Victorian house with long galleries and gingerbread scrollwork and five yellow gables towering in the rain. There was a gravel driveway leading to the porte-cochere. John took it fast, spewing gravel, and braked under the porte-cochere. Lucy had the door open instantly, and we all scurried into the house.

With the door shut behind us, Agnes Mills said, "Of course you're Mr. Mason, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Call the operator at Meridian, Mississippi. There's a long-distance call."

The three women went on up the stairs and John showed me the telephone in the downstairs hall. The doctor arrived as I was putting through the call.

Bill Evers' voice came over the wire. "Hello, hello. Who's this?"

"Roy," I said.

"Roy, where in hell is the Governor? What's happened? What's this about the man in cabin nine!"

"Take it easy," I said.

"Make sense," he shouted.

"Bill," I said, "the Governor is holed up in a tourist camp for the time being."

"In a tourist camp!" Bill shouted.

"Listen, Bill," I broke in. "Everything is all right. Now get this. Ruth Warburton is here in Hydetown, with a temperature of a hundred and four. She's got double pneumonia and we're getting her an oxygen tent."

COLLIER'S — "It seemed like such a nice road in the car" — STANLEY BERENSTAIN

"What?" Bill shouted. "Everything is all right, you say!"

"Now listen to the rest of it," I said. "The Governor is rushing here to be at her bedside. Got that? You tell the correspondents on the train, and I'll call in the local Associated Press man. The Governor will get here sometime this afternoon and I'll arrange for him to broadcast his Birmingham speech from here."

There was a pause, then Bill said, "I see. Ruth's not really sick. It's a fake."

"Don't say that out loud."

"I see," he said.

"A gale is blowing over here, Bill."

"All right," he said. "Roy, how about that other thing. Was that fixed up?"

"All fixed up." I said it with more confidence than I felt. Bill had enough to absorb at one dose without bringing Ginny Perkins in.

John Mills was waiting, leaning against a newel of the big staircase. When I had finished he nodded solemnly and said, "Shall we go visit the sickroom, Roy?"

A FEW of the stanch ladies who had waited at the station in the storm had assembled in the living room when I next went downstairs, and among them was Ginny Perkins. I gave her a nod and went on to the telephone.

I called the radio station in the city and arranged for the Governor's speech to be broadcast from the Mills home at eight o'clock, and as I talked I saw Ginny come slowly out of the living room. When I hung up she approached me and asked in a hushed tone, "How is Mrs. Warburton, Roy?"

"The doctor put her to sleep," I said.

"It's just a shame," Ginny murmured. "The day before the reception and all that. I suppose you'll have to call the whole thing off, won't you?"

"I don't know," I said. "We'll see. The Governor is planning to make his speech tonight, on schedule."

"Yes, I heard."

"I hope he'll be able to go through with it," I said. "This is a terrible strain for the Governor."

"Yes, it must be," Ginny said.

"He's a worried man, Ginny. I'd hate to see any more trouble now, when he can't fight back."

"Why should there be more trouble?"

I looked into her deep blue eyes. They were clear, guileless eyes, and their expression was gentle, almost tender. I reached out and took her hand. "I mean the sheepskin coat," I said.

"What sheepskin coat?" Her eyebrows went up.

"Miss Hattie's story," I said.

"I see. Aunt Hattie told you last night?"

I took her other hand and held them both firmly. "Ginny, it would be disastrous if a man like Clyde McDonald got hold of that. It wouldn't be fair. You can imagine what he'd do with it."

"But, Roy," she said. "I really don't think you understand Mr. McDonald."

"No?"

"We had a long talk last night," Ginny said, and giggled. "I suppose all Hydetown knows how late the lights were burning at our house. It must have been three in the morning when I finally got to bed. You know, he's still sleeping!"

"I see," I said. "You've already told him, haven't you?"

"Told him what?"

"About Miss Hattie and the Governor."

Ginny lifted her head, and a quick sidewise movement of her head sent her honey-colored hair swinging along her shoulders. "Really, all we talked about was Clyde McDonald," she said. "He's a very interesting talker, Roy. He's been simply everywhere. You know, it must be pretty exciting to have the President of the United States call you by your first name."

"What the President calls Clyde McDonald is a matter of conjecture."

"You're simply biased, Roy," she said. "You ought to give Clyde a chance. After all, he's a man with a front seat at history. It's his duty to write about everything he sees and knows, and to get the real facts. It's his historical duty."

"My God," I said, "I hope he hasn't convinced you that *you* have a historical duty, too."

"He hasn't convinced me of anything," Ginny said stiffly. "But I do understand him. He doesn't have a happy life. People—important people—are always after his scalp. They're trying to silence him, and they can't. He has courage, Roy. You'll concede him that, at least."

"He has the courage of his own prejudices," I said. "And he's got brass."

"That shows how far wrong you are," Ginny said. "He isn't brassy at all. He pretends to be hard, because he has to, but it's just pretense, just a pose. It's his armor, Roy, and underneath it he's shy and worried and unhappy."

THAT was a new slant on McDonald, I thought, and her reaction disturbed me. Clyde had not won his reputation for a way with blondes by a series of rebuffs. I was sure of that. On one point Ginny was certainly correct; he was a good talker.

"Ginny, it's an act," I said. "He's trying to soften you up and get that story from you. Please don't answer any questions he asks you. Will you promise me that?"

She stepped back and gave me a level look. "Why should I make you any promises, Roy?"

"I can give you lots of reasons," I said. "Just give me a chance, Ginny. Look here, I'm going to have a busy day, but after the Governor's speech tonight, I'll be free. May I see you tonight?"

She hesitated, and before she could answer, Dr. Arnold came down the stairs, saying loudly, "What's this? Ladies, I'm afraid you'll all have to go. Mrs. Warburton is critically ill."

The sound of women's voices in the living room ceased abruptly and there was a movement toward the door.

"You haven't answered me, Ginny."

"Roy, I don't see how I can see you tonight," she said, with a little shrug. "Mr. McDonald is our house guest, and I have an obligation. Don't you see?"

"No," I said. "I don't see."

"Besides, we already made a date. We're going dancing tonight out at the Route One Casino."

I put my hands on both her shoulders and pulled her toward me.

"Ginny," I said, "you're going dancing with *me* tonight."

She did not draw back, and when my arms went around her, she did not resist. She stood motionless, in frigid silence, and I dropped my arms. Then she looked up at me and smiled.

"I tell you what, Roy," she said. "I can get another girl and we can all go to the Casino. How is that?"

"Get another girl for whom?" I said.

"Why, so it will be a foursome, Roy."

"Yes," I said, "But who gets the other girl?"

"What difference does that make? We'll all be together."

I looked into her eyes and shrugged. "I'll get the other girl," I said. "For Clyde. She's right here in the house, and he knows her pretty well already."

Her eyebrows drew together. "Who's that?"

"Her name is Lucy Strawn," I said. "She's the Governor's secretary, and Clyde has been giving her a good deal of his time lately. Yes, I'll bring Lucy."

Ginny's smile did not altogether clear up her frown. She said lightly, "All right, Roy. We'll have fun."

She started toward the door, and I followed her into the hall, where she put on her transparent rain cape. "Until then," I said, "will you promise to be good?"

"Be good?"

"I mean be quiet," I said.

"Roy," she said. "I don't like promises, but all right, if you want it that way." She gave me a parting smile. "Clyde and I will pick you up tonight."

I closed the door behind her, and turn-

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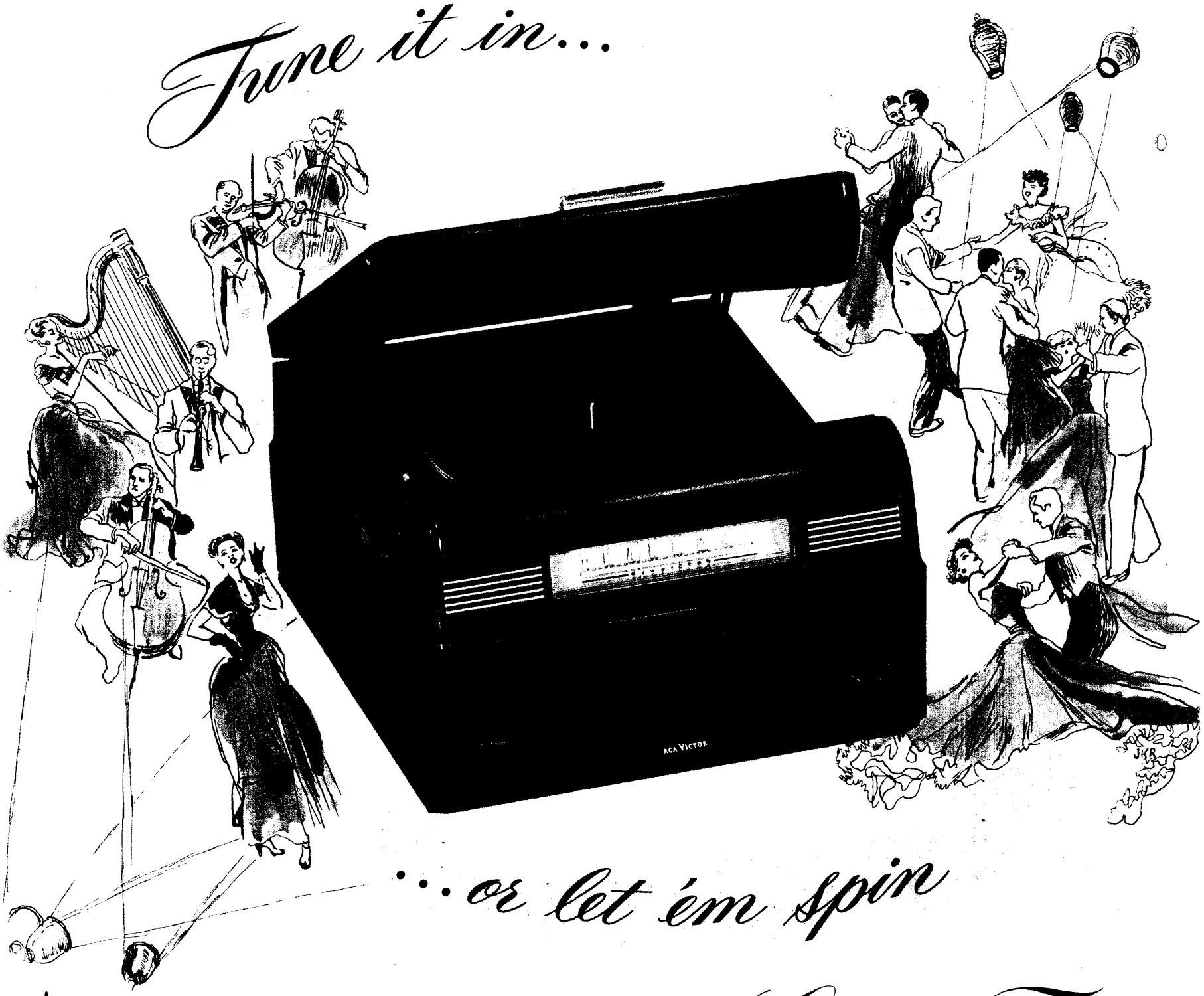

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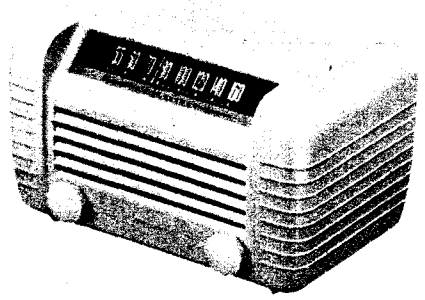

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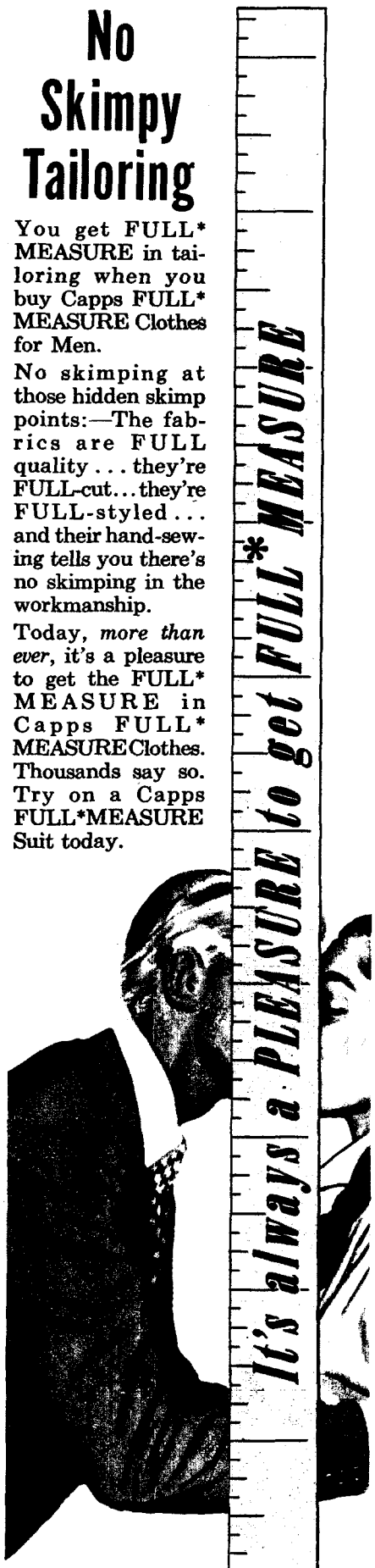

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ing, found John Mills and Dr. Arnold talking at the foot of the stairs. I approached them and said, "John, it's noon. I'd better do something about the Governor."

I put on my hat and coat and went out to the car. I drove on out of the driveway and turned toward town. Two blocks farther on I cut off toward the highway. There was practically no rain now, and the wind had dropped low in Beaufort's scale. I made good time, and turned off the highway at the tourist camp at a quarter past one. I drove through puddles to cabin nine, jumped out, and hurried to the door.

In daylight the cabin was even more desolate than it had seemed by night. The three beds were rumpled and the walls looked drab and streaky. But my stare was not that of a man appalled by terrible *décor;* my stare was that of a man appalled by the absence of Governor Warburton. I looked in the shower. I looked in the garage. I called his name softly, and received no response.

I ran back to the car, and saw the old man of the night before watching me from a cabin two doors along. He called, "Looking for your friend?"

"Yes."

"He took out a little while ago," the old man said. "Said he was going to town."

I sucked in my breath and said, "Was he alone?"

"Alone? Yeah, he was alone."

I GOT in the car and drove toward town. At the first filling station I turned in and used the telephone. John Mills answered and I cried, "John, the Governor's not here!"

"I know," he said. "You'll find him at the Elite Pool Parlor, Roy, down on Columbia Street."

"A pool parlor," I said. "John, what the hell!"

"He telephoned just after you left, Roy," John explained. "He said the old fellow at the tourist camp kept snooping around and he thought he'd better get out, so he went to town and got in out of the rain first place he found."

"But a pool parlor!" I said. "Is this a rib?"

"Ever try to lose yourself, Roy?" John asked. "The movies weren't open yet, and he was walking past that pool parlor and he figured nobody would look for the candidate for Vice-President in a pool hall, so in he went. They think he's a drummer, he said."

"He *will* be a drummer if this ever gets out," I said, and went back to the car. I drove slowly on, looking for Columbia Street. I found it without asking questions. I drove on past the Elite Pool Parlor and stopped fifty feet above it, then I walked back to get the Governor.

He was actually playing pool with the table attendant. Completely relaxed, he looked no more like a man who had gone a night without sleep than he did his party's nominee for the Vice-Presidency. His coat was off and his shirt sleeves were rolled up, and a cigar was clamped in the corner of his mouth as he made his shot.

The six ball dropped in the corner pocket and the Governor grinned, glanced at me, and chalked his cue. He was about to shoot again when I said sharply, "Listen here, we've got to be moving."

He shrugged, put away his cue, and paid. I waited in silence as he put on his coat, and I kept silent until we were in the car, then I said indignantly, "Governor, hanging out in a pool hall is bad enough, but damn it, you shouldn't have shucked off your coat and played. You need a nursemaid."

"You think so, Roy?" He grinned.

"We have time to kill," I said as I drove out of town. "We're due in Hydetown around five o'clock. Governor, Lucy's portable is still in the back seat. Let's park somewhere and do some work on your speech."

"Oh, yes," the Governor said, "that Birmingham speech."

A few miles outside town I turned off on a side road and parked near a highway bridge. The Governor outlined his thoughts to me and I made notes, and had roughed out some of them on my typewriter, sitting on the back seat with the machine balanced on my knees, when the Governor pointed out at a quarter to four that it was time we started for Hydetown.

THE radio men came early and set up microphones in the living room, where at seven thirty I was still at work at a desk by the window. I had more than half the Governor's speech written, but I knew there was not time to complete it, so I arranged the notes in sequence and carried it all up to Governor Warburton to look over.

I tiptoed past the sickroom, where Ruth Warburton still slept, and was approaching the Governor's door when I met Lucy Strawn in the hall. I called to her, "Lucy, you and I have a date tonight."

I saw her quick smile. "My, my, this is unexpected, Mr. Mason."

"It's in the line of duty," I said.

"Oh," said Lucy, grinning. "I should have known. What kind of date is it? You and me and a typewriter?"

"You and me and a couple of aspirins," I said. "We're going dancing with Clyde McDonald and Ginny Perkins."

"That should be fun," Lucy said.

"Your assignment is to take Clyde's attention off the local talent," I said.

Lucy raised her eyebrows. "So it's that way," she said. "Jealousy intrudes his jaundiced eye."

"It's nothing of the sort," I said. "I've got to keep Clyde away from Ginny until I can get her promise to keep quiet."

"So," said Lucy. "But why is it so difficult to keep Clyde away? Can't you take care of that little job yourself?"

"She has a date with Clyde tonight."

Lucy grinned without sympathy. "For you I should think she'd break it, Roy. I thought you had a little influence."

"I haven't got a front seat at history."

"A front seat at history?" Lucy said musingly. "So Mr. McDonald has made a big impression, has he?"

"She's just a kid from a small town," I said. "Naturally she's impressed."

"I'm from a small town myself," said Lucy. "But even in high school I would have sized up Clyde McDonald."

I stared at her. "*You're* from a small town?"

"Smaller than Hydetown, as a matter of fact." Lucy said. "I got out of there fast, and if you ask me, I think your little you-all friend has the same idea."

"But what's wrong with that?"

"There's nothing wrong with that," said Lucy. "Except the way I did it, I went to the city and got myself an honest job."

"Well?" I said.

"Well," said Lucy, "I expect there are lots of good jobs in Washington, don't you?" Her grin broadened. "If you know the right people, I mean."

"Ginny's not that type," I said, irritated. "She's not the opportunist type."

"Either she's that type," said Lucy, "or Mr. Mason is sadly deficient in appeal, poor fellow, to yield the field to competition like Clyde McDonald."

I grunted, and walked on to the Governor's room. If Lucy were right, I saw what I was up against. It would not be easy to prevent Ginny from telling Clyde McDonald all she knew, if that information had a market value. But I did not believe that Lucy was right. Lucy had spoken from personal bias. Because she had been a small-town girl with itchy feet herself, she imputed similar motives to Ginny. The caustic, cynical opinions one woman passes on about another generally make me impatient, but I could not altogether overlook what Lucy had said, and I was disturbed.

I knocked on the Governor's door, and his cheerful voice called, "Yes, I'm ready."

The Governor opened the door. He had shaved and changed his clothes. He had had the forethought to cram an extra suit into the Gladstone that had been traveling with him about the country, by plane and John Mills's car.

"Roy," he said, "how is everything shaping up?"

I said, "I think we got away with it, Governor."

He glanced at his watch. "Suppose we go down."

We found John Mills standing guard at the front door. He beckoned to me and said, "Roy, those reporters want to

COLLIER'S "It's beautiful out. Just the kind of a day that makes you wish you were alive" MISCHA RICHTER

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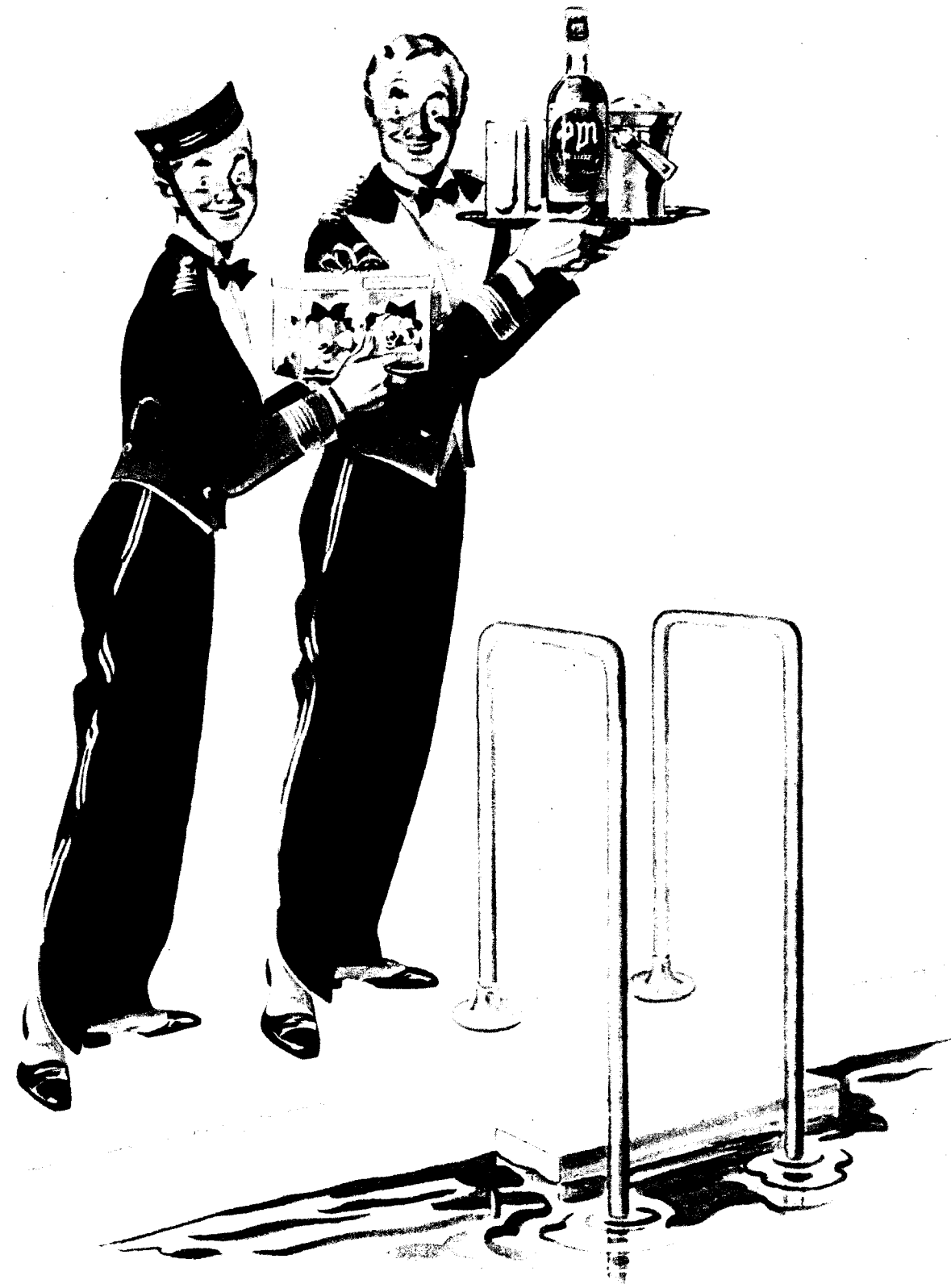

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watch the Governor make his speech. What do you think about it?"

"Keep them outside," I said.

"Now wait a minute," the Governor said. "Seems to me they've got a right to be here, Roy. They're covering this story."

John and I hurriedly carried chairs from the hall and from a room opposite that John called the music room. When we had arranged the chairs in the living room John went back to the door and let the reporters in.

There were half a dozen of them, and John pointed to the row of chairs as they filed into the house. Last in line was a tall, deaconish man who showed John a faint and rather sour smile. His rasping voice said, "Where's the Governor?"

I said quickly. "Only the press is allowed in, Mr. Fisher. I'm sorry."

MELVIN FISHER raised his thin eyebrows. "Only the press?" he said. "I'm the mayor of Hydetown, young man, come to pay my respects to Governor Warburton."

"After the broadcast, Mel," John Mills said. "Come back after the broadcast."

But a genial voice interrupted. "Why, if Mel wants to listen, I don't see why he can't." Governor Warburton came forward, smiling. "I guess I can stand it if Mel can. How are you, Mel?"

Fisher gingerly put out a hand and the Governor shook it. The mayor said, "Welcome home, Willie. I had a little speech I was going to make when I met you at the train tomorrow, but I haven't practiced it up yet." He showed his thin smile again. "Matter of fact, I want to talk to you about that. I'm wondering what the plans are for tomorrow." He added hastily, "We're all mighty upset about Ruth."

"We'll have to call the reception off, Mayor," I told him.

"Willie, it's pretty near time," John Mills warned. "Better get in to the microphone."

John led the Governor into the living room and I went into the music room and switched on the radio. I was afraid my own nervousness would show if I stayed in the living room, and would affect the Governor. Melvin Fisher followed me in, and said as I bent to the dial, "What I want to know is what to do with those two hundred and fifty straw hats."

"Straw hats?" I said.

"And sunbonnets," he said. "For the kids. We got all those straw hats and sunbonnets for the kids to wear in the parade."

I shrugged my shoulders and adjusted the radio dial. The program had already begun in Birmingham and a United States senator was introducing the Governor. I sat down to listen to the Governor's speech, and Melvin Fisher, giving me the look of a deacon dissatisfied with the collection, turned his back and crossed to the living room.

Through the open door I could see across the hall into the living room, where the Governor sat at a table with the manuscript in front of him. He looked sad and tired. I knew it was an expression that characteristically came on his face when he was waiting to speak and had drained his mind of thought until the signal came, but to the group of newspapermen, who were not familiar with his traits, he must have seemed a worried man.

When he started speaking the Governor's tone was low, and I saw the radio engineer fiddling with his dials, but as he warmed up, his voice gained power. I waited for the time when he would have to lay the manuscript aside and speak from notes. There had been so much on the Governor's mind the past forty-eight hours that I was afraid he would have trouble speaking extemporaneously, but I should have known the Governor better. He went on speaking from the notes without a pause.

He had ten minutes yet to go when I heard a knock on the front door. It sounded loud in the hushed house, and the radiomen turned their heads and frowned. I hurried to the door and opened it. Ginny Perkins stood at the sill, and Clyde McDonald's bulk loomed behind her.

I motioned them into the music room, and indicated chairs, but before he sat down Clyde said, "Roy it's too bad about Ruth Warburton. I met the lady at the convention and she's okay."

I met his small eyes; there seemed to be no gleam of cynicism in them.

"Why, thanks, Clyde," I said. He lighted a cigarette and dropped into a chair, and I looked down at him, wondering how much Ginny Perkins had to do with it, and how much of it I could believe. I sat down again and listened to the speech.

Lucy Strawn tiptoed downstairs before the Governor had finished, and appeared smiling at the door of the music room. She had been a busy girl in the hour since I had seen her in the hall, and her entrance was effective. Clyde McDonald rolled his head around to look at her, and Ginny's shoulders became noticeably more erect.

The radio drummed with applause from the faraway Birmingham meeting, and I got up and turned it off. I imagined that in Birmingham, Bill Evers breathed a sigh of relief, as I did. In the room across the hall the reporters were crowding in around the Governor, and I hastened over to run interference. But the Governor chose to remain and answer a few questions. His wife was doing well, he said, as well as could be expected. They were awaiting the crisis and he would remain at her bedside until it had passed.

I cut the questions short, saying, "It's been a hard day for the Governor, fellows. I think that's enough."

The reporters moved on to the door, which John Mills held open, but Melvin Fisher lingered, and approached the Governor diffidently. His rasping voice was pitched low, and sounded unnatural. "Willie, I'm right concerned about Ruth," he said. "If there's anything I can do, I wish you'd call on me."

"Thank you, Mel," the Governor said. "I will. Indeed I will."

Melvin Fisher smiled, gave the Governor's hand a disengaging shake, and turned away. John Mills let him out the door, then pushed it shut hard.

From the stair well a voice called, "John, have the reporters gone?"

"Yes, all gone, Agnes."

The Governor heaved a mighty sigh and said, "Well, that's over."

He grinned at me, and my answering grin froze on my face as a clear, singing voice came drifting down from the floor above.

"Will," it said, "come on up here. You haven't even said hello."

I lifted my eyes and saw Ruth Warburton there at the head of the stairs, standing in her pink negligee with one hand on the railing.

She was not aware, as I was in every jumping nerve, that Clyde McDonald was there in the house, sitting in the music room just across the hall. She thought that all the reporters were gone, and she did not see Clyde until Clyde's red head appeared under the hall chandelier and his sharp eyes turned staring toward the stairs.

Ginny Perkins cried, *"Why,* it's Mrs. *Warburton!"*

Lucy Strawn had the presence of mind to whirl on the stairs and call, "Somebody telephone the doctor. She must be delirious. Roy, call the doctor quick!"

"I'll do it," John Mills said.

Clyde McDonald stood with his feet wide apart. "What's going on here?" he said, and slowly turned to face the Governor. There was a wise, malicious smile on his lips. "So she's got pneumonia, has she?" he said. "What's the gag?"

Governor Warburton acted with the characteristic hard-hitting Warburton directness. He hit hard and with excellent direction and Clyde never saw the fist coming. Neither did I, until I heard a solid blow and saw Clyde's heavy body topple backward in the hall.

I looked down at his slack face and said, "Governor, I guess that does it."

"It was worth it, Roy," said Governor Warburton grimly, but with a note of uneasiness. "There's something to put in his column."

CLYDE McDONALD opened his eyes and lay staring up at Governor Warburton, but he made no move to get up from the floor. Lying so, he had the composure of a man in control of events; he did not have the look of a man who had been knocked down.

I caught the Governor's elbow and urged him toward the stairs, whispering, "Go on up, Governor. Let me handle this."

Governor Warburton strode on up the stairs in grim silence, and I turned back to Clyde McDonald. He was sitting up now, and Ginny Perkins had knelt beside him. Her blue eyes were big and her face was flushed with excitement.

Clyde looked at me and said, "What's the matter with the guy? What did he do that for?" His voice was aggrieved.

"The Governor's under a pretty tough strain, Clyde," I said. "You know that."

"He hit a member of the press," Clyde

"I don't see why he can't be impartial in our favor, once in a while"

COLLIER'S — DAVID HUFFINE

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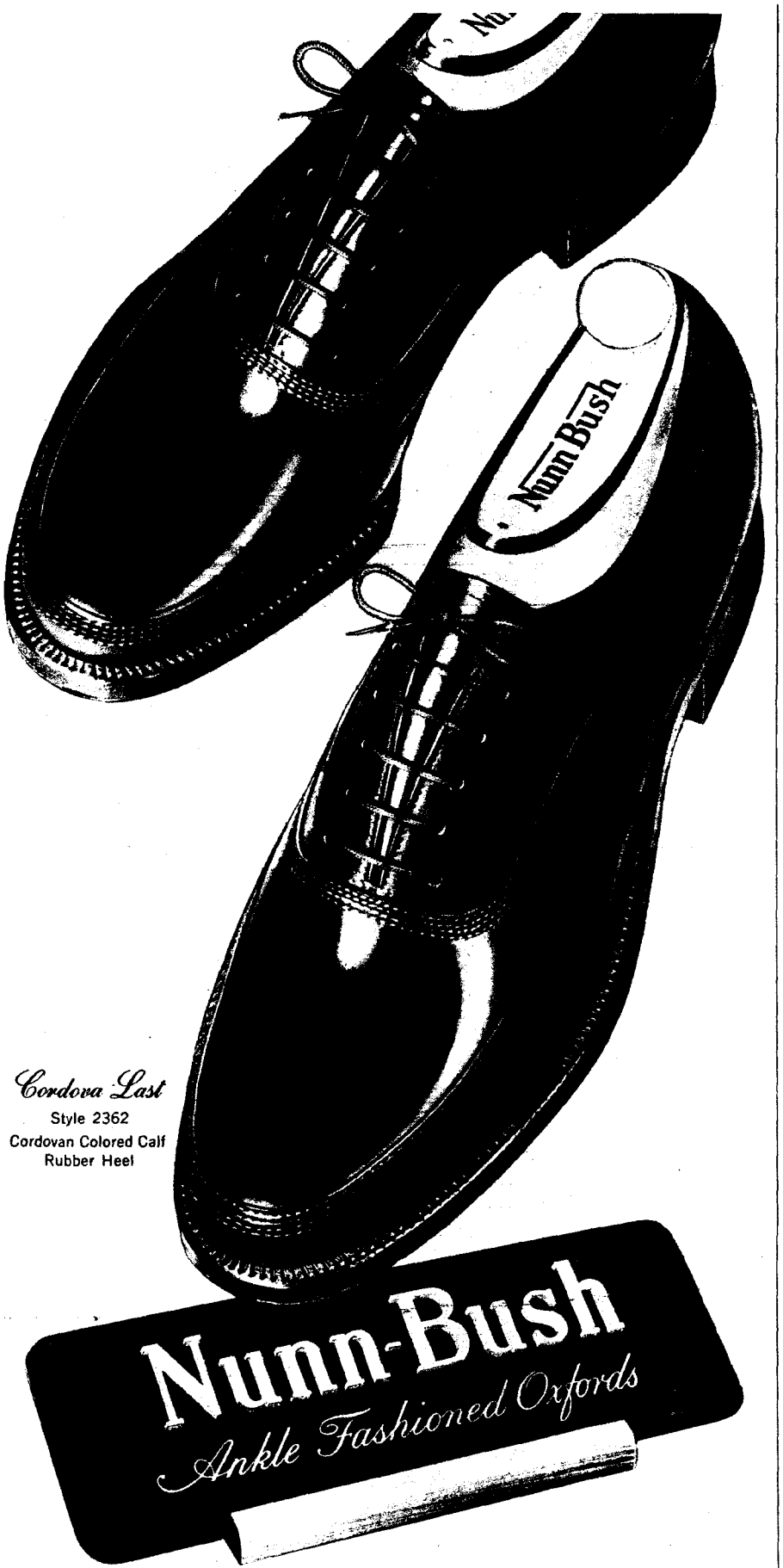

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said solemnly. "He can't get away with hitting a member of the press."

"Well, you can't get away with making cracks when his wife is critically ill."

"I didn't make any cracks," he said indignantly. "All I said was, 'What's the gag?' *Well*, what *is* the gag?" He got ponderously to his feet. "I saw her up there, practically dancing a jig. She's not sick."

"She's plenty sick," I said. "She was obviously delirious and got out of bed."

Clyde grunted and fixed his wary eyes on me. "Roy, what the hell is going on here? You're not kidding me. She's no more sick than Ginny here."

"You can ask the doctor about that."

"You've got something there." His eyes brightened. "I'll get a medical opinion on it, all right."

"Dr. Arnold should be here in a few minutes."

"Who's he? The local vet?"

"He's the leading physician of Hyde County."

CLYDE grinned without humor. "Fine. The leading physician of Hyde County attends the wife of the candidate for Vice-President, stricken with double pneumonia. What's his name again, Dr. Pellagra?"

I said quickly, "The Governor's personal physician is on his way here. Meanwhile Dr. Arnold is doing all he can."

"Dr. Arnold really is a good doctor, Clyde," Ginny said. "Ask anybody."

It was the first time she had spoken since the Governor had knocked McDonald down, and we had both forgotten she was there. Clyde looked at her, put his hand on her shoulder, and said, "Honey, you're sweet. I bet he treated your measles, didn't he?"

"He cured them, too," Ginny said.

Clyde patted her shoulder, but spoke to me. "Roy, I know I'm not going to get anything out of you, and I'm not going to try. But I'm beginning to see the light. You can go up there and tell your candidate he won't get away with it. You can tell him I'm going to get the facts and I'm going to use them."

"The facts are that he's a man with a sick wife," I said. "And you'd better be damned careful what you say."

"I've got a lawyer," said Clyde. "I'll listen to *his* advice on that, not yours." He took Ginny's arm. "Come on, honey. Let's go dancing."

Ginny gave me a smile at the door and called, "See you later, won't we, Roy?"

"No," said Clyde, "we won't."

"You'll see me, Ginny," I said.

For an instant Clyde and I met each other's eyes, and there was a mocking smile on his lips as he backed out the door and shut it.

I hurried up the stairs, and found a dejected group assembled in Ruth Warburton's room. She was back in bed, nervously smoking a cigarette, and when I entered there was an abrupt silence in the room. Everyone looked at me.

"He's gone," I said.

Ruth Warburton sighed. "Roy, I feel terrible. I thought they'd *all* gone."

"You think it's bad, do you, Roy?" the Governor asked. He sat down on the window seat, and he looked gloomy. "I'm ashamed of myself. The saying goes that the man who strikes the first blow has lost the argument. I guess I deserve what's coming to me."

"Clyde McDonald has been socked before," I said. "He glories in a martyr role. Governor, I'm afraid we're behind the eight ball."

The Governor winced. "Yes, it looks bad, but what do you suppose Clyde will do? As I look at it, I don't believe there's much he can do. What can he put his finger on? Where are his facts?"

"He never had much use for facts," I said. "Facts to him are what dough is to a pretzel bender."

The Governor got to his feet. "But see here, Roy, even though he did see Ruth on the stairs, and even if he does suspect what's going on, he has no proof. He has nothing to go on, besides that. I tell you, we're climbing molehills again."

"I think so, too, Willie," John said.

I shook my head. "There's plenty to worry about. Clyde McDonald is far from stupid. He has the imagination to figure the whole thing out, and probably he already has. All he needs is the proof, and I'm afraid he can get it."

The Governor's eyes darkened. "What do you mean, Roy?"

"All he needs is a foundation," I said. "He can build the structure on that, typical McDonald-style architecture. The foundation is that sheepskin coat story. If he gets that out of Ginny Perkins he'll build his story on it."

John Mills frowned. "You mean to tell me Ginny knows that story?"

"That's it."

He shook his head dolefully. "Then she'll tell. If there's anything in it for her, she'll tell. But what's in it for her?"

"A little trip to Washington," Lucy said. "Maybe a mink coat."

"I don't agree," I said. "I think you've got Ginny wrong. I suppose a little attention from a man like Clyde McDonald may turn her head temporarily, but I think to appeal to her on materialistic grounds is a mistake."

"Roy," Lucy said, "someday you'll find out that women are just born materialistic."

"At any rate, we're not resorting to bribery," the Governor put in. "This situation is questionable enough as it is."

From Installment No. XVII of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: Stalin: "Any talk of an intention to Sovietize Poland was stupid . . . the Soviet system was not exportable—it must develop from within on the basis of a set of conditions which were not present in Poland."

"She'll tell," John said. "If there's anything in it for her, she'll tell."

"But wait," Lucy interrupted. "Governor, maybe we can't bribe her, but it's all right to red-apple her a little, isn't it? Let's serve up our nicest, reddest apple."

The Governor said, "Meaning Roy?"

"Precisely," she said. "Governor, we have a date to go dancing tonight with Clyde and Ginny, and we had already planned for Roy to give the little girl a big rush. I think that's our best chance."

Ruth Warburton inspected me and said, "Why not? Roy, you're an attractive man, you can do it."

"Roy," said Lucy, "are you prepared to make the sacrifice?"

I scowled and said in a voice sharp with irritation, "What am I supposed to do, marry the girl?"

"The point is," Lucy explained, "the girl wants to get out of Hydetown. It isn't a question of a kiss. There's got to be more than that."

"Now, Lucy—" Governor Warburton began.

"I mean something to get her out of town," Lucy said, and blushed. "A job. Governor, if you're elected you could give her a job in Washington, couldn't you? That wouldn't be bribery?"

"I can always find a job for a friend of Roy's," the Governor said.

"Then, Roy, we've got work to do," Lucy cried. "Distasteful as it is. Come on."

"Roy," the Governor said, "if you don't want to—"

"I never had an assignment I liked better, Governor," I said, and walked out of the room.

As we drove away Lucy said, "Know where this place is, Roy?"

"Of course," I snapped. I had forgot-

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ten to ask, but was obstinate enough not to admit it. Its name was a clue, so I drove out of town on the main highway, in the direction the car was headed. We traveled two miles, and saw neon lights at the roadside spelling out Route One Casino. I turned into the parking lot and before we got out I briefed Lucy.

"Your job is to concentrate on Clyde," I told her. "Keep him busy. Dance with him. Keep close to him. Make yourself as obnoxious as possible."

"Meaning that should be easy?" she said.

The casino was crowded, although it was a weekday night. Apparently the observance of Warburton Day had already begun in Hyde County. The Casino was a juke-box joint, with booths along the wall and space for dancing in the center, but tonight the juke box was silent and its spectral colors did not flow. Instead an orchestra billed as the Piedmont Sextet was playing something that sounded like black-eyed peas shaken in a shoe box above the noise in the casino. The interior décor was by courtesy of a local sign painter whose motif was *Try Our Bar-B-Q.*

WE FOUND Clyde and Ginny in a remote wall booth, and the greeting I received from Clyde was hardly a greeting at all, although his eyes approved of Lucy. He was sitting beside Ginny, drinking beer, and he made no move to rise. The bench opposite was unoccupied, and Lucy and I sat down.

"Roy," Clyde said. "I've been thinking it's peculiar the way you keep popping up. You were in Hydetown last night when I got here, and this morning you showed up on that train with Ruth Warburton, Ginny tells me. How do you do it?"

"Clyde," I said, "For your information, Mrs. Warburton's temperature shot up a full degree."

"Then it's a hundred and five now," Ginny said. "That's pretty high."

"Yes," I said. "A hundred and five."

"Oh, quit kidding," Clyde said. His face was flushed, and in another man I might have thought the cause was a sense of shame at his behavior. He pointed a finger at me and said, "He won't get away with hitting a member of the press."

"Why don't we forget all that?" Ginny [illegible] said softly. "Let's have fun. Let's be friends."

Clyde fingered his left eye. He glanced at Ginny and she said, "No, I don't see anything yet. Don't worry about it."

"I'm getting a mouse, though," he said. "I can feel it. Let me have your compact, Ginny." He took it from her and held the mirror up to his eye. "It's beginning to swell," he said morosely. "Right here by the nose. See, Ginny. I'm going to have a mouse."

She put her hand on his and said tenderly, "Sweetie, don't worry about it."

"Clyde, Ginny's right," I said. "Let's forget it. Let's have a drink."

"A drink?" he said. "This damned county is dry, except for beer."

"They serve setups," Ginny said. "But you have to bring your own bottle."

"There must be some place in Hydetown we can get a bottle," I said.

"Yes, I know a place," Ginny said.

"Then suppose I get one," I said. "How about coming with me and showing me where to go?"

"All right," Ginny said, and Lucy gave me an approving glance. But as Ginny started to her feet Clyde said, "Not so fast. You're horning in a little bit, aren't you, Roy?"

"I don't think so."

"*I* think so." He sent the words sliding out of the corner of his mouth in the tough-guy way of talking he affected. "Ginny's *my* date."

"Oh, Lord!" Lucy said. "Let's *all* go."

Clyde looked across at me, suddenly shrugged. "Oh, all right. You and Ginny go, Roy. But hurry back." He gave me a one-sided grin. "I'm in a pretty lousy mood tonight. I don't get clipped by a potential Vice-President every day." He put his palms on the table and pushed himself to his feet. "And I don't like it," he said.

Abruptly he walked away, and when I turned to stare after him I saw a thin, deaconish man waiting at the door, Melvin Fisher, the mayor of Hydetown, and the Governor's old enemy.

"So," Lucy said, "the clan gathers. Or should it be Klan with a capital K?"

"Lucy, we'll be right back," I told her.

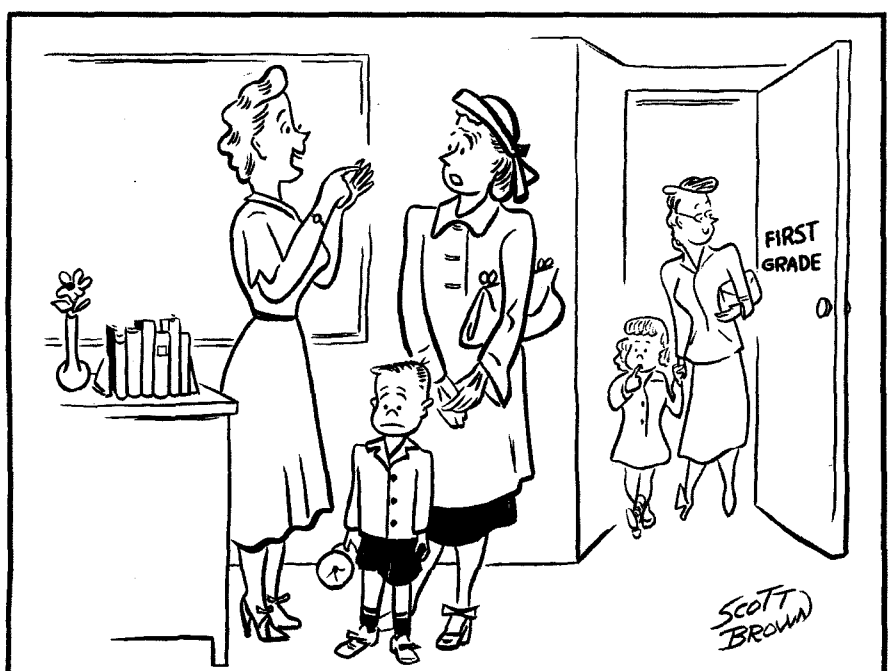
I ignored her wink and took Ginny's arm. As we passed through the door I saw Clyde standing by a telephone booth with Melvin Fisher. The mayor's thin lips parted in a sour smile when my eyes met his, but he did not speak. Ginny called out, "Hello, Mel," and waved her hand as we went on out.

In the car on the way to town I asked, "Why the big conference with Melvin Fisher, do you suppose?"

"How should I know?"

"You know so much," I said.

Ginny smiled. "Well, I can guess;



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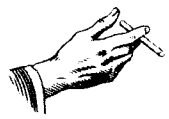

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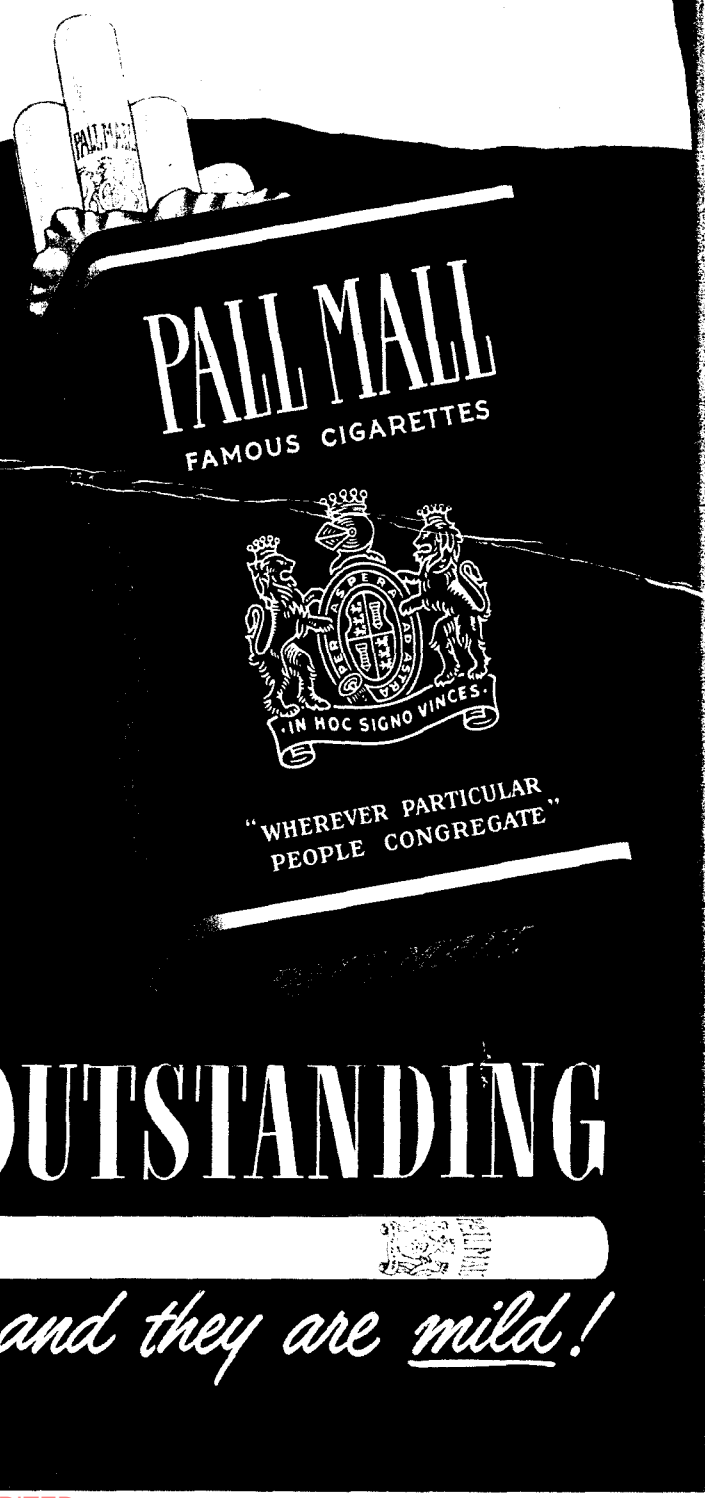
PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos *filters the smoke on the way to your throat*—gives you that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction that no other cigarette offers you.

PALL MALL—the *longer, finer* cigarette in the distinguished red package.



OUTSTANDING

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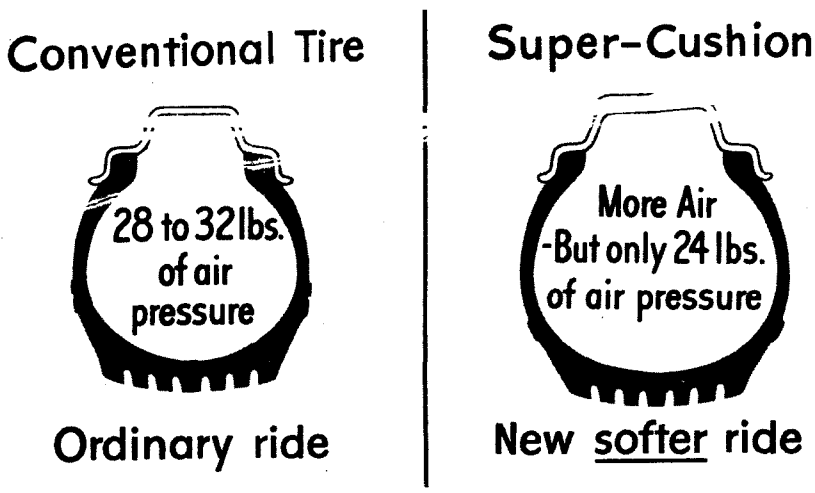
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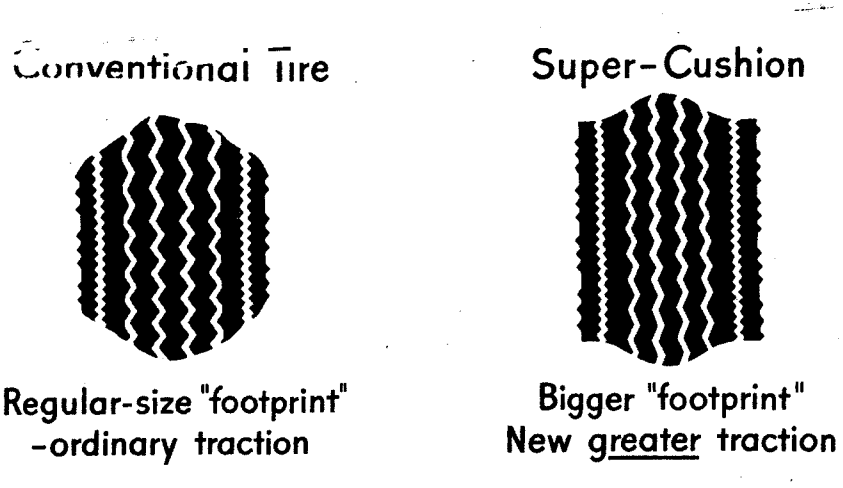

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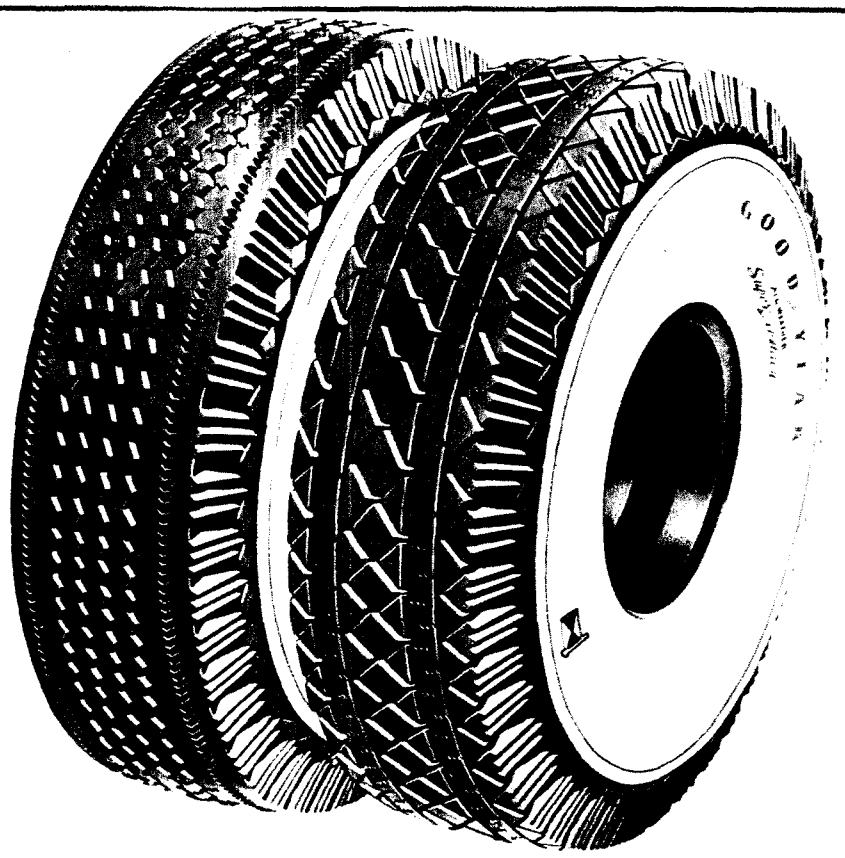

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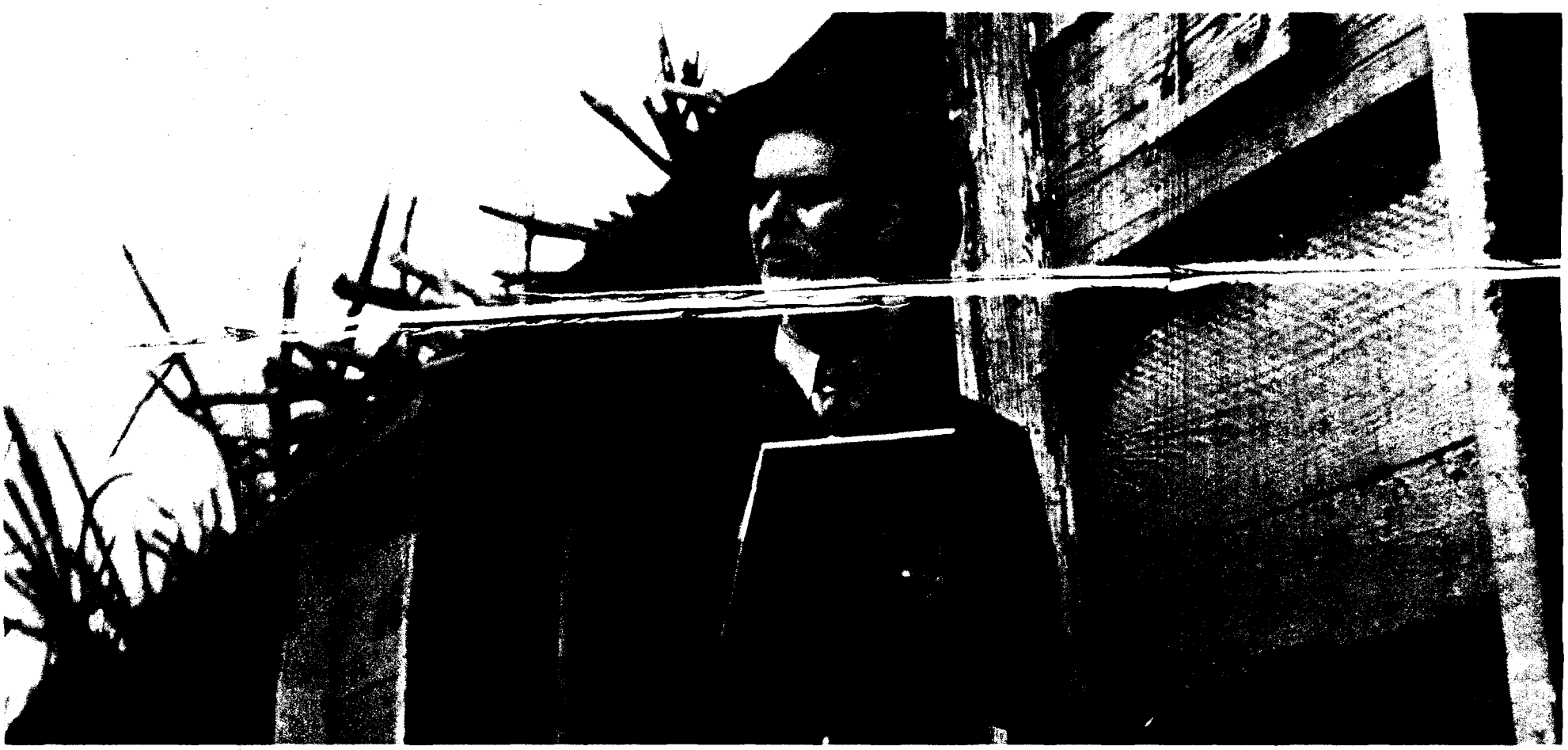

A. MONTZ, JR., farmer, La Place, La.: "My car is a 1939 model. I've had Super-Cushions on it ever since last year, and they certainly have made a great improvement in the way it rides and handles. Even on rough washboard roads, it rides smoothly, and most of the rattles have been taken out of the car. Steering is easier on the highway, too, because these Super-Cushions don't bounce over bumps."

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you see, Clyde doesn't think Mrs. Warburton is sick at all."

"So I gathered," I said cautiously.

"But why in the world should she pretend?" Ginny asked.

"She's not pretending," I said. "She never felt worse in her life."

"Make a right turn here," Ginny said. "Stop at that filling station up ahead."

I pulled up to the gas pump and Ginny called to the attendant, "Tom, will you fix my friend up?"

"You bet, Ginny."

WITH two pint bottles on the seat between us, I drove slowly back to the highway, where the traffic light was red, and stopped. I turned to Ginny. "Why don't we go somewhere else?"

She studied my face. "You mean not back to the casino?"

"They'll be happy together," I said. "There must be some place else we can go."

"No, definitely we must go back," she said. "We have the liquor, for one thing."

"We can give one pint to a waiter to take to them, and we can keep the other," I said. "How about it, Ginny? We haven't seen much of each other. Let's go someplace where we can talk."

"There's simply no other place to go," she said firmly. "The light's green, Roy. Go on."

I turned back onto U.S. 1, toward the glow of neon lights, bright in the autumn night. As I drove slowly toward the casino she said softly, "I'm sorry, Roy. I'd love to go off with you somewhere, but you know I can't. I have a date with Clyde."

"Clyde's happy," I said. "He has Lucy."

She said thoughtfully. "She's very pretty."

"Yes," I said.

"Her clothes cost a lot," Ginny added. "She must get a big salary."

I let that pass. I could not tell her that Lucy's dress belonged to Ruth Warburton's expensive wardrobe; it would seem a little ghoulish to Ginny for Lucy to be wearing Ruth's dress. I nosed the car into the parking area, and as she started to open the door I put my hand on her shoulder and said, "Wait a minute."

She met my eyes for an instant. "They'll be waiting for us, Roy."

"But I want to talk to you. It's important."

She hesitated, "Yes?"

My hand caressed her shoulder, "Ginny, you've been worrying me."

"Why should I worry you, Roy?"

"Bothering me, too," I said.

She smiled faintly, and made no move to get out of the car. I leaned forward and tried to kiss her, but there was only a brushing of our lips as she drew back and whispered, "I thought you wanted to talk."

"Ginny," I said. "I want to get you out of Hydetown."

Her blue eyes opened wide. "What an odd way to put it, Roy! What do you mean by that?"

"I mean you shouldn't be shut up in a little town like this," I said. "You ought to get out and see something of the world, and the world ought to see something of you."

"All right," said Ginny. "But how?"

"I thought you might like a good job in Washington," I said, watching her expression.

"Oh," she said, and her face told me *nothing*. "A job."

"In Washington," I said. "A responsible job with the Vice-President of the United States. If the Governor is elected I can get it for you, Ginny. I've already asked him about it."

"Yes," she said in a practical tone, "but do you think he'll be elected?"

"Don't you?"

"I don't follow politics much, Roy." She moved her shoulders slightly. "But Clyde says he hasn't much chance."

Patrons will soon be able to paddle into Maple Cove, in the Charles River, and sit in their canoes while viewing the latest movie.—News Item.

TAKE A LETTER

Canoe-In Theater,
Waltham, Mass.

Dear Sir:

I've had several unfortunate experiences in theaters but nothing compared to the seasick evening my girl friend and I spent last night at your aquatic movie palace.

Key Largo may be a swell picture on dry land but not when you're battling wind and tide and paddling like a Comanche Indian to keep from being swept out through the foyer into Boston Harbor.

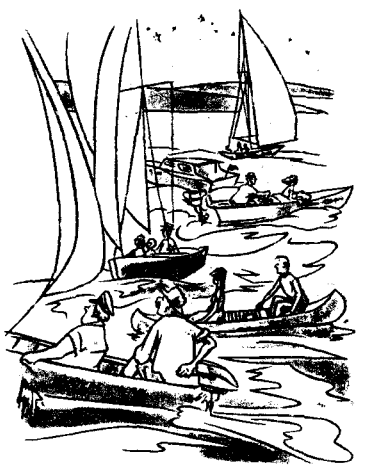
It's a little tough, my friend, to keep a canoe in line while a couple of middle-aged women in a rowboat hold up the works by tying up at the cashier's window to inquire what time the main feature goes on and can they have two in the loges without whitecaps. For two cents I'd have dumped them both into that coal barge outbound for Nova Scotia. Anyway, we finally followed a motorboat in during the newsreel and were all nicely anchored for Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall when, without warning, a sailboat put about in the lobby and, with no more than a "hard-a-lee" from the skipper, rammed us amidships and knocked my girl overboard. A thoughtful usher threw her a life preserver, but by the time I had hauled her half drowned over the gunwale we found ourselves under a lobster wharf half a mile down the river.

We finally got back to Key Largo on the flood tide in time to see Claire Trevor make with her night-club routine, but whatever dialogue wasn't killed by the chattering of Mildred's teeth and the popping of outboard motors was drowned out by the cluck in the next aisle grappling for soft shell clams.

I used to think that women's hats were tough to see through until I tried to see a movie screen through the spinnaker of a catboat.

Having tried to bail out a canoe with a tin can, follow the antics of Edward G. Robinson and wring out a girl's blouse, all at the same time, you'll know what I mean when I say your nautical movie theater just can't last. Not with me in it, it can't.

Yours truly,
Jack Cluett



"Clyde said the same thing about Roosevelt, Ginny," I said.

"Did he?" Said Ginny. "What kind of job, Roy?"

"Secretary to the Governor."

"But I don't know shorthand."

"Can you type?"

"Yes. I learned in high school. But I'm pretty rusty." She gave me a quick glance. "Isn't Miss Strawn the Governor's secretary?"

"He has several secretaries," I said. "A press secretary, a personal secretary. I'm sort of a secretary myself."

"We'd be working in the same office, then?" She smiled at me.

"We can do the town, you and I," I said, and took her hand.

"I have to think it over, Roy," she said. "After all, how much would the Governor pay me?"

I said the first figure that came into my head. "Ninety dollars a week."

Her eyebrows went up. "That's pretty good for a secretary who can only type, isn't it?"

"It's confidential work, Ginny," I explained. "In Washington a man has to be careful, and his employees must be discreet. But I told the Governor we could depend on you. I told him you knew when to keep quiet."

"So I'd be paid so much for typing," said Ginny, "and so much for being quiet. Is that it?"

"In a way, yes," I said. "What's your answer."

"It would be fine, Roy. Provided he's elected."

"Ginny, there's one thing more."

"Yes?"

"Naturally I can get you the job only if the Governor is elected, and only if nothing is done to hinder his election. You see what I mean?"

"Oh, yes, I see what you mean. I told you I'd think it over."

"Ginny, I want more than that. Just tell me now that you'll keep your mouth shut, and everything is set."

Smiling, she reached out and patted my hand. "Roy," she murmured, "you *worry* so much."

SHE slipped out of the car and started away. I picked up one of the pints and shoved it under my coat before I followed, but I caught her before she reached the circle of light at the entrance.

"I think you try to worry me," I told her. "You seem to get a kick out of it."

She giggled and said, "Of course I do." This time when I tried to kiss her she did not resist, but the concealed bottle was between us, which gave her cause for another giggle, and headlights of a car entering the parking area flicked across our faces, which gave her cause to break away and whisper, "Come on, let's deliver the bottled goods."

I felt relieved. Hand in hand we returned to the casino, and I thought with content that everything was all right again. The Governor was safe and there was nothing Clyde could do now. Lucy Strawn and Clyde were dancing.

I signaled a waiter and ordered setups, and was opening the bottle when Lucy and Clyde returned from the dance floor. Clyde sat down opposite Ginny and pushed his face across the table toward her. "See," he said. "I *have* got a mouse."

"Sweetie, it's such a little one," Ginny said soothingly. "It hardly shows."

"Warburton's going to pay for this, Roy," Clyde said.

"Forget it, Clyde, forget it," said Lucy Strawn. "Let's all have a drink."

I poured whisky in the setups and as soon as possible I asked Lucy to dance. I told her that everything was settled, that I was sure Ginny would take the job, that I could guarantee Ginny would keep silent. The kiss, I felt, had been a promise.

Lucy said, "Clyde is up to something, Roy. I don't know what it is, but he borrowed all my change and made a long-

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"DIAPERS! 28,470 of them!"

Some interesting arithmetic from Mrs. J. L. Granquist of Seattle—and some news about the only washer in the world that even puts in its own soap!

"Just for fun I figured it out...6½ years ...4 bouncing babies...at least 12 diapers a day! Altogether that's 28,470 diapers! How on earth could I have managed without my wonderful Bendix! And all the rest of the family wash, too...blankets, curtains, pillows, scatter rugs, even my good down quilts. It did all the work without me — and saved my time and energy for the children. I've been reading about the newest Bendix Washer and this I want to see! But, mostly, my heart is set on a Bendix automatic Dryer, and I can hardly wait!"

Mrs. J. L. Granquist

Only the "almost human" Bendix has the amazing automatic soap injector that puts in the exact amount of soap.

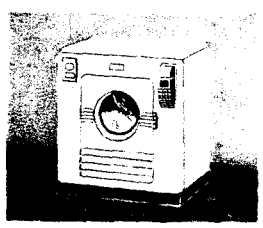
All you do is set the dials once. The Bendix *soaps, soaks,* washes, rinses and damp-drys the clothes all by itself. You needn't go back till the washing is done.

Save up to $110. You can buy a Bendix for as little as $199.95. Just a few dollars more than an old-fashioned, hard-work washer! Big savings on soap and water, too.

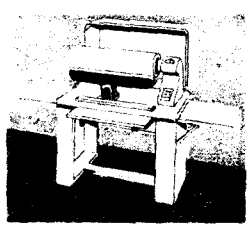
It's the world's most popular washer . . . used by more women . . . wanted by more women . . . voted best washer by more women than any other. It's the only automatic washer backed by 11 years of trouble-free, work-saving service!

See a demonstration at your nearby authorized Bendix Dealer's store. Choose the model that suits your home and pocketbook best! Bendix Home Appliances, Inc., South Bend 24, Indiana.

Models S-101 and B-201 are also manufactured in Canada and Mexico.



Bendix automatic Dryer ends weather worries. Clothes get fluffy-dry in minutes.



Bendix automatic Ironer has many features not found in other ironers.

BENDIX automatic Washer

NEW BENDIX GYRAMATIC . . . doesn't have to be fastened down.

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CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY
To find the services you need . . .
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distance call. He was in the booth a long time, and when he came out he looked very satisfied."

"Clyde doesn't worry me any more," I said. "The hell with Clyde."

Lucy gave me a speculative glance that traveled over my face like a beam of light, but she said nothing more. Back in the booth we had another drink.

WHEN the sextet took a break Lucy and Ginny met each other's eyes, reached for their handbags, and with the remarkable telepathy of women in a public place, got to their feet without a word and started for the powder room. Clyde slouched back in his seat and his big hand went around his glass.

"That little country dumpling is quite a dish," he said. "You noticed that, Roy?"

"Yes, I noticed it."

"But she's hard to figure out," he said. "Some girls are born with know-how, and she's one of them. I'm wondering what you did to button her up."

"Button her up?" I said.

"Oh, let's come clean." His glance was baleful. "You know what's going on, and so do I. You've been working overtime on that kid, and don't think I don't know it."

I shrugged and said, "I don't follow you, Clyde."

He grinned. "You wouldn't even admit November second was Election Day, would you? But you know what I'm talking about, and you know why I'm in Hydetown, and I know why *you're* in Hydetown." His eyes gave me a sharp scrutiny. "It's why Governor Warburton is here, too."

"The Governor is here for the big celebration."

"A day ahead of schedule," Clyde said dryly.

"Pneumonia wasn't on the schedule," I said.

"Oh, don't give me that!"

"And to tell you the truth," I added. "I *don't* know what you're getting at. I've wondered all along why you attached yourself to the Governor's campaign. I understand Melvin Fisher sent for you."

"In a manner of speaking," he said, and picked up his glass. "You know damned well who sent for me, Roy. It was our little village belle."

I had not known it. I had only known that the telegram Clyde received had been signed by Melvin Fisher. But Ginny must have told Fisher that Miss Hattie had a story to tell.

"You got here ahead of me," Clyde went on. "You slipped in here and buttoned her up."

I shrugged, picked up the bottle and replenished our drinks.

"You know, pal, I've got this thing figured out," he said. "You want to know how I've got it figured out?"

"Not particularly," I said.

"Mrs. Warburton tipped me off," he went on. "Why should she fake pneumonia? That's what I wanted to know. Why? To get the Governor in Hydetown a day ahead of schedule. That's why. And why should he get here a day ahead of schedule? Because he was already here, that's why. And why was he already here—"

The girls returned then, and Lucy said, "Oh, let your eye alone, Clyde. It looks all right."

I was already on my feet, saying to Ginny, "How about a dance?" She put down her handbag and we moved to the dance floor. The sextet was vigorously at work and the music was loud. I put my lips close to her ear and whispered, "So it was you who sent for Clyde McDonald?"

She drew her head quickly back. "Oh, no, Roy, it wasn't."

"Clyde thinks it was."

"It was Mel Fisher," Ginny said. "Oh, I suppose in a way I was responsible. I happened to mention to him that Miss Hattie was so mad at the Governor she was planning to tell something pretty terrible about him, and the first thing I knew Mel called me up and told me Clyde was coming to Hydetown."

"But you arranged for Clyde to stay at your house and talk to Miss Hattie."

"No, that was Mel, too. It was his idea." She smiled at me. "But anyhow, Aunt Hattie changed her mind, and Clyde was furious. Have you ever seen a fat man mad, Roy?" She whistled softly. "He was mad at me, too, because I said it was up to Aunt Hattie to tell him, not me."

When the music stopped I felt that a reminder was necessary and said, "Ginny, we're going to have lots of fun in Washington."

"I'm looking forward to it, Roy." Her hand squeezed mine.

I felt that everything was under control, and back at the table I called the waiter and ordered more setups. He had hardly left the table when Ginny said in an unaffected, conversational tone, "Clyde, where's a good place to live in Washington?"

My mouth dropped open. It was a thunderbolt. Clyde said, "There's no place to live in Washington." Then he sat up straight. "Who's going to live in Washington? Not Roy. Not Governor Warburton."

"Oh, yes we are," I said.

"I am, too," Ginny said.

The Piedmont Sextet had resumed its work, and I jumped to my feet. "Ginny, let's dance."

"Not this time," Clyde cried. "She's *my* date." He said it with determination, and got up from his seat in a surge that nearly lost him his balance. He took a firm hold on Ginny's wrist, and his eyes gleamed with a bright light.

I met Ginny's mischievous eyes. She had done it deliberately, I was sure, and her faint, sly smile was confirmation. Clyde asked, "What's this about your going to Washington, Ginny?"

"Isn't it exciting?" Ginny smiled innocently at me. "Roy promised to get me a job."

"Oh, did he?" Clyde scowled at me. "Ginny, I didn't know you wanted a job. I can get you a better job than he can."

"Not with the Vice-President of the United States," I said. I was angry. Ginny had put the whole thing on the auction block and was encouraging bids; that was the only explanation.

Clyde pulled her toward the dance floor, but I caught her other wrist and said, "Ginny, stay here. You can't trust this guy. You can't believe anything he says."

Clyde's meaty hand pushed at me and I looked into his angry, squinted eyes. He gave me a shove and my grip was torn loose from Ginny's arm. I reacted as Governor Warburton had, almost by reflex. I took a step backward with my right foot to regain my balance, then I took a step forward with my left foot and let fly with my left in a wild haymaker that caught Clyde on the forehead. It also caught him off balance. He staggered back, struck against a chair, and fell.

I was as surprised as Clyde, I stood staring down at him, and I was not particularly angry. In fact, I felt like laughing as he lay on the floor, for the second time that night, as he sat up and looked at me, blinking his eyes. I felt like laughing, and I did laugh when Lucy said, "Clyde, now you've got mice, you rat."

THERE was a quick white flash of light, and a moment later I was thrown out of the Route One Casino. It was the heave-ho, metropolitan style. A squad of waiters appeared at my elbow and hustled me toward the door. There was another bright flash, and I recognized the thin man with the camera—the photographer from Ego Magazine. He grinned at me as the waiters pushed me past. At the door, the manager met us, saying, "Has he paid his check?"

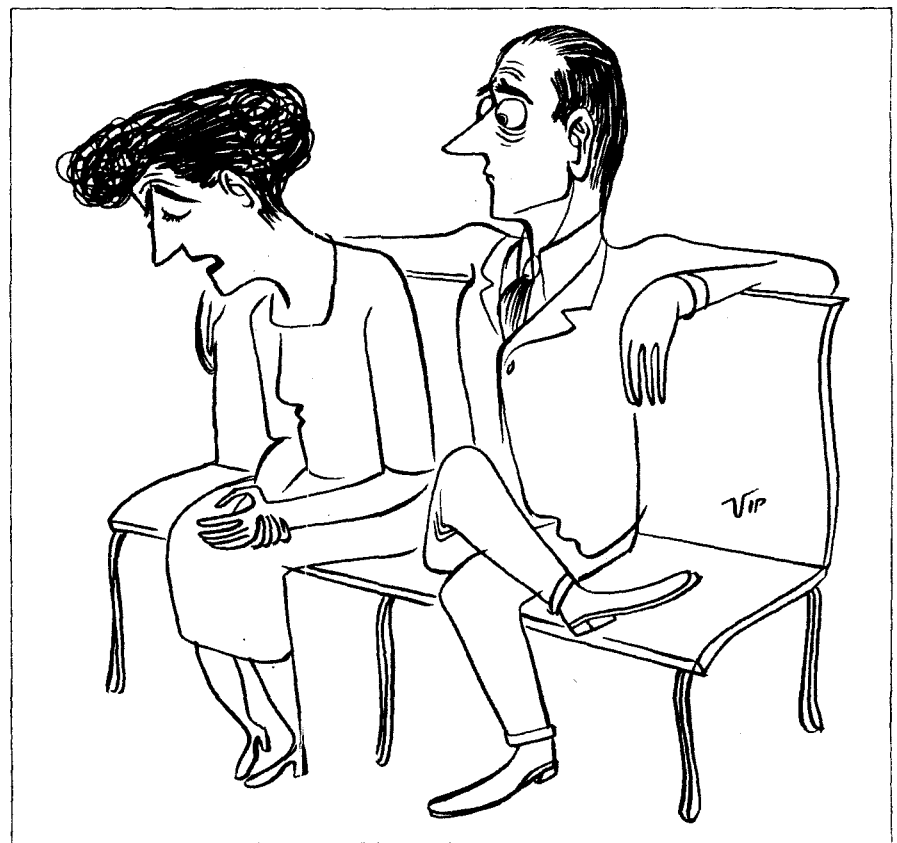
Two waiters held me by the door while a third went to manufacture a check, and there by the door Lucy Strawn joined us and began a fierce and loyal argument with the manager. It wasn't my fault, she said. The fat man had hit me first, she said. If anybody was thrown out, it should be the fat man. As this went on the Ego man took another photograph.

Lucy's pleas were rejected, on the theory that in case of a fight one contender should be eliminated and the other allowed to remain and spend his money. I paid my check and the waiters released me outside the door, where the Ego man stepped up to me and asked, "What was the argument, Mr. Mason?"

"Are you going to print that picture in Ego Magazine?"

"Sure. A little Warburton Day side line." He grinned.

"With one of those cosmic captions?"



COLLIER'S "You just like me because I'm a girl" VIRGIL PARTCH

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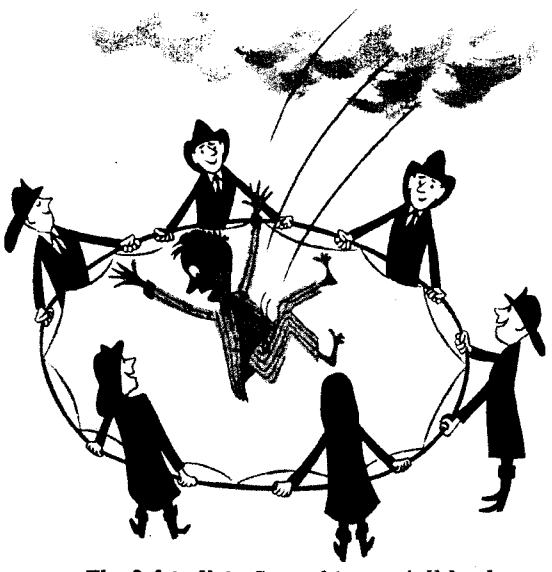
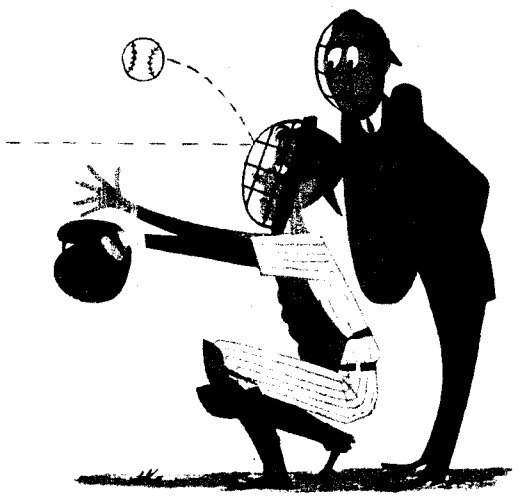
Famous Safety Ideas

The Drawbridge. *Keeps trouble at a distance.*

The Lightning Rod. *Thanks to B. Franklin.*



The Safety Net. *Something to fall back on.*

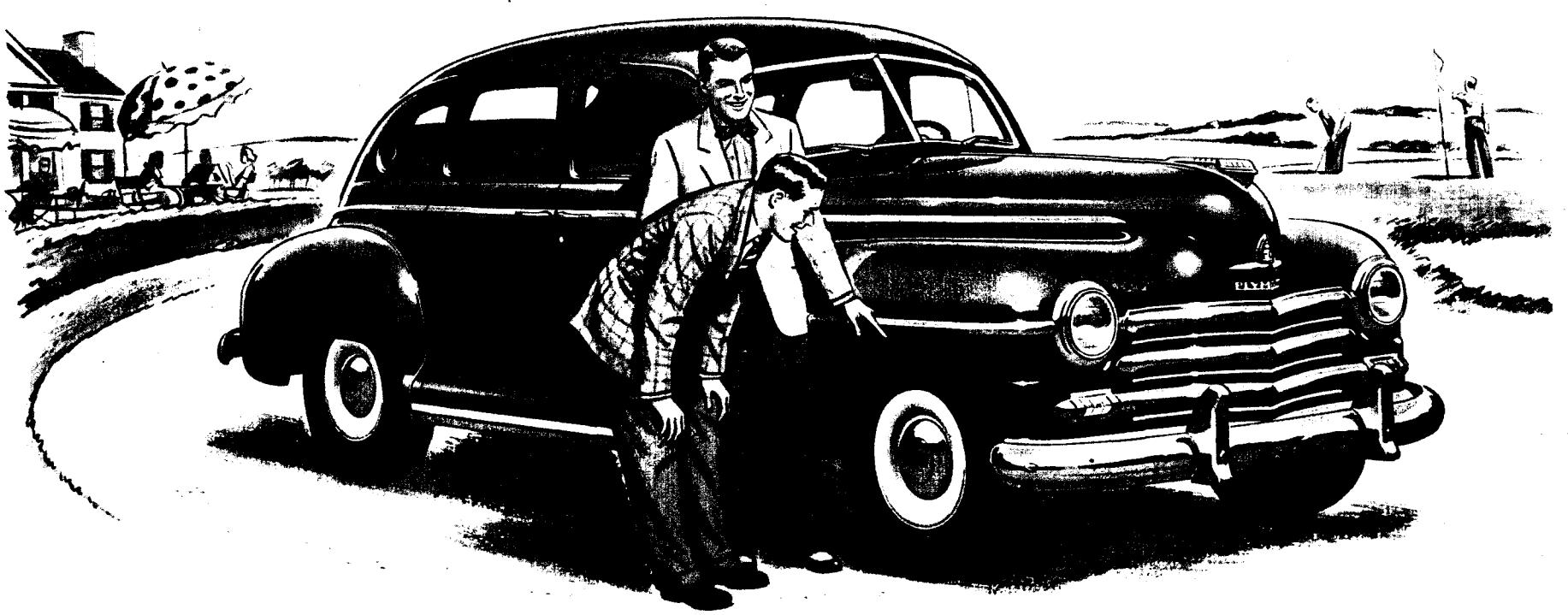


The Catcher's Mask. *Face-saving device.*

Plymouth

with Super-Cushion Tires
on new, wider

Safety-Rim Wheels



Here's a double-safety idea you get with Plymouth—and *only* with Plymouth—in the lowest-priced field. And it's standard equipment at no extra cost.

Bigger, fatter, softer Super-Cushion Tires soak up road shocks, give better traction, wear longer. And, because the sensational new Super-Cushions require only 24 pounds of air pressure, they run cooler, reduce the likelihood of tire failure.

But if failure occurs, Plymouth has the positive protection of Safety-Rim Wheels. Patented retaining humps hold the tire straight and tight on the rim while you slow to a sure, safe stop.

Plymouth also gives you the greater braking efficiency of Safe-Guard Hydraulic Brakes. Even in minor details, this car keeps your safety first. Hood and luggage compartment lids are counterbalanced . . . lift with a finger . . . can't fall on your head.

In both big things and small, in Safety as in Comfort and Beauty, there's a lot of difference in low-priced cars—and Plymouth makes the difference!

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS . . .
GOOD SERVICE KEEPS THEM GREAT

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

Your nearby Plymouth dealer will provide the service and factory-engineered parts to keep your present car in good condition while waiting for your new Plymouth.

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION • Detroit 31, Michigan

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Lucy asked, "Public Strikes Back at Clyde McDonald. How's that?"

"I'm trying to find out what started it all," the Ego man said. "It was a very pretty thing, and I enjoyed it. But why?"

"A dispute over the check," Lucy said.

I got Lucy into the car. "It was a private quarrel," I told him. "That's all. We just don't like each other, politically or personally. But say, may I have a print of that picture?"

"Sure, if you want it."

As I drove away Lucy asked, "A souvenir?"

"More than that," I said. "If Clyde prints in his column that the Governor took a poke at him, I'll produce the print and say it was *me* hit him, not the Governor. It's our protection."

"Very good," Lucy said. "Very good on that point. But otherwise, Roy, everything looks particularly snafu to me."

"You're right," I said glumly. "She's no good. You were right about her."

"She's not too bad, Roy," Lucy said softly. "She's simply not the ideal you made of her, that's all. I had a chat with her in the powder room. She was pretty excited about going to Washington, and she was somewhat excited about you, too." She chuckled. "For that matter, she's also in a dither about Clyde McDonald."

I DROVE in under the porte-cochere of the Mills house, carried the remaining pint bottle in and put it on a table in the hall. It was a silent house. Only one light was burning downstairs, in the hall, and as we came under it Lucy looked at me and said with distaste, "You've had lipstick smeared all over your face all evening."

"Why didn't you tell me before?" I pulled out my handkerchief and dabbed at my mouth.

Her eyes were partly closed and there was a little curl of her full lips, the sarcastic twist that was so familiar. I felt again the surge of irritation that Lucy stimulated in me so often. She had that cocksure, confident, superior look about her, and the drooping of her lips and eyelids accentuated it.

It had never occurred to me before to kiss Lucy Strawn, but the depression and irritation and frustration I felt fused in an emotional impulse and I grabbed her rather roughly and tried to kiss her. Her palms shoved hard against my chest and her sharp voice said, "Stop it, Roy!"

I stopped, let my hands fall to my sides, and said, "I'm sorry, Lucy. When I get mad I seem to want to kiss somebody. I don't know why."

She gave me a level look and said, "I may be girlish, but I don't like to be kissed by a man who doesn't know why."

"I didn't mean that, exactly," I said.

"Nor do I like being kissed in anger."

"I'm not angry at you, Lucy," I said. "I'm just angry." I shrugged. "At women, I guess. All women."

"Just don't take out your little disappointments on me, Roy," she said firmly. "And don't be so sickeningly sophomoric about it."

"Sophomoric!" I was stung.

"What else?" said Lucy. "Angry at women. It's like being angry at the theory of relativity. You don't know anything about either one. The truth is you're angry at just one woman."

"All right," I said. "I admit it. I'm angry at just one woman."

"Then don't take it out on me."

I looked at her flushed face, and grinned, and pointed at the bottle. "So let's have a drink," I said.

"All right," said Lucy.

We found our way to the pantry of the old house, where the tap dripped water in a copper sink, and I chopped ice and washed it while Lucy found two glasses in a cupboard. We stood in the pantry, under the overhead light, to drink them, smoking cigarettes and flicking the ashes into the copper sink.

"I suppose I'm principally angry at myself," I said by way of making amends. "If I hadn't written that damned campaign biography we wouldn't be in this mess. It all comes back to me."

"Nobody blames you, Roy," she said.

"I blame myself," I said, and finished my drink. "I don't suppose we ought to wake up the Governor for any more bad news. He needs a good night's sleep."

"Yes," she said, and sighed wearily.

"Let him sleep. For that matter, I'm pretty shot myself. The last bed I was in I didn't even have time to rumple the covers."

She washed the glasses and put them away, and I switched out the light. As we returned to the hall I said, "We're friends again, aren't we?"

"Oh, naturally," she said. "I'll keep on listening to your troubles, same as ever."

"I'm sorry if I inflict my troubles on you, Lucy," I said, feeling tense and stiff again.

She turned on the stairs, a step ahead of me, and her face was level with mine. "Forget I said that, Roy," she said. "I didn't mean it that way. But it's been a depressing day. Here I was, dressed up like a million, and mostly I sat alone while you and Clyde chased around after a blonde."

"We both had a job to do," I reminded her.

"I know. You're right. You're entirely right." She smiled. "Just forget I said that, Roy. I'm a little angry myself, tonight."

Her palm touched my cheek lightly, then she bent toward me and her lips met mine. It was a warm, tender, friendly kiss, casually bestowed. Or so it seemed. And it was casual, for the moment it took me to absorb its impact and react, then it wasn't casual in the least. Her feet came altogether off the steps and her arms were tight around my neck. I heard her whisper, "Roy," very softly, and it was not the familiar voice of Lucy Strawn, and it was not the Lucy Strawn I knew who lay warmly in my arms. And if I thought of anything at all I thought: Why in God's name had I never kissed Lucy Strawn before?

"Roy," she whispered. "Put me down. Roy!"

I held her more tightly, said, "I'll never put you down, Lucy."

Her whisper was urgent. "Put me down, Roy! There's somebody there."

(To be concluded next week)

Beginning next week . . .

MARRIAGE '48

A new serial by VERA CASPARY

One bright California morning three brides were married at the Little Church in the Vale. At first Lilith was too wise, Helen was too eager, and Carol was too naïve. Together they proved the vital *statistic:* One marriage *out of* every three ends in divorce within a year.

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RECORD BY LOMBARDO

Continued from page 6

job is impossible for any man, or any group of men, who base their opinions on personal observation.

But the movie camera—the impersonal, infallible observer—sees every important game and every outstanding player. That's why Collier's—the originator of the All-America team—will use the movie camera in pioneering a completely modern technique for selecting its 1948 All-America team.

Collier's All-America Board of the nation's top college coaches—Matty Bell of Southern Methodist, Bernie Bierman of Minnesota, Wally Butts of Georgia, Jeff Cravath of Southern California, Frank Leahy of Notre Dame and Lou Little of Columbia—will meet periodically. They will *evaluate* the All-America candidates on the basis of filmed competitive action. Then they will *compare* the leading candidates.

Comparison is the unique advantage which Collier's newsreel technique holds over all other selection methods. Last year, there was controversy over the passing merits of Johnny Lujack, Chuck Conerly and Bobby Layne. Middle West experts (who hadn't seen Layne or Conerly) voted for Lujack. Southern experts (who hadn't seen Lujack or Layne) voted for Conerly. And so on.

In similar controversial situations this year, Collier's board will pick the All-America after studying impartial camera evidence on every candidate. The board will study play-by-play camera action shots prepared by Warner Pathé News and official game films submitted by the various colleges.

Collier's newsreel studies will eliminate many injustices. In the past, great players have been overlooked because they were on weak teams. Football experts (and newspaper headlines) follow strong teams. Probably Bulldog Turner—the greatest of contemporary centers—is the best example of what happens to fellows who lack press clippings. Nobody ever heard of Bulldog at Hardin-Simmons. He was discovered by a Chicago Bear scout.

The Collier's board will have no difficulty recognizing the Bulldog Turners of 1948. Conversely, camera studies will expose those bogus All-Americas occasionally manufactured by the mimeograph magic of press agents and the exuberance of radio reporters.

After 60 years, Collier's original All-America is the only modern All-America.

FIGHTER BUILDER

Pinkie George of Des Moines is frank in talking about his fight promotions. "You can take a washed-up fighter and put him in the money without too much trouble," Pinkie admits. "Of course, you've got to take short cuts and avoid the guys who might hurt your boy. I know one thing—the fighters with the most ability don't always reach the top."

Ask for proof, and Pinkie recites the saga of Lee Savold. "I was sitting in a St. Paul saloon and I pointed to the bartender. 'Look at that guy,' I said, 'fat as lard. Bet I could have him fighting in Madison Square Garden in a year.'

"Couple of days later, that barkeep came to Des Moines. Said his name was Savoldi and that I had said I'd manage him. Well, I never said it, but I took a chance. I got the guy in shape, changed his name to Savold to attract the Norwegian trade, and introduced him to the proper opponents. Nine months later, he was fighting Billy Conn in the Garden."

Pinkie also rehabilitated Johnny Pacek, the Chicago heavyweight who retired in 1936 after winning only 14 fights in three years. Pinkie moved Pacek to Des Moines, put him to work as a bell hop, and looked around for acquiescent opponents. Under the name of Paychek, he won 25 straight fights—18 by knockouts—and eventually challenged Joe Louis for almost two rounds.

Moral: Most fighters aren't born. They're invented. Remember Carnera?

HICKMAN AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

Notre Dame had Seven Mules. Fordham had Seven Blocks of Granite. Now Yale has Seven Dwarfs. Herman Hickman, new coach of the Old Blues, incorporated his 1948 line under this picturesque diminutive during spring practice. Recently, there have been other hints that Yale may be short on muscle.

The strongest hint came when Herman took the Yale football staff to an East Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, football clinic. At the banquet that climaxed the meeting, the toastmaster called upon Marvin (Preacher) Franklin, Yale's end coach, for the invocation. Franklin, an ordained minister, concluded the invocation on a wistful note ". . . and, Lord, please send Herman some good guards and tackles."

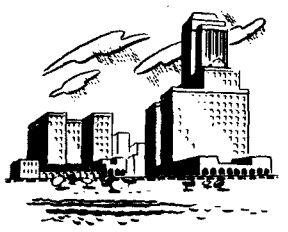
THE END

"When they all started getting their own television sets I had to do something to keep them from staying home"

COLLIER'S — CHARLES PEARSON

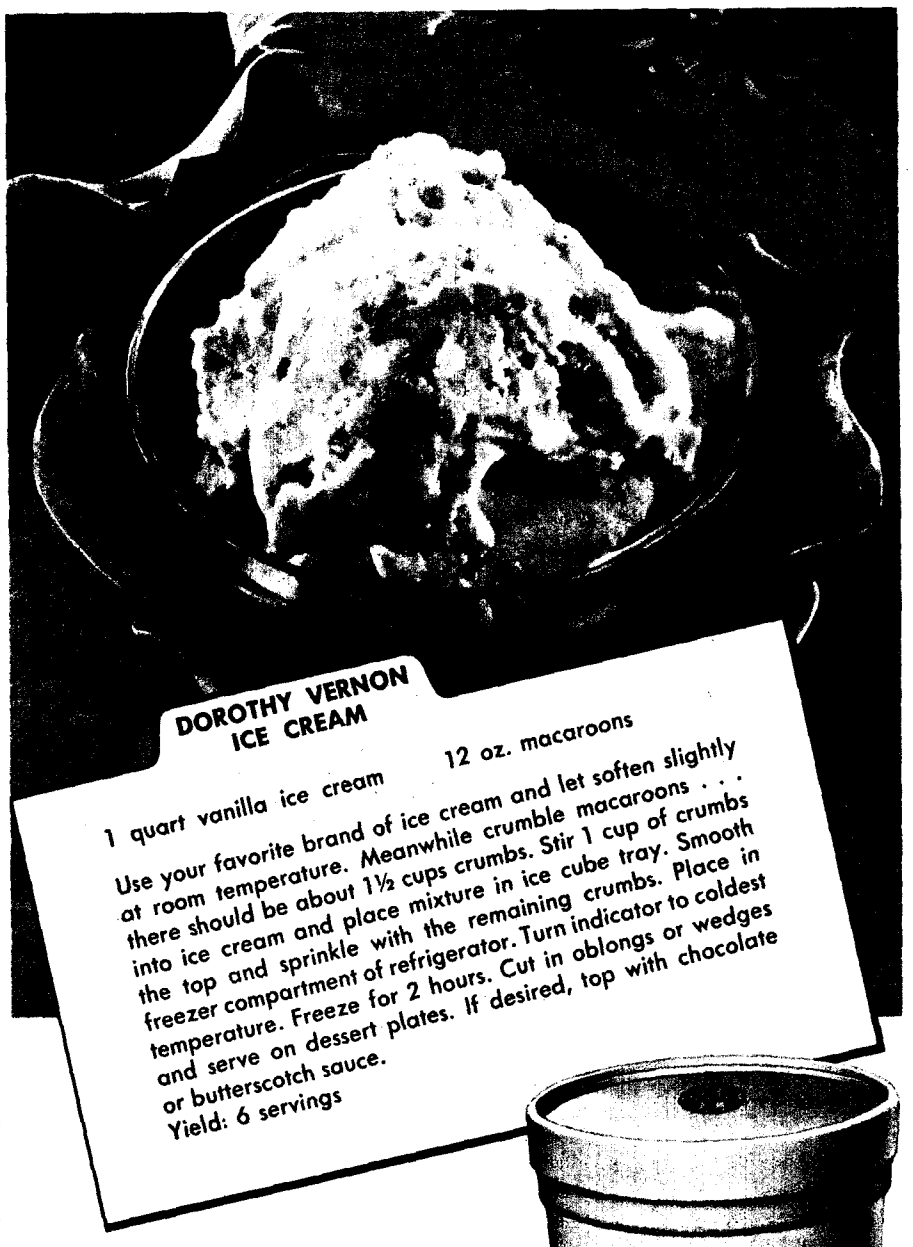
HOW TO MAKE

Dorothy Vernon Ice Cream



as served at the famous
CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL,
Atlantic City, N. J.

One of the world's most famous resorts, on the Atlantic ocean, where the warm Gulf Stream tempers the climate, and the deep sea fishing is unexcelled. Known as one of the world's grand hotels, Chalfonte-Haddon Hall is equally famous for good food. Try their specialty dessert, Dorothy Vernon Ice Cream. And here's how you can make it at home.


DOROTHY VERNON
ICE CREAM
1 quart vanilla ice cream
12 oz. macaroons
Use your favorite brand of ice cream and let soften slightly at room temperature. Meanwhile crumble macaroons . . . there should be about 1½ cups crumbs. Stir 1 cup of crumbs into ice cream and place mixture in ice cube tray. Smooth the top and sprinkle with the remaining crumbs. Place in freezer compartment of refrigerator. Turn indicator to coldest temperature. Freeze for 2 hours. Cut in oblongs or wedges and serve on dessert plates. If desired, top with chocolate or butterscotch sauce.
Yield: 6 servings
Quality Ice Cream

Make this luscious dessert today. It's a dish to delight your family. So easy to make, with your *own favorite brand of quality ice cream* . . . the kind you usually find packaged in the sanitary Sealright container. Ask for the new recipe folder, "Favorite Desserts of Famous Resorts" at your fountain. It's prepared especially for home use by Mabel Stegner, noted home economist.

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THE ONE-EYED POACHER AND THE LONG NIGHT

Continued from page 27

Zibe moaned softly and a shudder of pain racked the sleek, rangy body. It was plain that the hound was beyond hope, and suffering needlessly.

"Hand me my rifle, Zack," said Uncle Jeff, huskily.

Zack silently obeyed. Carrying Zibe and the rifle, the old woodsman stalked across the back clearing into the cedars. Presently, those in the cabin heard a shot—a sound both grim and merciful.

"Sarah," said Zack, tonelessly, "get out the rum."

"I was a-goin' to, by my own self," said Sarah, "jest this one, dreadful time."

WHEN Jeff Coongate returned, the first jug was opened before him—and Tom Compus Mentis no longer stood in the doorway, but had drawn in a little toward the jug, his dark eyes having a look of sorrow and horizons.

Tactfully avoiding the Indian's gaze, Jeff and Zack both drank. Sarah, herself, turned a half ounce into a wine glass, and sipped. Touched by this breaking of precedent in homage to Zibe's passing, Jeff Coongate had bowed to Sarah. Then he nodded to Zack, and together they went out into the cedars with a shovel.

While they were gone, Sarah graciously bethought herself of the Indian, who stood patiently by the jug.

"Why, Mr. Mentis! You ain't had any of the rum—after that terrible trip, an' all. Here, I'll get you a glass."

"No thanks glass," said Tom. He enfolded the jug in both palms, and tipped it upward. When the two woodsmen returned, the damage was begun—and they knew how dismally it would end.

"Honey," Zack hissed, in an aside to Sarah, "you lost your mind? Don't you know how ole Tom'll suffer? In the mornin' he'll see bugs a yard long, an' ravens perchin' on his wrists."

But morning was not yet. Nor had Tom Compus Mentis told the story of the Hacketts, the great moose of Hedron Lake, and the wanton shooting of the far-wandering Zibe.

The Hacketts were three brothers, successful evaders of the late draft, the income tax and the obligations of gentlemen. They lived in Hedron, which, cross-forest, was twenty-four miles from Zack's cabin on Mopang—twenty-nine by canoe. One of the Hacketts ran a restaurant and bar. The other two had a farm planted to kale, which attracted deer. During the war, and currently, they killed moose and deer, put down the meat in jars, and sold it for a dollar a pint. They took the loin and hindquarters of a critter, and left the rest to rot. It was this practice which filled Uncle Jeff Coongate with fury and contempt. Although he personally scorned game laws, and the minions thereof, he despised the wasting of the fruit of the wild lands.

The one-eyed poacher and the butchering Hacketts differed in all their practices. Between Uncle Jeff and the successive game wardens who pursued him, there was a spirit of respect, as among duelists. Whenever they caught him red to the elbows, the old poacher went majestically down to jail in Mopang, where the first cell on the left was usually reserved for him. When he didn't get caught, he feasted royally with Zack Bourne, and if there were so much as a shank left over, it was dropped on the doorstep of some needy family.

But there was nothing of Robin Hood in the Hacketts of Hedron. To the Fish and Game Commissioner, they were known as the wantons of the wilderness, and he would rather have caught them even than Thomas Jefferson Coongate. Privily, the Commissioner himself would have agreed that the Hacketts' shooting of Zibe was most wanton of all. When the shooting occurred, Zibe had been deep in the sweet obsession of a fox track. As Tom Compus Mentis explained, nothing else could have lured him so far from home.

"But those Hacketts," muttered Tom, reaching for the jug, "they think maybe Zibe come to drive big moose away."

"Moose?" said the one-eyed poacher, keening. "Do you know where they's a big one, Tom?"

The old Indian's face wrinkled like a scorched moccasin. "Big! I say big. Hacketts try to bribe me tell where he is. No tell. They got big order for moose meat—dollar pound. But they go hell."

Tom told how the Hacketts had tried to follow him to the moose's haunts, and how he had eluded them. Early that very morning, before the wind had wrinkled the lake, Tom had been playing cat and mouse with the Hacketts. He had heard a rifle shot. Half an hour later, he had cut back through the dense growth, picked up the Hacketts' trail, and found the empty cartridge from Red Hackett's .351 autoloading rifle. Near by, from the spruce blowdown where he had crawled to die, Zibe had dragged himself to Tom's side.

IT WAS night, now, and Uncle Jeff Coongate, listening to the Indian's tale, stood tall in the lamplight, as he planned revenge. The oaths slid wondrously from his lips, and his sinister mustaches gleamed white. Zack fervently echoed the oaths, while Sarah covered her ears.

"The Hacketts!" said the one-eyed poacher. "May they rot and fry, stricken in spleen and paunch."

After Sarah went to bed, they began on the second jug. Presently Zack suggested that they simply go over to Hedron in the morning and shoot the Hacketts in a bevy.

"No!" cried Sarah from the bedroom.

For years she had listened to her husband and his crony conspiring against the lives of game wardens, but had realized it was merely a form of play, or entertainment for them. But this business of the Hacketts had a serious ring that made her blood run cold. Surprisingly, it was Jeff Coongate, who, this time, eased her mind.

"Sarah's right, Zack," said Jeff. " 'Course, I can see where it'd be pleasant to kill them Hacketts—angle shots, we could take on 'em. Clip off a little flesh to a time, till they was whittled to the bone. But I don't like to spend my whole life in jail—jest winters. Spring, I like to get out and spear a few salmon before fishin' season opens. *But*—"

It was not so much Jeff's voice, as his posture that underscored the word. Zack saw the baleful scheme-light flaring in his comrade's eyes. He sat back, waiting for Jeff to unfold, while Tom Compus Mentis took a pull from the jug.

"How does soup and sandwiches sound to you?"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

"What d'you aim to do to them Hacketts?" Zack asked, finally.

"I aim to kill their moose—that big one Tom tells about. I aim to kill it right in their face an' eyes."

So far, the idea was a mere glimmering; but, inspired by the rising mists of rum and glory, the avengers leaped lightly over hazards.

"He'll dress out around six hundred," estimated Zack.

"Eight hundred, easy," corrected Jeff.

In the light of the many lamps which had seemed to multiply in the cabin kitchen, the moose finally tipped the scales at a thousand pounds, clear meat.

"It's too much," said Zack, sadly hefting the jug. "Some of it'll spoil, sure."

The one-eyed poacher gazed loftily at his less imaginative crony.

"Too much? Spoil? Are you thinkin', like always, jest of your own self, Zack? Ain't there other folks goin' hungry, same as me an' you? Give, seth the Lord. Blessid is the pore."

Heads together, huge hands clasped in the emotion of selfless giving, they outlined a vast program of philanthropy, while Sarah listened in terror and the old Indian's hand strayed more and more helplessly toward the jug.

"We shall feed the entire brood of Jumbo Tethergood."

"An' the pore li'l orphans of Rip an' Julie Skillinger."

"With the Hacketts' moose, we shall pervide for the fam'lies of Mopang."

"An' Boomchain Junction, an' New York, an'—"

The one-eyed poacher was about to include starving Europe, but further expansion was checked by the thick, uncertain voice of Tom Compus Mentis.

"Game warden," said Tom. "New man. Comin' Hedron—tomorrow."

At the time, a new game warden, zealous though he might be, seemed like less of an obstacle than an added attraction.

"Good," said the old outlaw of Mopang. "Perfick. Spice things up a mite."

But in the morning, the new game warden loomed large, especially in the eyes of Sarah. She had read in the game laws that the penalty for killing a moose was five hundred dollars fine and six months in jail.

"Almost like for murder," she wept. "Don't you go, Zack. I beg you. Oh, Zack—please."

SINCE his marriage late in life to Sarah, Zack had been emotionally torn. Subtly influenced by Jeff to maintain the old, wild ways of the devil and the demijohn, he was as subtly swayed by Sarah's prayers for his reform. Now, acutely miserable, he looked from one to the other. But this time, it was the one-eyed poacher who was moved by Sarah's pleading. Moreover, as Uncle Jeff savored the drama of the situation, he saw opportunities dear to his actor's heart. Head bowed, he stood in the doorway.

"Zack—Sarah's right. You can't go. This mission is for a single man, with no dependints, no one to mourn for him."

"Dang it, Jeff! You always took me. We always done things—"

Jeff raised his hand in a gesture of tragic sacrifice. "No. Zibe was mine."

So genuine was Jeff's grief for Zibe, that he no longer felt himself playing a role. Reality threw him off for a moment, and he gulped, and said, "Zack—you got any 45-70 ca'tridges? I—I used my last one—out in the cedars—yest'dy."

"No, but take my rifle, Jeff. You got to let me help that much."

"No," said Uncle Jeff, adding the master's stroke to Zack's torment, " 'cause if that new game warden gets me, he'll confiscate the rifle. I couldn't bear to have that happen. Don't want to have my personal affairs hurt you, in no way whatever. No, Zack, I can't take you with me. It's so big, I got to play a lone hand."

The crestfallen Zack slumped into a chair, forlorn among the breakfast dishes. He resembled a boy plucked from the very entrance to a circus.

By the lake shore, in the sand, Tom Compus Mentis drew a map of Hedron Lake, showing a hidden inlet, an unknown deadwater, and the great moose's range. As he noticed the wavering lines of the sand map, the one-eyed poacher's heart ached for the suffering Indian.

"Tom, your hand's a-twitchin' like a chicken's foot in the mud."

"You got little bit rum left?" begged Tom, abjectly. "Me bad sick."

"No, Tom. We killed her all. You go straight home in your canoe. I got to go down to Privilege to buy ca'tridges. I'll be to your shack tonight. I'll bring you a dite of rum, but that's all. An' listen: Don't you tech a drop in Hedron—not till I get to you. Mind that, Tom?"

The Indian slid away in his canoe, and Uncle Jeff Coongate saw despair in his wake. "Poor ole Tom," he muttered, and strode forth on the Privilege trail, already longing for Zack's companionship, his pleasure at Zack's frustration diminishing as he realized to the full that he had trapped himself into a considera-

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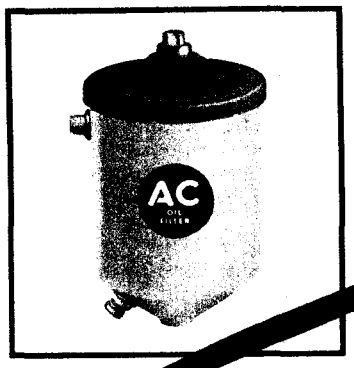

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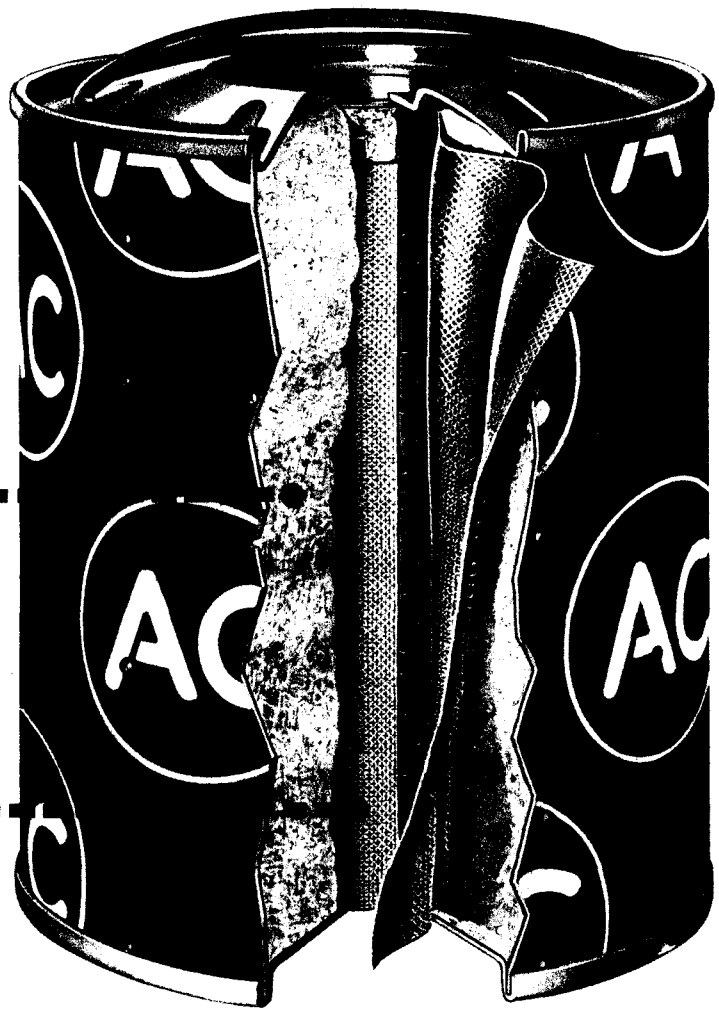

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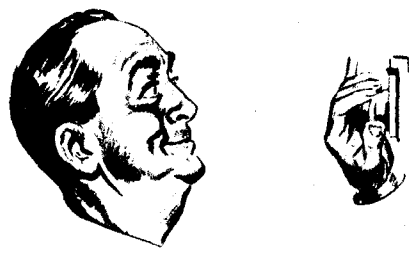

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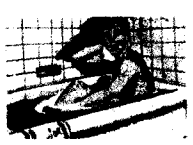

IN HOME AND INDUSTRY

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ble adventure, what with a moose, three murderous Hacketts, and—what was that other? Oh, yes! A new warden!

In the afternoon, as he left Privilege and struck through the forest for Hedron Lake, it began to rain. He forgot the new game warden in his lonely longing for Zibe, and for Zack, and his heart steeled to his task. His tireless stride brought him to Tom Compus Mentis' shack before midnight. But the Indian was not there—and his stove was cold!

"Tom," he muttered, "the demons was too much for you. I got to find you."

DRENCHED to the skin, Uncle Jeff turned back toward the hamlet of Hedron, scorning the road, crosscutting through the woods. He came out on the road two miles from the town, and as he stood for a moment, the headlights of a car approached. The car drew up to him, and stopped. The door swung open and a pleasant voice hailed him.

"Howdy, stranger. Want a lift?"

Although bone-weary from the miles he had covered, the old woodsman replied with prideful reluctance, "I don't want to put no man out."

"Get in. It's raining."

Not till he had seated himself did the one-eyed poacher take full cognizance of his benefactor. But then the identity of the fellow was plain—the badge, the service cap, the uniform of forest green.

"Jest a moment, son," said Uncle Jeff, with magnificent aloofness. "Let me out. I never ride with game wardens."

The young warden smiled. His name was Steve Ireland. He was a graduate of Anzio beachhead, the State Wildlife Training School, and a boyhood spent in Hedron, where a certain old Indian had taught him to love the woods, pound ash withes for baskets, and showed him where an otter family played. Tonight, on his first solo assignment as game warden in the Hedron district, Steve Ireland had met and befriended that same old Indian. To meet the celebrated one-eyed poacher on the same night was to Steve like hitting the jackpot.

Steve Ireland had never seen Uncle Jeff. But the old poacher's features, physique and personality were unmistakable. The sweeping mustaches shone wet, the huge right hand held a Winchester between the peaked knees, and from the high-boned, imperious face, the one eye glowed like a blowtorch.

"Mr. Coongate," said Steve, almost reverently, "I haven't been a game warden very long. So maybe I won't contaminate you."

"In that case, maybe you ain't tainted yet. But get me into Hedron fast."

As they drove along, Jeff drew himself delicately away from the young warden as far as the seat would permit.

"Aren't you a long way from home?" asked the game warden. "What brings you here from Privilege?"

"I ain't accustomed to answer questions, son. But since you're new, I'll tell you: I come over here to see a sick friend."

Steve chuckled in his disbelief. "Did you find the friend well?"

"No. Didn't find him at all. So I come on back. He's prob'ly in Hedron."

Steve rapidly guessed at the miles the old man had covered afoot that day. It was incredible! He glanced with increasing respect at his passenger—and at the high lights on the rifle between his knees.

"Mr. Coongate," said Steve, "who is your sick friend—?"

Although disdaining the impertinence of the warden's questioning, Uncle Jeff decided to be tolerant. The boy was young, and would grow up to have trouble enough.

"Tom Compus Mentis," said Jeff.

"Who? Did you say—? Why, Tom Compus is a friend of *mine!*"

"No, son. It ain't possible. No friend of mine could be the friend of a game warden. It jest wouldn't work out."

"It was when I was little," Steve hastened to explain. "Old Tom showed me the forests, and made moccasins for me. And—but—! Say, wait a minute!"

Drawing the car to the side of the road, the warden stopped, and glanced at his saturnine passenger. "Tom Compus Mentis *is* at home, Uncle Jeff. I just left him in his shack, ten minutes ago! How come I didn't meet you on the road?"

These tidings had a sharp effect on the one-eyed poacher. He feared the worst. "When I left Tom's shack, I cut through the woods to the road—where you picked me up. That's why we didn't meet. How'd you happen to drive Tom home?"

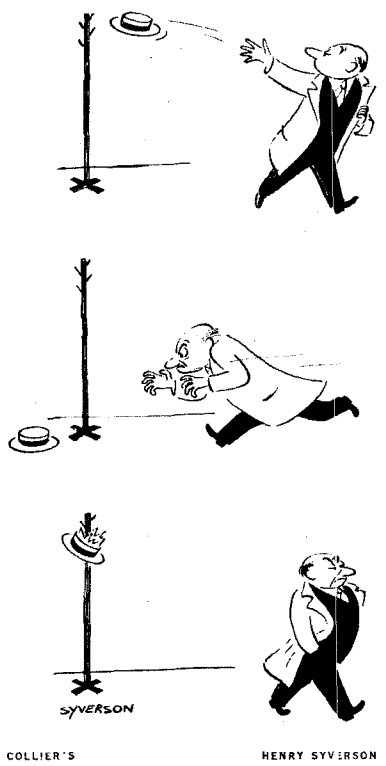
"He couldn't walk too well."

"Was he drinkin'?"

Steve nodded. "Yes—Hackett's restaurant. The Hacketts had him in a booth, and they were loading his drinks."

"Let me out of here!" said the old-timer.

Steve Ireland reached across and opened the car door, and the outlaw of



Mopang Forest disappeared in the darkness toward Tom Compus Mentis' shack.

Driving on toward the warden's cabin on Hedron's outskirts, Steve Ireland smiled elatedly. It seemed dead certain that his first solo assignment was going to be a success—with cream and sugar on top! He was holding a fistful of aces. Through the rain-wet window of Hackett's restaurant, he had seen the Hacketts lay a map of Hedron Lake under Tom Compus Mentis' eyes, and he had seen the sad, old Indian, dazed with drink, point to a hidden inlet in Anchor Island Cove. Now, *why?* What with moose meat selling for a dollar a pound, Steve thought he knew. He also thought he knew why the one-eyed poacher had appeared in the Hedron district. What a chance, thought Steve. Mine, all mine: To gather in the butchering Hacketts, and the legendary Uncle Jeff Coongate—all in one swoop! What a tale to tell the chief warden! The arrests would be simple if he just remembered the advice old Tom Compus Mentis had given him when he was a boy: Look, listen, be still, and wait long in the nighttime. . . .

In Tom Compus' shack, Uncle Jeff Coongate was indulging in similar, if craftier dreams. He had built a fire in Tom's stove, and made tea, and as he fed the Indian steaming spoonfuls, his heart was big with forgiveness.

"Hacketts make me tell about moose," Tom moaned. "Awful sorry, Jeff."

"Now, jest you rest easy, Tom. I aim to get that moose, jest the same."

Uncle Jeff's one eye rolled beatifically, as he put together the pieces of his greatest and simplest conspiracy. In a single trick, he would wreck the Hacketts, avenge Zibe, outwit a game warden—a nice, pleasant new one—and possess a moose. Poor old Zack Bourne would shrivel and grow the green mold of envy.

"Tom," said Uncle Jeff, tenderly, "'member what you used to tell me, when we was huntin' an' trappin' together, in the old days? 'Look, listen, be still, an' wait long in the nighttime.' Well, sir, Tom—that's what I aim to do."

"Look out new warden, Steve Ireland. He smart."

"He did seem above average, for a warden," mused the one-eyed poacher, generously. "Now, tell me how he come on you tonight in Red Hackett's place."

The Indian told his story. It was as Uncle Jeff had surmised. Putting two and two together, the young warden would be on the Hacketts' trail.

"An' wouldn't that boy jest love to catch me, too, Tom? Why, think what it'd mean to him! The Hacketts, an' ole Jeff Coongate, with a moose down—all singlehanded."

Blissfully, the old woodsman slipped a spoonful of hot tea between the Indian's lips. Tom swallowed it unhappily.

"You bring old Tom little rum, Jeff?" he implored.

"Yes, a little, Tom. But not now." Before retiring, Uncle Jeff patted his friend's shoulder, and added philosophically, "Man cannot live by breath alone."

BESIDE the deadwater, beyond the hidden inlet in Anchor Island Cove, Steve Ireland waited long in the nighttime, and loneliness invaded his heart. Perhaps, in his zeal, he had assumed too much. Perhaps the Hacketts were suspicious, and old Jeff had gone his kingly way homeward to Mopang. Perhaps the moose was a myth—but there was no mistaking the great creature's track. It was, thought Steve in awe, as long as a snowshoe. But when would the Hacketts make their kill? And where was the one-eyed poacher?

Steve visited Tom Compus Mentis one day, and casually inquired.

"Jeff Coongate vanish," said the Indian, and blew to indicate a puff of smoke. He spoke the truth. He hadn't seen Uncle Jeff since that rainy night.

Guess I must have scared him off, thought Steve, with no special conviction, as he resumed his vigil.

The fifth night began like all the others. In the dense cedar growth, in the darkness, the Big Silence weighted his spirit. He heard a mouse in the leaves, and tried to guess whether it was near or far. He heard a loon calling, then silence again, and the night wrapping itself around him like a shroud. And then, unmistakably, the soft, hollow thump of a paddle against the gunwale of a canoe.

He tried to locate the sound. He couldn't be sure of the distance—but the direction was to his left. He lay waiting, his heart pounding. He remembered what the chief warden had told him. "You'll be alone, Stevie. It won't even be as nice as Anzio beachhead. Because there won't be any U.S. Army around you."

The first rifle shot came from down the deadwater, around a small point, about three hundred yards away. The echoes rolled back from the ridges, and died, and then Steve heard the second shot. He inched up on his hands and knees and crawled across the base of the little point to the edge of the deadwater; he lay still. He knew the Hacketts were waiting—and he steeled himself to wait longer.

Not over thirty yards away, he saw a match flare. He shivered to think how close he had figured it. Next he saw the steady glow of a lantern, and heard the sound of men moving. He squirmed toward the lantern, his service pistol in

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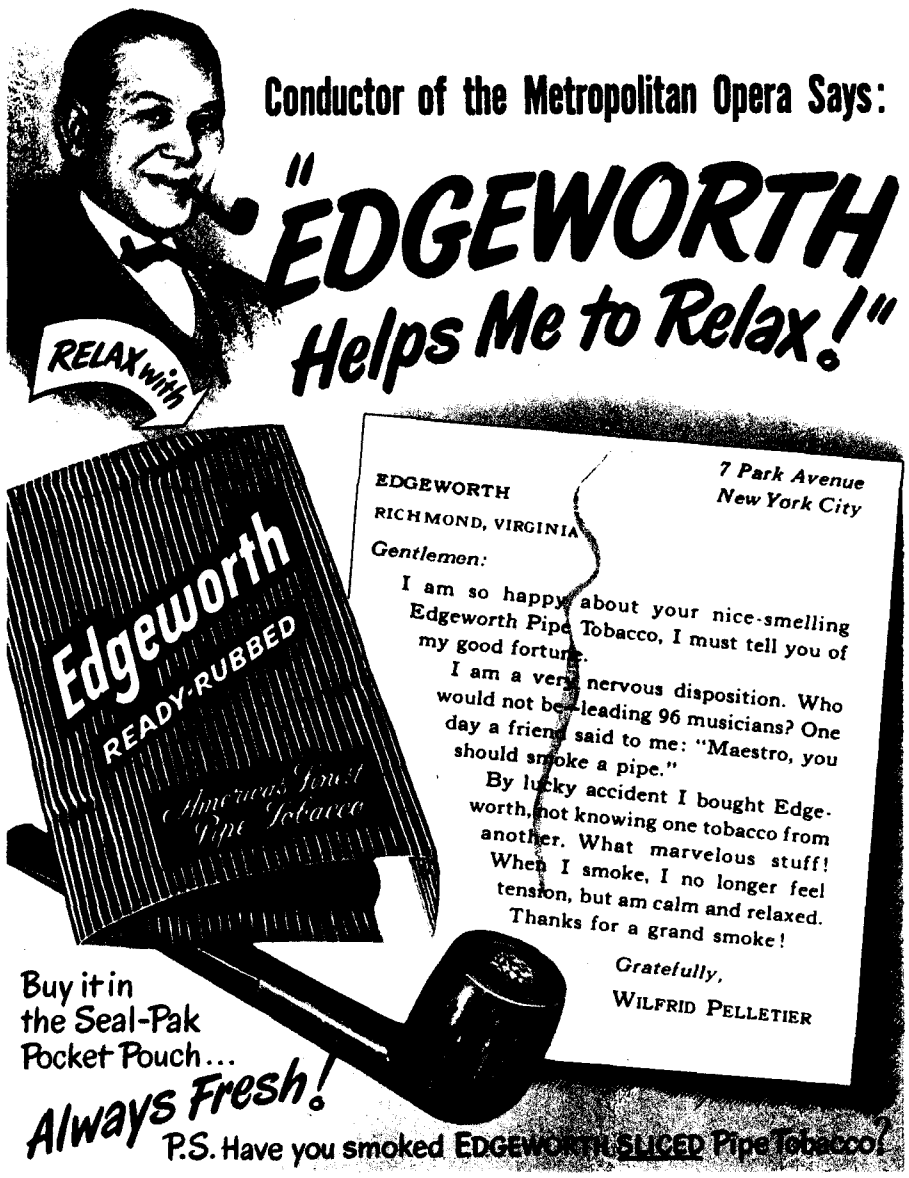
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his right hand, his flashlight ready in his left, in case they heard him and kicked out the lantern. Then he stood up and walked in, his gun ahead of him.

They had the big moose down. His head was pointed toward Steve, antlers palmed out wide. But—not a man was in sight! The young warden realized too late that they had trapped him into the light. He started to jump back. A crack on the side of his head made him see star shells, and he lunged forward, hitting with his elbows.

SOMEONE got an arm lock on his throat. He saw a man's head within reach, and he whipped it with his gun barrel, and felt the barrel hit solid. The man went down. But there were two others. One had the arm lock, and was bending his head back. The other stood in front, with a rifle at his hip, the muzzle on Steve's belt buckle. He wondered if they would finish the job, or knock him cold. He would never be able to identify any of them in court. . . .

The arm lock tightened, and Steve felt himself blacking out. Then, to the right, he saw a jet of orange flame, and heard an explosion like a howitzer. He was sure he smelled black powder. His vision cleared. The man in front of him wasn't holding a rifle any more. It had disappeared, and the man was hugging his wrists to his sides, and howling with pain.

A flashlight blazed where Steve had seen the flame of the rifle, and a man of majestic height stepped calmly forth from the cedars. The flashlight he carried was the long, heavy, five-cell variety, and he flashed it in the eyes of the Hackett whose arm lock had but lately loosened from the young warden's neck.

"I jest wanted to make sure," said the splendid voice, "that you was Red Hackett." With that, the one-eyed poacher brought the flashlight down solidly on Red Hackett's head, and Red settled deeply into the moss.

"Jeff Coongate!" said Steve, dazedly.

"Yes, son. What's so strange about that?"

Steve laughed in a kind of nervous relief. The one-eyed poacher examined his flashlight, grinning at its dented barrel with superb malevolence. "That's one for ole Zibe," he muttered, and straightway began trussing up the Hacketts with the assistance of Steve Ireland, one pair of handcuffs and the rawhide laces from his own moccasins.

Two hours later, the three Hackett brothers were in the Hedron jail, and Steve had telephoned his chief long-distance. A few minutes after that, in the warden's cabin, Steve Ireland was playing host to Uncle Jeff Coongate. He was impressed by a subtle change which seemed to have come upon the old woodsman. There was an air of meekness, almost repentance, which he had not noticed before.

"Mr. Coongate," said Steve, gratefully bringing out a bottle, "here's some rum. Don't know if you care for the brand. It's Hernando's Fiery Dagger."

Steve was further disarmed by Uncle Jeff's elaborate refusal of the beverage. Masterfully concealing the gleam in his eye, Jeff had waved the bottle away. "No, son—no, thanks. Not after what we went through—together—tonight."

Quite clearly, thought Steve, the old outlaw was undergoing a strange transformation. His attitude and behavior were unprecedented.

"Uncle Jeff," said Steve, haltingly, "—I want to thank you for getting me out of a tough spot."

Uncle Jeff's eye lowered in humility. He sighed. "That's all right, Steve. I—I—" There was here a damp sniffle. "—I guess I owed you that—for all the wardens I have mistreated, all these years."

An astonishing light began to dawn upon Steve Ireland. The one-eyed poacher of Privilege, at last having seen the error of his ways, had this night embarked on the trail of reform!

"Uncle Jeff! You mean—?"

Uncle Jeff sat with head bowed, and spoke with apparent difficulty, as of things which stirred in him deeper, and finer, emotion.

"It just come over me, son—that night when you picked me up on the road. True, I'd come to Hedron Lake after that moose. I knowed them Hacketts was after the moose, too, an' that you was after the whole of us."

"That's right, Jeff. I was. But—"

"Wait, son," said Jeff, daintily interrupting. "I got to say it all, now I'm started. You see, layin' out there in the long night, it come to me that you was one man agin four. It wa'n't fair, Steve, an' it got to preyin' on me, when I knowed what them Hacketts would do to you—if they got the chance."

"They almost did, too," said Steve, wryly, "only for you."

"Yes, they almost did. But I decided to fight on the side of the law—for the first time in my life, son. An' it—it kind of bored into me, an' squirmed 'round, an' give me a good feelin' that I never had before. I—I'm a changed man!"

To Steve, there was no denying it. The evidence was in the downcast eye, devoid of lethal gleam, and in the drooping and repentant shoulders.

"Well," said the old woodsman, rising to his feet, "I guess I'll be goin', son. I got to tell Zack Bourne about this, an'—I ain't sure how he'll take it."

"Wait. Don't go. Let me drive you back to Privilege. Why, it's almost three o'clock in the morning, Jeff!"

"No," Jeff solemnly declined, "I feel like I need to be alone, tonight. I can make it acrost to Zack's cabin, time for breakfast. Besides, Steve, you'd ought to get a night's rest, after that experience tonight. So long, son—an' good luck."

WITH that, the gaunt, and somehow saintly figure disappeared into the night, and Steve Ireland turned in for a few hours, till the chief warden arrived. Not long after daylight, they went down with a team to haul the carcass of the moose to the nearest hospital, for the delectation of the patients' diet.

As they stood looking down at the moose, Steve concluded his narrative of the night's adventure with the details of Uncle Jeff Coongate's reformation. The chief listened warily. Once or twice before, the old poacher had reformed, and the backsliding therefrom had made the forests ring. But this time, it seemed a sure thing. The outlaw had saved a game warden's life, at risk of his own, had given his strength to the side of law. Could it be true that, at last, the weary case of the State vs. Coongate was closed?

"And just imagine," said Steve, "that old-timer footing it clear to Mopang in the dark, at three in the morning!"

"He's better than nine tenths of a man," admitted the chief, as he bent over the moose. "They don't make 'em like old Jeff, any more. He—why, blast his villainous old soul! Reformed my eye! This moose has been bled, and dressed out, and the hide folded back on!"

Dumfounded, the two wardens lifted off the hide. The creature had been dressed by an expert hand. Although most of the meat was still on the carcass, choice portions of the loin had been sliced off with surgical precision.

"Wanted to be alone, to repent!" sputtered the chief, sardonically. "Looks to me as if he made a small detour, on his way to tell Zack of his reform! What do you figure he and Zack are eating for breakfast, right now?"

Steve Ireland's look of dismay changed to a smile. "Save a warden's life, and exact his pound of flesh!"

"About twenty pounds, by the looks of this moose," said the chief. "Well—we got the Hacketts, anyway."

THE END

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PARDON MY SYMPTOMS

Continued from page 15

kissed me to prove it. "But I got to have more money first," he said.

"Lots of fellows saved money in the Navy," I told him. I don't really believe this, but I did hear fellows say it.

Ed said that maybe he would have saved money, too, but he had taken time enough away from that medicine book to shoot craps. He claimed that he never got the hang of craps very good, and that this was why he had not emerged from his blues in the black.

I knew darned well that this wasn't so. Ed had sent board-and-room money home to Aunt Libby, just as if he was eating and sleeping at her place. If I knew Ed, and I thought I did, he had sent her more than board-and-room money. But he would never admit it to me or anybody else. And it was none of my business anyhow, because when he was at sea we weren't engaged, darn it.

But I was getting very mindful of the fact that I was not getting any younger. I was, in fact, getting along toward twenty. Before the war, twenty was established in Maple Corners as the age around which you married, went off to college, or began studying for spinsterhood. Custom in Maple Corners can survive any old war. And it did not help when Doc Gibbons yapped at me about my shirttails. If I had been at Vassar or Sarah Lawrence I could let my shirttails hang free and nobody would say a word. Not so in Maple Corners.

So it was in a foul and futile mood that I plopped onto a stool in Herman Goodwin's drugstore and ordered a double malt. I swung my pigtails angrily and somebody right beside me said, "*Ouch!*" I looked around, and into the handsomest face I had ever seen in this town, except at a movie.

"I'm sorry," I said. "Did it hurt?"

"Have you ever been slapped in the face by a tightly braided pigtail?" he asked. "It hurts."

"I said I was sorry," I reminded him. "Should I go home and shave my head?"

He smiled. Golly. I would have said he was thirty. A young thirty. "Dear me, no. I think girls ought to wear pigtails until they are eighteen at least. I was delighted to see pigtails come back."

"Providing they are controlled?" I said. I gave it to him throatily, and he looked at me harder. I realized that—until just then—he had thought I was considerably under eighteen. So I drew a deep breath to make my shirt fit better.

"I'm Larry Mitchell," he said. "The new doctor here."

"I feel swell myself," I told him, "and you've picked a terrible market for your talents. The town has three doctors and there must be twenty in the county."

He nodded pleasantly. "I've talked with them all. They were very kind. They admit to getting along in years. Several intend to retire in the next year or so. There will be room here for two or three young doctors."

"The old codgers told you that?"

"Yes, indeed," he said brightly.

"Gulliver's Travels. They will mow you down. Those ancients have been retiring for fifteen years that I know of."

I WAS all set to tell him the facts of life when in comes Ed Ferguson. I introduced them. "Ed, tell Doctor Mitchell how much trouble *you* have just visiting the sick to say hello." But Ed is entranced at the idea of a new doctor.

"Don't mind Hazel," he said. "She's cynical. Let's sit over here at a table."

We had just hit the cane bottoms when Ed looked Doctor Mitchell in the eye and inquired, "What is your theory about multiple sclerosis?"

I tried to ease the shock. "Ed is very interested in medicine," I explained.

"I'm afraid I don't have a theory," said the new doc. "Not much is known as yet. Some studies indicate—"

"It attacks people in the largest numbers between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five. Does that suggest anything to you?" This was Ed, of course, not me. "It could be a recurrence of some childhood disease, believed cured. Also, the upper age limit suggests that possibly some chemical change, taking place in middle life, *prevents* the disease. I'm giving it a lot of thought."

"Let me know your conclusions," said Doctor Mitchell, a little wildly. But just before he escaped he didn't forget to ask my name.

"Hazel Tuttle," I said promptly.

"Miss Tuttle, they tell me there is a dance tomorrow night at the Grange Hall. I would be honored if I might take you there."

"Just a minute—" Ed said.

But I cut him off. "Eight o'clock, Doctor Mitchell. Ask anybody where John Tuttle's house is."

When Doctor Mitchell had left, Ed said, "What was the idea, anyhow? Why did you say you'd go with him?"

"Because he asked me. Nobody else has asked me yet."

"It's understood that I'd ask you," Ed said logically. "Aren't we engaged?"

"That is a moot point which is getting mooter all the time," I said. All of a sudden I was fed clear up to the eyebrows with the Maple Corners philosophy which Ed had just expounded. "I don't know as engagements just ought to go on and on, with everything 'understood.' Maybe engagements ought to be renegotiated once in a while."

Ed looked flabbergasted. "Hazel, do you feel bilious?" He started to feel my pulse but I yanked it out of reach.

"I'm not bilious," I said.

"Then you've fallen for that guy. I bet he hasn't been out of his intern's jacket a month."

"I bet he looked cute in it," I said. And then I was sorry I was being so mean. You know how it is. "Ed, I don't

OUNCE OF PREVENTION

HARPS AND FLOWERS

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Which isn't so hot for his health or his fenders.
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They're heavenly drivers when they have been drinking.
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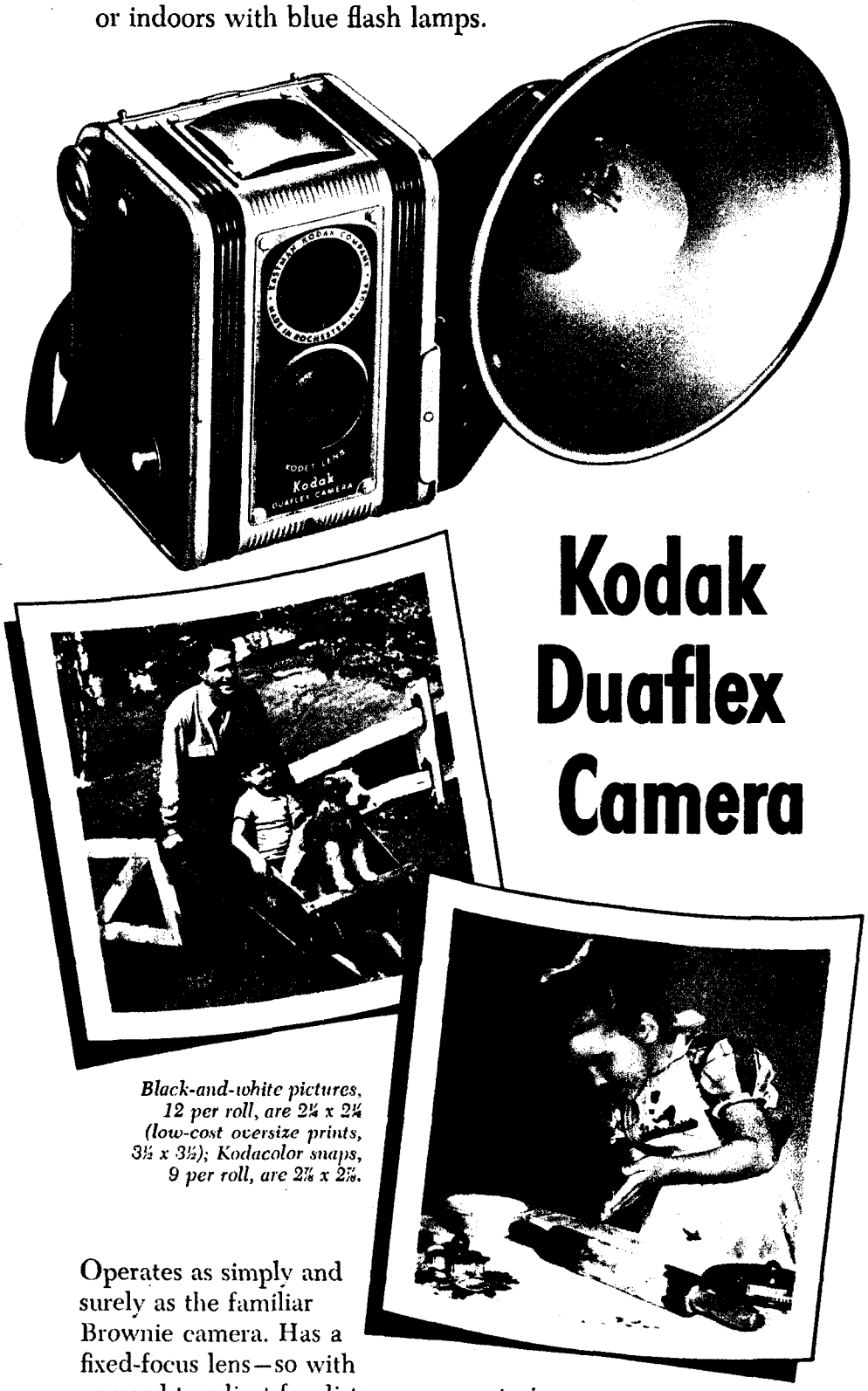

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Fruit [illegible]

2 tablespoons gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
1 No. 2½ can fruit cocktail
2 tablespoons lemon juice
3 egg yolks
¼ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
3 egg whites
¼ cup sugar
1 cup heavy cream

Soften gelatin in cold water. Drain fruit cocktail; reserve fruit. Combine juice, lemon juice, egg yolks, sugar and salt in top of double boiler. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add softened gelatin; stir until gelatin is dissolved. Remove from heat; cool until mixture begins to thicken. Beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Gradually beat in the ¼ cup sugar. Fold into gelatin mixture. Whip and fold in cream and fruit cocktail, reserving ⅓ cup of the fruit for garnish. Pour into one large or 8 individual molds. Makes 8 servings.

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object to your paying Libby twice what room and board is worth, but you could save money if you didn't run that jalopy of yours all over the country prescribing for relatives."

"I don't really prescribe for them," Ed said. "I just listen to their symptoms and sometimes I can tell them what's wrong. Sometimes I just tell them they got what they believe they got—and that makes 'em feel good, too. And I don't charge anything, of course. Besides, haven't you been going with me on Sundays?"

"Ed, on Sundays in Maple Corners a girl gets desperate. More things happen to girls on Sunday in this town than on any other day of the week." I took two dimes out of my jeans and put them down on the marble table for my double malt. " 'By, Ed. See you in the doctor book."

WHEN Dr. Mitchell called for me the next evening he said, "I knew you would look that way in a dress." But driving to the Grange Hall he seemed to have something else on his mind. Finally he came out with it. "What kind of a fellow is this Ed Ferguson?" he asked.

I was cagey. "Ed's all right. Why?"

"This morning I got my first call. Old fellow named Ivan Staples up at the top of the hill. Clear case of old-fashioned rheumatism, not uncommon in men of his age at this time of year. But his wife refused to believe me. It seems Ed Ferguson had been there and told her that Ivan had alcoholic neuritis."

"Sounds reasonable. As a demijohn virtuoso Pop Staples has no local peer."

This did not sit too well with the new doctor. "What interests me," he said, a little cool, "is that Mrs. Staples appeared to regard Ferguson's diagnosis as professional. Does he go around telling people what is wrong with them?"

"Incessantly. You might as well know it now."

Dr. Mitchell grunted. "It doesn't speak too well for the intelligence of people around here. But I'm not going to let it worry me. As soon as I'm established I will make very few house calls. They'll come to my office and I am going to run through a maximum number of patients each day. That's the way to make money quick without wearing yourself out, like these old fellows have done. And when I've got a nest egg I'll open in a wealthy neighborhood in some likely city."

"You got it all doped out, hmm?"

He smiled down at me. "You bet I have, Hazel. And don't think I am going to fool around with any patients here who accept medical advice from a layman." I did not mention that such a course might help him very little toward that nest egg. We were in front of the Grange Hall and I wanted to dance.

The new doc was quite a dancer, and my being with him on his first social appearance in Maple Corners created no small stir. In fact, midway through the evening he said, "I have been advised at least a dozen times already that you are engaged to Ed Ferguson. I'm sorry I spoke of him as I did. If I had known—"

"Think nothing of it," I said, because just then I saw Ed Ferguson coming into the Grange Hall with Sadie Druffer. She is thirty if she is a day and her reputation is no low number, either. "Don't believe all you hear in Maple Corners," I said, "because the newspaper is a weekly and things happen daily. Ed and I are just good friends, like divorced movie stars."

It began to look as if I'd told the truth, because the following Sunday no Ed came to pick me up for a jaunt of hunting ailing relatives. But Dr. Mitchell dropped by to ask me to go to the movies. When I saw Sadie Druffer there alone I felt much better. It meant that Ed didn't have her along on his Sunday calls.

After the movies, while we were having sodas at the drugstore, Dr. Mitchell asked, "Who is Libby Munz?"

"She's an aunt of Ed Ferguson's. He lives at her house."

"Oh, ho! So that explains why she cornered me on the street to tell me that you were just going with me to make Ed jealous." He laughed heartily, as if such a thing were preposterous. He leaned close. "What *is* the reason?"

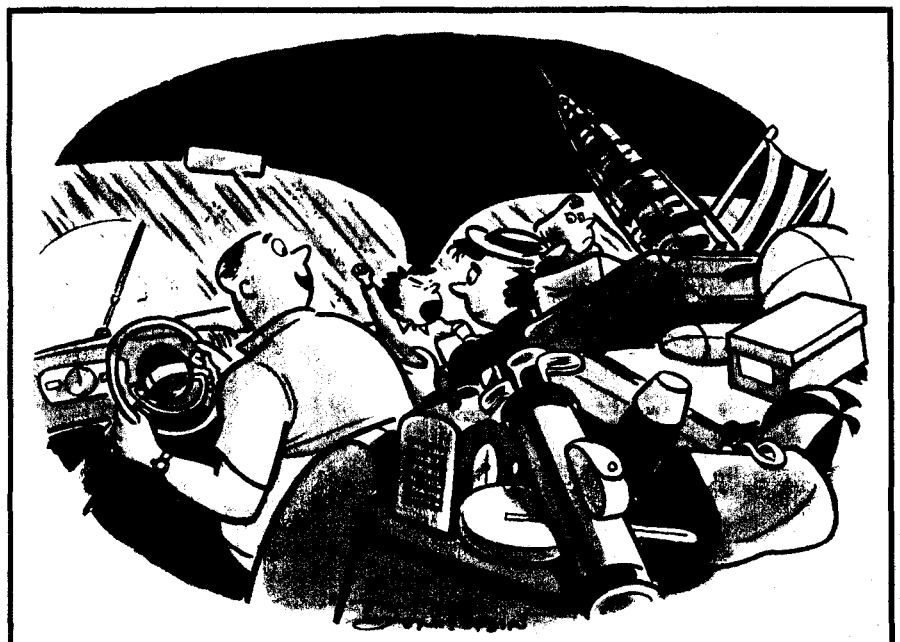
"Just that I don't want to get one man attached to me, ever. I am just a selfish moth, thinking only of the moment, snatching at pleasure, heedless of the morrow when I will be faded and old."

"I am not going to take you to any more Joan Crawford pictures," said Dr. Mitchell peevishly. Then he told me that they had made him president of the Umatima County Medical Association to succeed Doc Gibbons. He was so pleased with himself that I did not have the heart to tell him that this always happened to new doctors. And that when the new doc decided none of the others was ever going to die and give him a little practice—when he found that out and moved on, why, Doc Gibbons would be reinstated.

"What does that Medical Association do, anyhow?" I asked.

"Why," he said, surprised. "Nothing that I know of. But it *could* do something. It has quite a bit of money, what with these old doctors paying dues for forty years and more. Maple Corners already has a good hospital. What do *you* think we should do?" He gave me an amused man-to-little-girl look, as if he did not for a minute expect any idea to come out of my pretty head.

I had an idea, all right. But inasmuch as he wasn't quite ready for it, I just didn't let him have it right then.



"I sure feel sorry for the Flynns, cooped up in their house all week end!"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

BEFORE the month was out it was clear that Dr. Mitchell was beginning to get some business for himself. People were calling at his office, like he said they would, and he wouldn't make a house call unless you were flat on your back and near the finish. Of course, not everybody was going to him—but there were more than had ever before cottoned to a new doctor. And it dawned on me like thunder that most of them were relatives of Ed Ferguson's!

A rodent aroma began tickling my nostrils. I knew for sure that Ed was not in on this. Whatever it was, Mitchell had figured it by himself. But what was it? I was soon to know—as they say in these historical novels where people keep hanging their costumes onto bedroom chairs.

When Libby got sick the week of the carnival I realized it was no kidding. She never got sick and she adored carnivals. She hadn't even got the sheets warmed up before Ed, with just a feeling that something was wrong, came running over from the post office. We met at the gate because I was taking Libby some prune preserves from Mother. "Hello," I said, "and how is Sadie Druffer?"

"She's fine. How's Mitchell?"

Looking back, I can see we should have called the game right there on account of darkness, but true love likes the bumps, and people are idiots. Ed just opened the gate and I walked through it, stiffly. We went in, and there was Libby in bed. "I knew it," Ed said, "you seemed peaked this morning at breakfast." He took her pulse, felt her forehead, looked at her tongue, and listened to her symptoms. "Libby," he said, "I don't like to say this, but you have the start of a serious thyroid condition."

"My lands!" said Libby. "If that's true, I don't feel so bad about missing the carnival. I would hate to miss the carnival for something piddling."

From the other side of the bed I said, "Libby, you better get a real doctor." Ed looked at me with semiprofessional pleasantness. He said, "That's right, Hazel. I *never* try to get in the way of a licensed physician."

I was trying to figure out just what he meant by that when Libby said, "Hazel, telephone that Dr. Mitchell. I been hearing he is a real good man." You could have knocked me over with a thermometer case.

"He doesn't like to leave his office," I said, "but I'll try."

I told Ed that I would stick around and that he ought to get back to his post officing. "Are you going to stick around to take care of Aunt Libby," he asked, "or just to look at Dr. Mitchell?"

"There is no reason why I can't do both," I said haughtily and went to the telephone.

Dr. Mitchell sounded very professional over the wire. "This is Hazel Tuttle," I said.

"Really, I can't talk with you now," he said. "Can you call me back after office hours?"

I managed to control myself. "I don't like to disappoint you, doctor, but this is not a woman mad for the sound of your voice. This is business. I'm at Aunt Libby's and she's very sick."

"Too sick to come to my office?"

"Flat on her back and out of her mind," I said. "Otherwise, why did she ask me to call you instead of Doc Gibbons?"

"I'll be right over."

When he got there I stayed in the bedroom to see what gave. "Well, well, well!" he said to Aunt Libby. "You certainly don't look sick to me."

"Never mind the bedside manner," Libby said. "Just get going."

So he used his stethoscope, he prodded gently, and occasionally he grunted to himself. Finally Libby couldn't stand it any longer. "Ed Ferguson says I got a thyroid condition."

"Yes?" said Dr. Mitchell as if he hardly heard. After a minute or two he took the stethoscope tubes out of his ears and leaned back in the chair, staring thoughtfully at Libby. "It looks as if Ed is perfectly correct," he said. "But no need to be alarmed. We've found your trouble in plenty of time, I'm sure. I'll send a prescription over."

Libby sighed. "Well, probably I would have missed the carnival anyhow. I don't like to go alone, and Ed is going to be busy at the post office every night this week because the mail-order catalogues have come in."

Dr. Mitchell got up, smiling and brisk. "Libby, you will be up and around by Saturday and I myself will take you—and Hazel—to the carnival."

I followed him out to the porch. "If you are kidding Libby," I told him, "you had better be careful. She will find strength enough to break your head."

He patted my shoulder. "Don't you worry. She'll be okay by Saturday."

WELL, when the prescription came I gave Libby the first dose and as I was putting the bottle into the bathroom cabinet, it just happened to fall into the washbowl and break to smithereens.

"What was that?" Libby called from the bedroom.

"The mouthwash," I said. "I'll just run down and get some more."

Herman Goodwin doesn't mind if you come around the corner of the screen that hides the prescription counter. In fact, he likes an audience. "It was clumsy of me to drop that bottle," I said.

"Not much harm done," said Herman, squinting at a five-ounce bottle professionally. "This isn't an expensive prescription. Only sixty-five cents."

"What is it?" I asked casually.

"Just a mild sedative. Guess Libby's been working too hard and the doc wants to slow her up a bit and have her get some rest." I could have kissed Herman then and there, but he is at that dangerous age where you could get a bad flash back, so I didn't.

When I got back I found Libby very pleased. "You know," she said, "I feel better already. So relaxed. It's nice to be in the hands of such a fine doctor. He knew right away that Ed was right. Land sakes, do you think I'll really be able to go to the carnival Saturday?" She yawned big. The pink stuff was making her forget the washing, all right. "Do you think if I went with you and Dr. Mitchell it would look like I was encouraging you to run around with him? But—my goodness, I'm sleepy!—Ed does seem to have lost interest, doesn't he?"

"I'm not quite sure," I said. "But I intend to find out pretty soon."...

That afternoon, while Libby slept, I telephoned Dr. Mitchell. Before he had a chance to go professional on me I told him about the idea I had as to what the Medical Association ought to do with some of its money.

"Very thoughtful of you, Hazel," he said. "But it doesn't make sense."

"It makes sense, all right. And when you bring it up before the association the old codgers are going to wonder why they didn't think of it before."

"Who said I was going to bring it up?" he spluttered.

"I thought you might want to," I said sweetly. "Particularly since you've been pretending to agree with Ed's diagnoses."

"That's a lie!" he shouted. "It's blackmail. Anyhow, you can't make malpractice out of it. How else was I ever going to snag a few patients in this loony community?"

"How else, indeed?" I agreed. "But I'll

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LEMON IN WATER
—first thing on arising

bet the old codgers wouldn't like it if they caught on."

"Hazel Tuttle, do you know what you are? You are—"

"Take it easy, Doc. Libby and I will be expecting you Saturday.". . .

Sure as shooting, Aunt Libby was all set to go to the carnival by Saturday. The prospect overcame her reluctance to chaperoning and condoning my proximity to Larry Mitchell. But if she had been a little more observant she might have noticed a glint in Dr. Mitchell's eyes that was not the reflection of incipient love. However, Libby was too excited over the carnival to notice anything else.

Larry took in the carnival in a manner thoroughly approved by Aunt Libby. She was unaware that he was hoping that I would fall off the Ferris wheel, get bitten by a poisonous snake, or simply break my neck by tripping over a tent stake. He started at the left-hand row of concessions and came up the line. Fat lady, ring toss, merry-go-round, kootchy dancers, snake charmer—the works.

It was probably lucky that there were no lady wrestlers. The doc might have thrown us into the ring. But male wrestlers they did have, and at the moment they featured a well-upholstered gent whose stomach looked like a stuffed laundry bag, and a face like wet wash. There was a hundred dollars for any plain citizen who could stay four rounds with this sweating apparition.

It was in front of this educational display that we met Ed Ferguson. He and Jake had handled the last of the mail-order catalogues and locked up the post office. Ed greeted us pleasantly enough and pointed to the wrestler. "He's got a glandular disturbance," he said, pointing. "Look at the way those folds of fat—"

"Ed," said Dr. Mitchell, sort of through his teeth, "I am glad we ran into you. The Umatima County Medical Association is going to write you a formal letter, but there's no reason why I shouldn't tell you now."

"Tell me what?" said Ed suspiciously.

"Ed, my boy, the association, of which I am president, has long noted your alert interest in medicine and considered your natural aptitude for a great profession. You are eligible to continue your higher education by way of the G.I. Bill of Rights but to insure an adequate and full medical training, unhampered by financial worry, the association—in meeting assembled and unanimously—has voted to send you through medical school."

Aunt Libby said, "For land sakes!"

THE barker was saying, "—and Bone Crusher McGee offers a curisp new one-hunerd-dollar bill to the man who can stay in the ring with him for only four—four, mind you—one-minute rounds—"

"You mean," asked Ed, peering at Dr. Mitchell, "you want me to leave Maple Corners and study medicine for five or six years?"

"Exactly. And the association intends to see that you do."

"Nope," said Ed. "I can't leave Aunt Libby. She depends on my board and room."

"That, too," said Dr. Mitchell patiently, "will be taken care of."

"You can go jump in the creek," Ed said, "without a paddle."

"I'm afraid I don't get you," said Dr. Mitchell.

"Well, I get *you,*" Ed said. "You just want me out of Maple Corners so you can marry Hazel while I'm gone. So I am *not* going to leave Maple Corners."

It was then that bells rang in my head and my heart sang.

"You are crazy," said Dr. Mitchell. "Hazel here is strictly for laughs and I would not marry her if there was a bounty attached."

"Who you referring to?" asked Ed, getting his nose real close to Dr. Mitchell's chin.

"Hazel Tuttle. But that is not the point. The association—hey, let go!"

They began shaking each other silly. The barker yelled down: "Gentlemen, gentlemen! If you wish to rassle according to the rules of etiquette come up into the arena. The Bone Crusher will retire, and the curisp one-hunerd-dollar bill will go to a charity indicated by the winner. Are you game, gentlemen? And do the ladies and gents in the audience agree with my suggestion?"

The ladies and gents in the audience yelled approval and started crowding Ed and Larry toward the ring.

"You're scared to do it," Ed said to Dr. Mitchell.

"Lead the way, my psychotic friend," said Dr. Mitchell. "I will pin your flopping ears to the mat and then give you the hundred dollars to have yourself repaired."

"Land sakes," remarked Libby again, but she made no move to stop them. Well, who did? Next thing I knew they were in the ring in their stocking feet.

"We better get out of here," said Libby in my ear. "They'll wind up fighting the Bone Crusher and the barker for that hundred."

ABOUT half an hour after we got home, the doorbell rang. There stood Ed on the porch, looking a little silly. I said to him, "You are suffering from slight contusions and shock. Come in."

He followed me into the kitchen and sat down shakily. "Where's Aunt Libby?"

"She's gone to bed. Remember her thyroid condition. But she made some tea for us—I mean you."

Ed rubbed the back of his thick head. "That Mitchell must've studied jujitsu."

"He also studied medicine. Like you are going to do." I put Ed's wrist into some hot water.

"I'm not going to leave Maple Corners. You heard what I said. Sometime I'll have enough money so we can get married and take care of Libby, too."

"Look, Hippocrates, didn't Dr. Mitchell tell you that the association will send you to medical school and watch out for Libby while you're gone? And I have some more news for you. With your G.I. money and the scholarship from the association you can take me with you, too."

Ed's jaw dropped. "You mean—married?"

"I certainly do mean married." I thought surely that at this point he would wrap his wet wrist, along with his dry one, around my soft and lovely neck. But no. He stared off into space and said, "I wonder how come the association came to that decision?"

I had a good notion to haul off and tell him the truth—that the old codgers wanted to get rid of him for a while and didn't want him to come back until he really knew his medicine. But I didn't even tell him it was my idea. Selfless nobility? Gosh, no! Psychology. A girl who is smart out loud is just not smart.

"Ed Ferguson," I said out loud, "they are sending you because you deserve to go, and because Maple Corners needs a young doctor to come back and carry the torch of mercy." It was mighty close to the truth, at that.

"Gosh," said Ed wonderingly. Then he looked at me, really at me. But on his freckled pan crept that look he gets when he is diagnosing. "Hazel," he said slowly, "you are going to have a baby."

So I slapped him across the mouth, for purity.

"Hey!" he yelled. "I didn't mean—that is, I meant when we're married." He felt of his lip. "You know something, Hazel? You have given me a subcutaneous abrasion."

"I wish it was smallpox," I said.

But I didn't mean it. I was in love. A very serious disease, beyond the science of medicine.

THE END

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CARELESSNESS . . . THE CHILD KILLER

Continued from page 17

insulation has been frayed for weeks, even months. In other cases parents had placed extension cords in rooms where children played. Babies, with their inexhaustible desire to taste everything, tried chewing the cords—and were instantly electrocuted.

In one of the most tragic cases a young mother brought a small radio into the bathroom, placed it on the corner of the tub, and plugged it in. Then she and her two-year-old daughter got into the tub. They played, washed and splashed happily to the music. Suddenly the child's hand darted out, knocking the radio into the water. Both were killed instantly.

Water is, of course, a dangerously good conductor of electricity. Most electrical appliances on the market have been subjected to numerous safety tests, and manufacturers are spending money constantly to make them still safer. But no amount of workmanship, research, or money can completely overcome carelessness. *Electrical appliances should not be used where there are damp floors or moist hands. Dry your hands and teach your children to dry their hands before touching the bathroom switch.*

Grim Toll of Firearm Casualties

Last year more than 400 mothers and fathers apparently did not know that guns and cartridge shells can kill children. They know this year. They left pistols, guns and ammunition around where their children were able to get and use them. Bureau and desk drawers and clothes closets seem to be the favorite storing place, according to insurance company reports.

Not many tots under five were killed in this way, because toddlers haven't the strength or the dexterity to fire a gun. But in the five to fourteen age group, where the impact of the movies, the radio and the comic magazines has been great, the kids knew what to do with guns. You point and you pull. They killed brothers, sisters, playmates—and in a few cases parents.

Sometimes the parents thought the guns weren't loaded. Sometimes the children thought they weren't loaded. It didn't matter. These guns all were loaded. And they were not locked up.

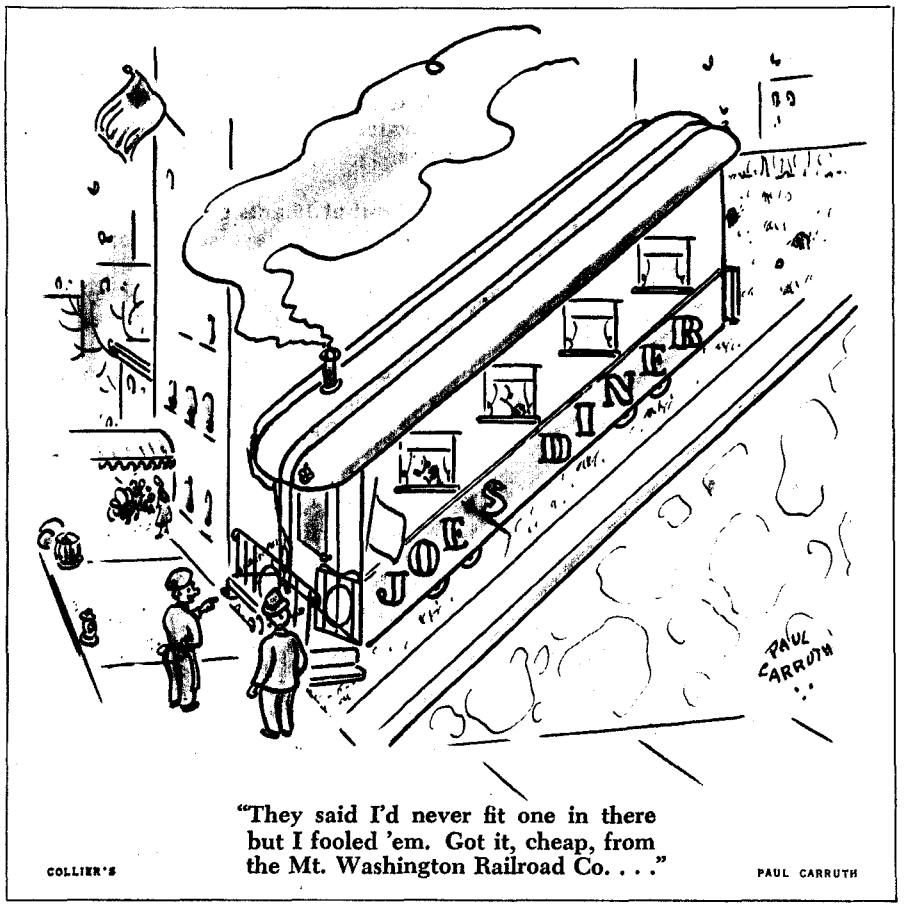
If you have a gun, lock it up.

Poison kills about 600 children a year—all but fifty of them under five. In children under five the inclination to taste everything within reach is at its height. In Los Angeles a five-year-old girl saw something that looked like honey. It tasted like honey. She ate quite a good portion of ant-killing poison before she was discovered and rushed to the hospital, where quick work saved her life. But many children are not so fortunate. To a tot who can't read, no amount of red-lettering means anything. Neither does a skull and crossbones. They will eat anything from arsenic intended for rats, to liquid weed killer—a cup of which a Pennsylvania parent left on a shelf. His son drank it.

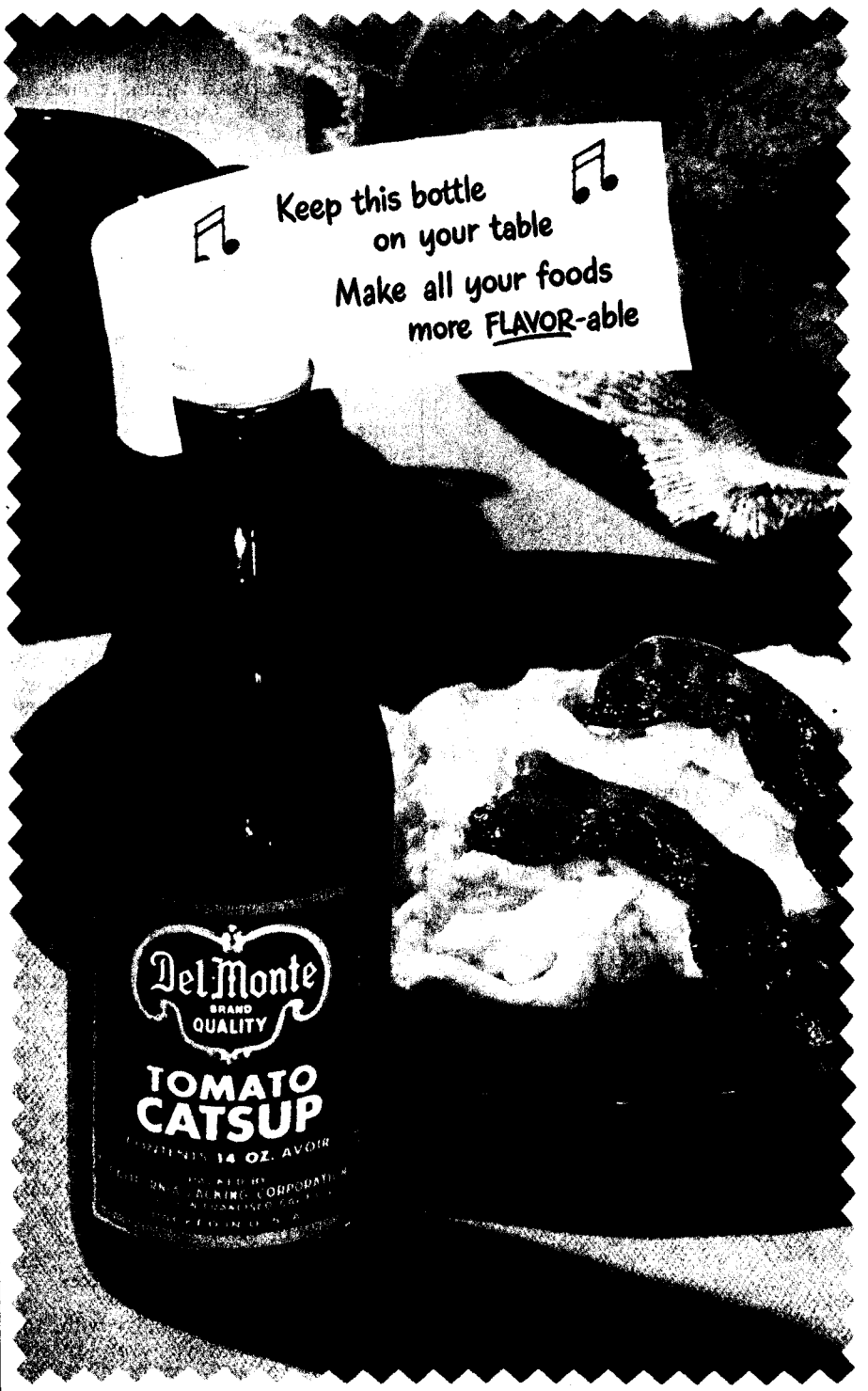
Recently there have been a number of cases in which children consumed quantities of sleeping pills used by their parents. In White Plains, just outside New York City, a three-year-old swallowed 20 of her mother's sleeping pills, which a careless maid had left on the piano. When the mother asked for her pills, the maid couldn't find them. The child, smiling brightly for the last time, held up the box and said, "Empty, see? Empty, see?" Three doctors, working for several hours, could not save her.

All that was needed in all these cases was a little care on the part of adults. A small locked box would have saved many a life. If you must have poisonous drugs in your medical cabinet, keep them on the top shelf, plainly marked Poison!, and fasten adhesive over the top of containers so that no one will open them by mistake. Also, when you dispose of your poisonous drugs, empty them down the drain and wash the bottle before throwing it away. Children frequently rescue colored bottles from ash cans, and drink poison while playing doctor.

Failure to make simple household repairs is another frequent cause of death to children. Broken steps, shaky cornices, insecurely hung heavy mirrors, all contributed their share to the grisly toll. In one eastern suburban home a seven-year-



"They said I'd never fit one in there but I fooled 'em. Got it, cheap, from the Mt. Washington Railroad Co. . . ."



And what this zesty flavor does for eggs!

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FAMILY LIVABILITY OF A SCHULT TRAILER COACH

SCHULT

See the many *plus-values* for family comfort and livability offered in a Schult. For more than a decade Schult has studied your needs and manufactured *quality* coaches to fill them... coaches that have become America's most famous for comfort, value, and long-lasting satisfaction. *Buy wisely... buy Schult!* Write today for *free* catalog.

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SCHULT Trailer Coaches

FAMOUS FOR MORE THAN A DECADE

old girl awaited Christmas with great eagerness. Every morning she met the postman, helped her mother open the family Christmas cards, and oohed and aahed over each. One evening she took the collection of cards into the living room, pulled up a chair to stand on, and began arranging them on the ornate marble mantelpiece. She leaned over too far and the mantel, which had been rocking dangerously for months, crashed forward, crushing her. Her parents had not followed a primary rule for safety in any household: *Fix it now.* They will never receive a Christmas card without remembering this.

Despite the apparently endless variety of ways in which children are killed at home and the apparently uncontrollable and unpredictable adventures of children, safety experts say that nearly all these deaths could be prevented. Of the 7,400 child fatalities in homes last year, over 5,000—roughly two thirds—were under five years of age. And nearly 2,000 were under one year.

What these figures mean is that during the first year of his life the possibility that your child will be killed by scalding, machinery, electricity and knives is extremely small because most of the time he is safe in his crib. His greatest danger is in being smothered by blankets, pillows or, in case he is taken into bed with them, by his parents.

But when he enters the crawling, toddling stage, he enters a very dangerous period which will continue until he learns to read and can be taught to recognize and avoid danger. This is plainly shown by the fact that while 5,000 children at home are killed in the first four years of their lives, only 1,800 die in similar accidents in the next nine years.

During this very dangerous preschool age, children are virtually helpless. They are beginning to talk, but words still mean very little to them. They are explorers and investigators with a tremendous desire to touch, feel, and taste everything in sight—and it's necessary for them to do these things as part of the process of growing up.

Do Not Relax Your Vigilance

They need safe toys to play with, and a safe, clean place to play in—an area from which you can remove all dangerous objects. Whenever they are not in this safe area, they must be given constant supervision. During this period they develop habits of imitation and repetition. Therefore, you must at all times set a good example—and watch for repetitions that, unharmful once, may in the end be disastrous.

To quote Pediatrics (the medical journal of doctors specializing in child care): "If a child does a hazardous thing and avoids disaster, he is likely to repeat the procedure. An illustration of this tendency to repetition was seen recently when a two-year-old was killed in a fall from a second-story balcony. The father said the child had been observed repeatedly climbing out of his crib, pushing a chair over to the balcony railing, and climbing up—yet nothing had been done to prevent what any person with knowledge of child behavior could have predicted would end tragically."

As the child grows older, the area which must be made safe for him broadens. It soon includes the bathroom, other bedrooms, stairs, the living room, kitchen, yard and garage.

Every home, to be made safe and kept safe for children needs regular inspection, according to safety engineers. Actually, you live in a complicated—and dangerous—piece of machinery, equipped with many conveniences, such as electricity, gas, a heating plant. But unless these conveniences are carefully maintained, they can be deadly to children. Obviously, such poor household practices as leaving shoes at the top of stairs, or throwing old razor blades where children can find them are equally dangerous.

Questionnaires answered by the parents of 500,000 school children for the Greater New York Safety Council reveal the most dangerous practices in most city homes to be slippery floors and stairs, open closet doors into which people can walk in the dark, dry cleaning with gasoline at home, standing on chairs or boxes to reach high shelves, and the continued use of electric extensions and appliances that are in need of repair.

Happiness itself is a big factor in safety. Every child needs love, security and appreciation from his parents. An unhappy or neglected child is apt to express himself unconsciously by hurting himself *in order to get attention!*

Doctors have discovered that many accidents have not been due to mere awkwardness, or chance, but to emotional strain. In factories, for instance, it has been discovered that the same "accident-prone" workers have nearly all the accidents. Their mishaps stem from worry and insecurity over many things, from mortgages to sex. By relieving these worries and emotional tensions, industrial psychiatrists have been able to reduce factory accident rates.

Accident-proneness among children is difficult to detect, but in many cases pediatricians have discovered children whose accidents are caused by insecurity. If you think your child is getting more than his share of cuts, burns, and falls, it would be wise to discuss it with your doctor.

But first inspect your home, find out what's wrong and fix it, and forestall accidents based on negligence. You can begin by listing the physical dangers and the household practices mentioned in this article. Check your rooms and habits one by one—and eliminate danger points.

It may save your child's life!

THE END

DEBUNKING EXPEDITION

THE DEBUNKER	THE DEBUNKING
Ornithologist, London	**The nightingale does not sing only at night, but at all hours of the day.**
Historian, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania	**The famous Kentucky rifle of backwoods days was developed and manufactured exclusively in Pennsylvania.**
Missionary, Manitoba	**Gastric ulcers are very common among West African natives who were never exposed to the pressures of civilization.**
Explorer, National Geographic Society	**It never gets too cold to snow. Snow fell in Little America while the thermometer registered 65 below zero.**
Geographer, University of California	**South Pacific natives won't swap you a thing for glass beads—they demand metal tools, household utensils and matches.**
Educator, Dublin	**Sir Walter Raleigh, who was supposed to have brought tobacco from Virginia, never set foot in Virginia.**
Physicist, Washington	**The atmosphere 100 miles above the earth is not cold, but hot enough to boil water under earth-surface conditions.**
Psychologist, New York City	**Only 4 out of 10 ants are good workers—almost all the rest are loafers.**
Statistician, New York City	**There are no more marriages in a leap year than in an ordinary year.**
Zoologist, Harvard University	**Bears don't hibernate. They sleep a lot in winter, but they never go into a state of suspended animation.**
Entomologist, Department of Agriculture	**D.D.T. will never rid the world of flies, because its use is followed by increased birth rate in species resistant to D.D.T.**
Oculist, Johns Hopkins University	**All babies are not born blue-eyed; only 1 per cent of colored and 21 per cent of white infants.**
Health Commissioner, New York City	**When a silver spoon darkens in the stew pan, it's not a sign that the mushrooms are poisonous; that's just a superstition.**

—W. E. Farbstein

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"I lived in Milwaukee and I ought to know... Blatz is Milwaukee's Finest Beer!"

says Don Ameche

Famous Motion Picture Star and President of the Los Angeles Dons, All-America Football Conference.

"Back in Wisconsin where I come from," says Don Ameche, "folks are good judges of fine beer. And they ought to be, for Milwaukee is the brewing capital of the world, home of America's finest beer. So, with our choice of the choicest, when I tell you that Blatz is Milwaukee's finest beer, you can believe me. I lived in Milwaukee and I ought to know."

"Out here in Hollywood," Don Ameche says, "I always keep Blatz in the refrigerator... so I can treat my friends to true Milwaukee hospitality—and the refreshing flavor of America's finest beer!"

BLATZ
BREWING BETTER BEER FOR THE 97TH YEAR

BLATZ IS MILWAUKEE'S *first* BOTTLED BEER

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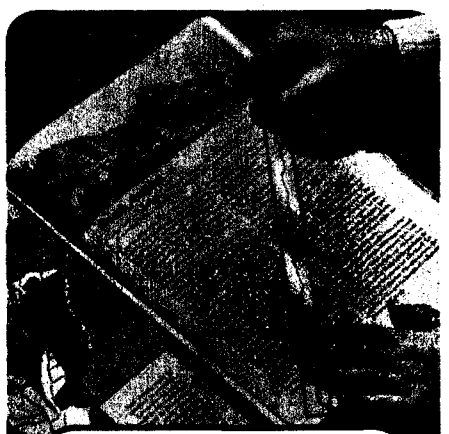
PEP UP Cheese Sandwiches

Spread them with dressing made from equal parts of

HEINZ Prepared MUSTARD and Mayonnaise

You know it's good because it's HEINZ!



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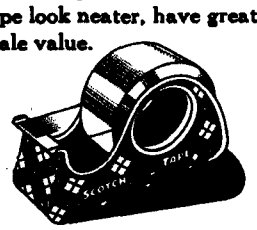
SCHOOLBOOKS mended with transparent "SCOTCH" Tape look neater, have greater resale value.



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HOW TO GET WHISTLED AT

Continued from page 21

she says, "female executives who go meddling in their employees' personal affairs. I tell my girls that so long as they report here at nine o'clock fresh and clean and in their right minds, I consider their life out of the office entirely their own."

She goes so far with her nonmeddling that she has never had a personal luncheon or theater date with a business associate, nor has she invited any of them to her apartment.

Actually, Ann Delafield leads a life that is average enough, if it is a little overbalanced on the side of work. She lives alone in a New York hotel with cooking privileges. She likes to sew, trims many of her own hats, and is currently writing some books on health and beauty. She is an avid skier, and was quite a horsewoman until a fall broke her back and put a stop to any more riding. A broken leg last winter couldn't keep her from working. Neither did the broken back, suffered earlier in her career. She had an aluminum cast molded from a plaster model. In this, suspended on the Beauty Board in her office at a 40-degree angle, she exercised and attended to business matters alternately for six hours a day while the crushed vertebrae mended. Probably this is why no self-discipline seems difficult to her by now.

Practically everything that has happened to Ann Delafield has helped to prepare her for her present career. Born in Plainfield, New Jersey, she was started on the road to understanding her present pupils' problems by being, she maintains, a homely child. "My mother told me I would have to be good because I certainly was not beautiful."

Ann Delafield was an earnest student, going in for chemistry, biology, dietetics and physical education. Graduating from Packer Institute and Cornell University she began teaching physical education in private and public schools.

Doubling as an Actress

Marriage to Ian McEwen, a struggling Scotch poet and playwright, broadened her field. She alternated between teaching and acting, running a stock company with her husband and performing in it at the same time.

She picked up her first make-up tricks from an old character actress. She also learned to put on a good show.

When Ann Delafield toured the country, schools and women's clubs along the way invited her to talk to them. The women didn't want to hear about the theater. They asked questions about beauty and clothes. "I realized," she says, "that these women were yearning for beauty—and that they needed to diet."

A brief Hollywood interval, during which she appeared in a film called Cytherea and signed a five-year contract with Goldwyn, was ended by her husband's fatal illness in Europe. "I didn't go back. I was too ill myself. I went to the south of France and lay in the sun eating oranges. I got my health back, but I was blackballed in Hollywood."

Two plays on Broadway and a second marriage that ended in divorce were the last distractions Miss Delafield allowed herself. She turned to working single-mindedly for health and beauty, going to Battle Creek to teach physical training and to study diet under John Harvey Kellogg, who, she thought, knew more about diet than anyone else in the world.

It was at Battle Creek that she first got the idea for her Beauty Angle. "We uptilted patients suffering from prolapsus of the abdominal organs, to help get their organs back in place. I noticed that women patients tilted this way also looked prettier. They developed better circulation and firmer tissue in the face."

Ann Delafield went back on tour. This time, she carried with her a folding, patented contraption which she called her Beauty Board. Unfolded, it resembled a tilted ironing board with one end resting on the floor, and provided a base on which to assume the Beauty Angle. She conducted classes in women's clubs, prescribing exercises and diets and taking orders for the Beauty Board.

Returning to New York, Ann Delafield went to work for Elizabeth Arden as director of exercise in her Fifth Avenue salon. This unlikely setup lasted through seven years of violent disagreement and frequent firings of Miss Delafield.

When one of Arden's firings finally stuck—they were due, according to interested onlookers, to the simple fact that no one organization could contain two such determined females—Delafield was invited by the Richard Hudnut concern to direct exercises in their establishment. She seized the chance to have a permanent salon in which to give a complete do-over, combining exercise with diet and a gilding of cosmetics.

"That's when I was told I would ruin the beauty business. But Mr. G. A. Pfeiffer, then president of the company, said if my system would make women healthier and happier as well as prettier, he would finance it out of his own salary. All I had to do was to prove the system was physically and medically sound, good publicity, and that it would pay."

It paid. Miss Delafield likes to point out that the salon did only a $6,000 business the year before she arrived. Last year it grossed over $600,000.

When the Success Course began going out by mail in 1940, it was worked out from a transcription of Miss Delafield's own words of inspiration at the salon. This explains its breathless punctuation. On a pink sheet marked, "Read This *Every Day*," she coaxes: "Do realize that to be a success . . . to be the person you've dreamed of being . . . lovely . . . poised . . . charming . . . you need to follow faithfully the plan outlined for you. . . . It may not be easy . . . what is good is seldom attained with ease!"

Miss Delafield not only has a staff physician to check all salon pupils, but urges every correspondence student to check first and frequently with her doctor.

Children as young as nine have been sent to her by doctors to have weight and posture corrected. She also corrects behavior. "Children are naughty to attract attention," she explains. "We fix them up to be so attractive that they don't have to push."

Her success with women and children secure, Miss Delafield is now eying the men with mounting missionary zeal. "We would have fewer executives dropping dead," she maintains, "if they would do a few exercises flat on their backs every day, instead of plunging into strenuous week ends for which they are not physically fit."

Hundreds of men have succumbed to Miss Delafield's diet to keep their wives company. Miss Delafield even reports 200 male applicants for aid, as the result of a story published by the late Condé Nast.

An Efficient Job on a Fat Man

"Mr. Nast told me," she says, "that if I could do a medically approved Before and After job on a fat man, he would publish the story in Vogue. The man chosen was a twenty-eight-year-old Boston businessman who was fifty pounds overweight, had high blood pressure, and therefore had to pay an extra premium on life insurance. I wrote instructions to that man every night for fifty nights before I went to bed. He lost his extra fifty pounds all right, his blood pressure came down, his premium was reduced eighty dollars, and Vogue published the story."

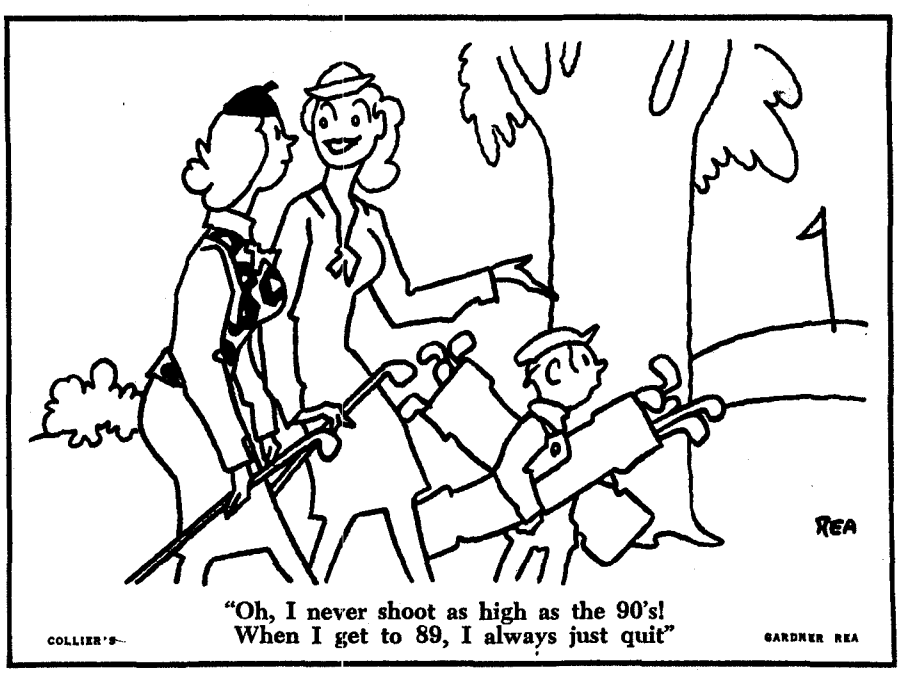
Miss Delafield realizes that dramatics won't go with men. She is concentrating instead on measures as inconspicuous and painless as possible. The course is still on the shelf, but when it comes off it will have things in it like this:

Diet, made easy. Morning: A bowl of stewed fruit; a tall glass of orange juice, two eggs; coffee; anything else a man has time for. Miss Delafield banks on his being in a hurry. Noon: Broiled steak; large bowl of chef's salad; baked potato—no butter or salt, but eat the skin; plus anything else that time allows, which, with present service, she figures will be nothing. Night: One pound broiled meat, fish or fowl; a large lettuce-and-tomato salad; at least two vegetables, and anything more the little wife is willing to allow.

Exercise. To reduce bay window while sitting inconspicuously at desk, reach to open bottom drawer, while holding stomach in. Hold it *in*. If this seems easy, you are doing it wrong. Repeat.

It's okay anytime for a man to put his feet on the desk. That's a start on the Beauty Angle.

THE END



"Oh, I never shoot as high as the 90's! When I get to 89, I always just quit"

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Tobacco Yello

Cigar Holder keeps Tobacco Tar from entering mouth

PROTECTS fingers, teeth, mouth and throat from tobacco tars.

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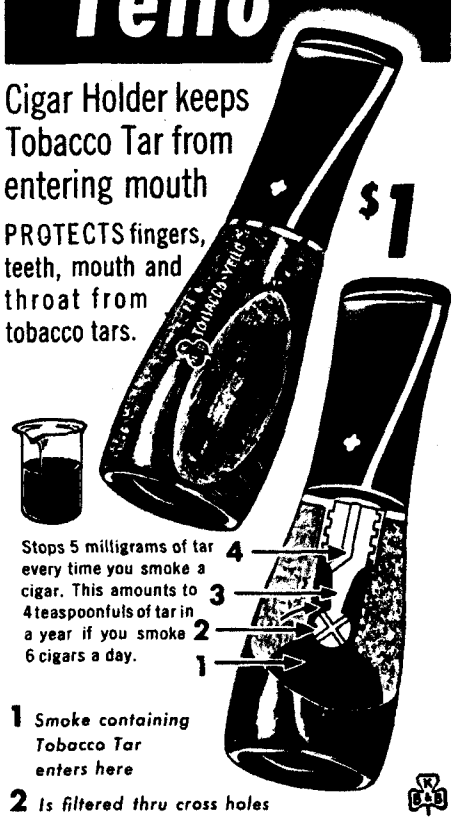
TOBACCO YELLO
Stops 5 milligrams of tar every time you smoke a cigar. This amounts to 4 teaspoonfuls of tar in a year if you smoke 6 cigars a day.
4
3
2
1

1 *Smoke containing Tobacco Tar enters here*

2 *Is filtered thru cross holes*

3 *Tobacco Tar condenses and stops here*

4 *Filtered smoke without Tobacco Tar enters mouth*

Holder is made of briar of beautiful grain. Cigarette holders of similar effectiveness. $1. Same old pre-war price and pre-war quality.

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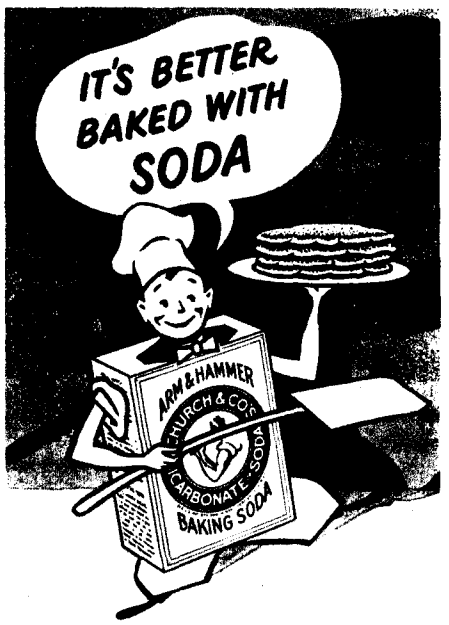

If you want griddle cakes that go so fast you can scarcely keep up with the "please, more" orders, remember to use our Baking Soda.

ARM & HAMMER
OR COW BRAND
BAKING SODA

BOTH PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA

RIFLE-ARM SAMMY

Continued from page 26

"Later we learned that Smuckler had an obstruction in his throat, and after two or three running plays he got out of breath and had to rest for a while. The fact is, there never was a rougher football player than Dave Smuckler, or a guy who loved the game more."

Slingin' Sammy almost didn't get to play football, because his father fancied him as a potential big-league baseball player. He probably could have made the grade, too. But Sammy liked football better, and his arguments, plus those of his brother Bobby and of Bill Henderson, coach of the Temple high school, finally prevailed. So Sammy began to play football. He started at left end, and later Henderson put him in as tailback. The lanky youngster began to shine at once. The following summer the Baughs moved to Sweetwater, Texas, and Sammy did the rest of his high-school playing there, coached by Ed Hennig. Later he was offered his choice of Texas colleges. He went to the University of Texas under an athletic scholarship which permitted him to play baseball only.

But Sammy still had football in his blood. He finally transferred to Texas Christian, where he could play whatever he wished. At TCU, Baugh was coached by Dutch Meyer, an advocate of the double-wing system, which has the advantage of getting four pass receivers downfield faster than any other. It was Meyer who developed Baugh's punting and made him a master of the quick kick and an all-round player. As a result of this training, Baugh is really a finished footballer, not merely a passer. He is probably the best punter in the National League, he is excellent in pass defense, and he can run with the ball, although his physical setup—he's 6 feet 2¼ inches tall and weighs a scant 175 pounds—is not adapted to coping with the bruising tacklers of the professional game.

But you'll not see Sammy punt very often, or carry the ball these days. He is too valuable an offensive weapon to be exposed to risk of injury.

There Was No Mud on Mr. Baugh

One game last fall illustrates the way the Redskins are protecting their star passer. Jimmy Conzelman had brought his league-leading Chicago Cardinals to Washington to fatten on a Redskins team with a poor record. The field was muddy. When the game was over, Baugh had completed 25 of 33 passes, six of them for touchdowns. The Redskins had won 45 to 21. Baugh's uniform was spotless, but Conzelman was mud-spattered from the knees down from his pacing up and down the side line in anguish.

"I had hoped Baugh's age might be getting him, but age doesn't matter the way they play him now," Conzelman said later.

Baugh was scouted by the Redskins in 1936 because George Preston Marshall, who had just transferred his football team to Washington from Boston, needed a first-class passer. But the Pittsburgh team had a prior draw in the National League draft and the Steelers also wanted Baugh. Marshall knew that the Pittsburgh fans were clamoring for their heroes to draft an All-America player from Duquesne University, so he let it be known that if the Steelers took Baugh he would take the Duquesne boy. Pittsburgh passed up Baugh, and Marshall grabbed him.

In those days draft rights meant the same as they still mean in big-league baseball—a player tapped by a pro team played with that team or not at all. Today the two major professional leagues fight tooth and nail for players. That's why Charley Trippi of Georgia, Johnny Lujack of Notre Dame, and Charley Conerly of Mississippi wangled long-term, high-figure contracts from the Cardinals, the Bears and the Giants.

The Bears are said to be paying Lujack $70,000 on a three-year contract, while Trippi and Conerly are getting at least as much. In 1937 Baugh received a $500 bonus and a first-year salary of $4,000 for signing with the Redskins. Of course, he does much better now; he is said to be drawing around $20,000 for playing football from mid-July to the middle of December.

Practical Football Philosophy

Baugh has no resentment against the draft system as it existed when he entered the professional game.

"When I was a rookie," he says, "some players got paid too little. Now some of them get paid too much. The best system for the players is to have the game healthy financially; it is better to have a draft system that doesn't bankrupt a club buying players before the season even opens. In the long run, what's best for the front office is best for the players."

This may sound as if it came from a front-office man, but it may also be the talk of an astute businessman. And Baugh is that, as well as being a great football player. He has invested his money wisely, and he has done well.

Today he owns a completely stocked, prosperous ranch of 5,773 acres some 18 miles northeast of Rotan, in Stonewall County, Texas, where he lives with his wife and their three sons. When the football season ends, Baugh heads for Texas and his horses and cattle. Down in Texas he is considered a top cow hand.

As Baugh sees it, football is more than a game; it is a part of his business, and he intends to stay in business as long as possible and to win as many games as he can. At first, brought up on the single- and double-wing systems of play, Slingin' Sammy balked at working out of the T formation adopted some years ago by the Redskins. But now he's all for the T, because he's found that it tends to prolong the usefulness of the quarterback who operates it.

In the single- or double-wing, Baugh had to block on perhaps half the plays, and blocking is a procedure which, in the tough professional game, is very wearing on a skinny guy weighing only 175 pounds. But in the T, Baugh is rarely tackled and never has to block. And since neither he nor any other first-class forward passer plays on defense very often, it is possible for him to go through an entire game without ever being touched by an opposing player.

It is almost impossible to select Slingin' Sam's best game with the Redskins, since he approaches perfection every time. Almost every time, that is. There was one game in which Baugh and all his teammates were awful; nobody could do anything right. That was the dreadful slaughter of 1940, when the Redskins met the Bears in the playoff game, and the Chicago monsters walloped Baugh and his mates to the tune of 73 to 0. Some Washington fans figure—they still talk with shudders about the game—that the break came when Charlie Malone, ordinarily a reliable end, dropped a Baugh pass on the goal line. At that time the Redskins were on the little end of a 7 to 0 score. A fan asked Baugh:

"Sammy, don't you think that if Malone had held onto that pass the result would have been different?"

"I sure do," said Baugh. "The final score would have been 73 to 6."

THE END

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THE GIRL WHO WAS NOBODY'S DAUGHTER

Continued from page 19

figures onto his arithmetic paper and the Mister said, "Does De Lucie help you with your homework?"

"I couldn't," I says, "I'm not educated enough, but I like him to do it out here. Every tub must stand on its own bottom. John Bunyan. Motto of the Industrial Home for Orphan Girls."

"I like that," he says. "John Bunyan. Well, well."

The garbage man came in today to return a cup I accidentally threw out. He is an old cheerful tall guy. He et one of my cupcakes. "Ever play basketball?" I says to him. "Never did, but I've saw plenty. Rocky played. My son, that's a cop," Frank replies. "Let's see you jump and catch that chain," I says. So he jumped at it and the trap door slanged down and about a thousand tennis balls bounced on his head and a pair of old golf shoes I forgot about. We like to died laughing. I've fixed it up with a lot more things and hope to catch the Mister someday.

I burned my hand on the iron and tore off a fingernail on a hook in the bathroom. Why did you write that I don't seem to be much of a judge of character? I love everybody and my motto is now *"Moonlight and Roses and Dreams."* With love,

De Lucie (Lucy) Weed

September 15

Dear Miss Pupke:

I am still not homesick. Him and her are a queer pair. Or should I say him and her is a queer pair? They have lovely children though. He is a radio commentator. He gives fifteen minutes of news three times a day with the official Wally Iredale reactions and is a great one to make it funny, if possible, and to quote startling sayings. Yesterday when I tuned him in he was talking about India and all of a sudden I heard him say, "As a wise woman I know often says, quoting from John Bunyan, every tub must stand on its own bottom." I like to dropped dead. Wise, me!

I made a lemon chiffon pie and a green salad with six kinds of leaves in it, he likes that, and beef stew with dumplings, and when he come into the butler's pantry where the liquor is kept, at five o'clock, I thanked him.

Stu was sitting in the breakfast nook making stuff out of a chemistry set, and Cherry was standing on a chair rolling out leftovers of pie dough and cutting them out with a cookie cutter.

"Just don't let's have a mixture of that pie dough and chemicals for supper, is all I ask," said the Mister sipping his highball. "My, this is a nice kitchen, if I did pay for it myself," and he sat down beside the kids.

Stu passed him his report card and the Mister says, "Don't spoil my mood. Hey, hey, this isn't bad at all. *One Excellent.* Will you look what Stupid did, De Lucie?" He put his hand in his pocket and brought out a dollar. "This is for your Excellency. You will get one for every *E* you get. How come you brought up your arithmetic so much?"

"Aw, it was easy, Pa. I did it easy, just sitting here, long as I wasn't alone."

The Mister looked at him and drank a small gulp. Mrs. Iredale came banging in the front door then. "Ho-hoo!" she called. "Wally, you home?"

He went into the front hall and I heard her say angrily, "Highball in your hand, of course. You're getting worse and worse. Pour it into the plant. You make me sick."

"You athletes are always so self-righteous. You think you acquire merit by hitting at a ball."

"You do, in a way. It's our duty to be out in the sunshine enjoying the bounty of nature. I lost the ladies'-day tournament this afternoon, though. It was just from having subordinates I can't depend on. Joe Ella came so late that De Lucie had to tend to Baby, so she didn't bring me my tray in bed. I can't go downstairs for my coffee, Wally. It shoots my nerves to pieces for the whole day."

So you see, Miss Pupke, they need me, and I am beginning to make myself a warm permanent home here, like a dog turning around and around making a bed for himself in an old overcoat.

But there is one thing a little bit wrong. It is Skibby that I had the date with. He has pretty curly hair but he is not very nice. When he walked me home from the movies it was moonlight and I said, "Moonlight and roses and dreams. That's my motto," and he put his arm around me and told me slushy stuff and borrowed my week's pay, twenty-five dollars. He said he owed it to the store because he borrowed some money from

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them and has to pay it back before they notice it. But I am quite sorry I gave it to him because every time he comes past the house now he yells, "Hey, Moosie!" and heaves a small rock at the porch light and busts it and Mrs. Iredale does not like it.

When I get paid next week I will buy some bulbs so I can put them in as fast as he breaks them but I almost wish he would stop. With love,

De Lucie Weed

September 20

Dear Miss Pupke:

I was reading in the garbage an ad of those little silk pads to sew onto the shoulders of dresses and Jinkie says, "Woe to the women that sew pillows to all armholes and make kerchiefs to the head of every stature. Ezekiel."

I says, "What does that mean, Jinkie?" but she didn't know, just liked the sound of it because it is so solemn.

The Mister dusted into the kitchen on the dead run to snatch his coffee and coffeecake—he has given up the tablespoon lately—and he says, "Girls, is it going to rain?" and Jinkie says, "There shall be an overflowing shower; and ye, O great hailstones, shall fall; and a stormy wind shall rend it. Ezekiel," and the Mister says, "Ezekiel, Ezekiel, powerful stuff. Thanks, Jinkie. I can use that," and he rushed out.

I could hear Cherry crying and yelling so I knew Joe Ella was late again, and I went to the little kid's room and she was standing up in her crib bawling and wet to the ears and I made up my mind then to pick up the little thing every morning and train her and keep her with me or she'd never be trained like the babies in the Industrial Home get trained. I petted her and she stopped crying and the Missis' bell began to ring. So I trotted in there with Cherry riding on my back and Mrs. Iredale says, "I've been ringing for minutes, where's my breakfast?"

"I'm sorry," I says. "It looks as if Joe Ella isn't going to show up today. Shall I pop the baby in your bed while I run down and make your tray?"

"Heavens, no, take her with you," she says. "I can't handle a wiggly child like Cherry. If I had to lift her it might strain my back. I had an operation, you know."

So I galloped down the stairs with the baby. She helped me get the Missis' breakfast, by beating a bowl of water with the egg beater to keep her busy, and I had more fun and I'll never leave here. Afterward, while I dusted I gave her a little cloth and she dusted under things and we both had fun.

That day I said to Stupy, "What's your real name?"

"Stuart," he says starting to go down the basement stairs.

"Well, why don't you ever make your little lead soldiers in the kitchen instead of always being alone down in the basement? It's lonesome for me working here without more children around. I'm used to about sixty."

"Wouldn't I bother you?" he says in a faint voice.

"Gosh no."

He shot down the stairs to get his stuff, and we had a lot of fun with the soldiers and he let me pour some. He says, "I wish I could have a party. Mother has a party every week and I go to quite a few, but I never have any."

"We'll ask your mother if you can have a party right here. We'll have a taffy pull for a lot of kids. Wouldn't that be fun to do, next time she plans to spend the whole day at the club?"

So we are going to do that, and the Missis says, "I don't care, for Heaven's sake, but you are crazy to let a lot of stupid kids dirty up your nice clean kitchen. Stupy is just as happy alone in the basement. Why do you want to *spoil him?" but she don't really care.*

The gasman named Eric and the butcher's boy named Al and a Swedish carpenter working next door have all asked me for dates but Skibby says he will kill them in some awful way if I go out with anyone else.

Yesterday I heard Cherry screaming and I looked out. Joe Ella was sitting by the play pen reading and not paying attention and saying, "Sh-sh," and I saw Skibby standing beside the fence with a little mirror in his hand, throwing the sunlight into the baby's eyes. She would keep running away and crying and he would move the mirror so the light would shine in the baby's eyes again.

So I ran out there and came up behind him and gave him a clump on the head that knocked him over into the ash heap. He got up real ugly and said, "I'll fix you, you big moose," and tried to sock me. That was just silly, of course, and I knocked him down again quite gently so it wouldn't hurt him too much. He screamed, "It takes a gun in your hand to beat you, you big moose," and I said, "I ain't afraid of your water pistol, kiddo." I do not care for him much, I saw enough juvenile delinquents at the Industrial Home so they bore me, and now I am sure Skibby is not my ideal. With love,

De Lucie Weed

September 30

Dear Miss Pupke:

I was reading in the garbage that it is only training makes people right-hand or left-handed. I am writing this with my left hand is why the letters are so big.

Yesterday when I took Mrs. Iredale's tray up she says, "You are always fussing with the children when you ought to be keeping the place clean. Look at my ruffled curtains. Filthy."

"I'll take them down and wash them myself," I says, because what she says was certainly true. "Jinkie don't come Saturdays." So I started to take them down and didn't notice a needle was stuck in the edge and ran it into my hand.

"Oh, glory," I says, and sank right down on her shaze long and like to fainted dead away. The needle had disappeared right into my hand. You couldn't see a thing.

"What's the matter?" Mrs. Iredale asks.

"Nothing. Nothing," I says. I didn't want to let on to her that I was so stupid I got hurt again. It's gotten to be a joke. I pretended I was all right, but I was scared. Sometimes a pang would dart through my hand that like to lifted me off the floor. I figured I could manage not to use that hand until I got a chance to sneak off to a doctor's and have him lift the needle out.

I don't know what I'da done without the kids. Stuart and Cherry did everything I told them to. Mrs. Iredale went sailing off to the club in her car, and pretty soon the Mister got up and he went to the club in his car. I spread up the beds somehow with Stuart's help, and then Cherry climbed into her stroller and Stuart got out his bicycle and I figure if Joe Ella didn't come soon I'd take the children with me to see a doctor. We were on the front porch, and suddenly I remembered I hadn't locked the back door. The house looked awfully open and empty with the garage doors open showing both cars gone. I heard a bang I didn't understand and I pushed Cherry's stroller through the house into

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the kitchen, and here in the middle of the room was Skibby with a rock in his hand. He shied it at the kitchen light and busted it, and glass spattered all over the room. And he'd thrown everything out of the refrigerator, my fresh cake I'd made yesterday, and the eggs and milk. I could have cried.

"You horrid little boy!" I yelled. "You get busy with a broom this minute and clean up!"

He picked up a pistol from the table and pointed it at me.

"I don't mind your water pistol!" I said, and he said, "Should I shoot it at the baby? And we'll find out if it's a water pistol."

"No!" I said. "You'll hang, Skibby. You're old enough to hang."

"No I won't. I won't shoot her if you promise to pretend you were the one that made this mess. You have to promise, and the little boy has to promise too, or I'll do something horrible to the baby."

"But what's the idea?"

"Just to get even with you, you big moose."

Oh, that needle in my strong right hand! I did regret being so careless and so clumsy. If it hadn't been for that, I'd have pasted Skibby into the middle of next week, where he belonged.

"I promise," Stuart said in a scared whisper.

"Okay," said I, and I sat down, and Cherry crawled out of her stroller and into my lap. She never cried out nor said a word. Her eyes kept filling with tears. Stuart stuck close to my side, and I could hear the poor little fellow gasping.

Skibby started throwing cups on the floor, laughing like anything. A little way off, came the sound of the garbage-truck bell.

"Can I carry the garbage pail out? Old Frank will think it's funny if we don't. He'll come to the back door to get it."

"Do you think I'm a fool?" Skibby twirled the gun around on his finger like a bad man in the movies.

"All right. I warned you. If the pail isn't out, Frank will come to the house to find out why."

"The little boy can carry it out. Go on, kid. Run both ways, especially when you're coming back, or I'll fix you. Don't you say one word to the garbage man or anyone else. Or I'll shoot the baby."

Stuart passed right in front of me with the bucket, looking in my face with terrified eyes, and I calmly took a nice Haviland cup from Mrs. Iredale's tray that was close to my elbow and dropped it on the top of the pail.

Through the window I watched his little legs running down the path, and then running back.

It worked. Two minutes later, old Frank was knocking at the back door with the cup in his hand. Skibby was helping himself out of the Mister's rye bottle.

"Hell!" he said. "What's the old fool want? I know the kid didn't speak to him, I watched. He can't see in, can he?"

"He can see the top of you through the glass on the door. Why don't you put down that bottle, and pretend you're playing with the kids? Did you ever play basketball? See if you can catch that chain."

He had had enough rye so he was stupid. He's stupid anyway. He jumped at the chain, and the trap door flew open, and the tennis balls showered him, and an old horse blanket fell all over his head and arms. Skibby fumbled with the blanket, swearing, and dropped the gun, and I flew and grabbed it up, and kicked him on the pants, hard, and he sprawled over. Frank bust in and held him, and Cherry ran up laughing and hit him in the back with her baby fists. As the horse blanket was all tangled around him, maybe we weren't too brave. In the excitement I'd used my right hand, but now it wouldn't work any more. My fingers got numb, and the gun fell on the floor. Stuart grabbed it. He took aim and fired. He's only seven.

Skibby screeched horribly. "You've killed me!" he yelled.

It really wasn't a water pistol, because a bullet had gone into his knee, and there was a good deal of blood on the floor, with all the glass and food spilled there.

"Get a doctor!" Skibby was screeching. "I'll bleed to death."

"That's a good idea, you little stinker," said old Frank.

"I shot you once, and I can do it again," boasted Stuart.

"No, that'll do," says old Frank. He was at the kitchen phone. "Don't shoot no more, Stuart, I trust you. Tie a string around the boy's leg, De Lucie."

I can't write any more because my left hand gets tired. With love,

De Lucie Weed

October one

Dear Miss Pupke:

Where was I when I had to leave off?

The cops came while I was trying to get a cord around Skibby's knee. The kitchen filled up with people, neighbors, and policemen, and a doctor, and Mr. and Mrs. Iredale, each with a putter in their hands. Frank the garbage man had called them too. A very big black-eyed policeman came over to me and said "May I do that for you? I'm Rocky. My pop is always telling me what a grand girl you are. Shake!"

He shook my poor right hand. I passed out. Mrs. Iredale told me later Cherry said her first sentence. She said, "Moosie has a needle in her hand." I wish I'da heard her.

Mrs. Iredale took me to the emergency room at the hospital, and I was put on a cot next to Skibby. He stuck his tongue out at me just before they gave him ether to set his kneebone. If he goes to a reformatory I feel quite sorry for the reformatarians.

They took an X ray of my hand, and saw the needle, and gave me a local, and tried to cut it out, and the needle slipped away. They kept taking pictures and probing, and the needle kept slipping away. Palms are tricky, old Dr. Walker said. They don't want to cut nerves or tendons. And when he finally got the needle out, he was so happy he wiped his forehead and his glasses, and I thought he was going to kiss me, but he didn't. Mrs. Iredale was happy too. She said to me, "You and Stu and old Frank managed that young scoundrel very well, but you should have had better sense than to become friends with him in the first place. Don't necessarily accept people's own estimates of themselves, De Lucie. Use your own intelligence."

They put me to bed and to sleep, in the hospital. When I woke up, my hand ached like mad. The sun had came up, so I knew the Missis would be playing golf, and I worried about Cherry and Stu with maybe not even Joe Ella to look after them. It must have been three o'clock when my door opened, and a nurse brought in Mr. Iredale carrying Cherry, and leading Stu. My own family. My own children. This will have to be finished tomorrow. With love,

De Lucie Weed

October fourth

Dear Miss Pupke:

I once read in the garbage that everything happens to everybody if they live long enough.

The Mister brought some candy and we were all eating a piece with Cherry and Stuart sitting on my bed, when in comes Jinkie.

"Well! This is a reproach, and a taunt, and an instruction, and an astonishment," said Jinkie.

"Ezekiel?" asked the Mister. "What a phrasemaker. I must read Ezekiel."

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"It's nice of you to visit me, Jinkie."

"I ain't a visitor," said Jinkie. "I'm a patient."

"Did you run a needle into your hand too?" asked Stuart.

"No, no. The Lord is going to increase my family by another little boy or girl."

"You never told us!"

"It happens all the time," said Jinkie. "I have seven. I went round to your house, Mr. Iredale, to tell Mrs. Iredale I wouldn't be working for a week, but nobody was home."

"Sit down in my chair, Jinkie," says the Mister politely.

"No thank you, I've gotta go," says Jinkie with her sad mysterious smile. "As far as I can figure out, Mr. Iredale, Joe Ella means to take a little trip with her husband next week. Seems like the Missis will be all out of help for a while. Goodby now."

I like to had a fit. "I'm going home," I said. "You folks need me. Go on out, Mr. Iredale, so I can get dressed. You pay my bill and I'll pay you later."

"Oh, I'll take care of that."

He came back a little later with Dr. Walker.

"You have to have sulfa every two hours for twenty-four hours, De Lucie, night and day. You'd better stay here."

"You can give me the sulfa pills, and Stuart will make the meals according to my directions. Won't you, Stu? He is an awfully smart boy. Cherry can roam around my room. Too bad it is Saturday, but Monday we can get the Missis some temporary help and we'll make do until then. Okay?"

So I came home in the car, my right hand and arm bandaged to the shoulder, and very painful too. The kids were angels. Stuart and his father went into the Chinese place and got eggs foo young for supper, and we all et in the kitchen, and Cherry was sprinting around the room, glad for me to be home again.

The Missis came home, glad because she had played good golf, and wanted the Mister to take her to the brawl at the club in the evening, so I told them to go. Luckily the kids slept, because I had a fever. They came in at one o'clock and gave me the sulfa, and I went into a dopey sleep, and the Mister must have kept setting his alarm clock because he came in at three and five and gave me my pill. He's a fine man.

At seven o'clock I was lying awake thinking how my hand hurt clear up to my jawbone. I knew Cherry would soon be making little sounds, trying to wake herself up, and I thought how well-trained I'd got her and how I hated to have her start in wetting her bed again. So I dragged myself up the stairs to the Missis' room, and let the Venetian blinds up with a slam and shook her gently, and twitched the cover.

"Wake up, Mrs. Iredale! This is your day to take holt."

She sat bolt upright, wide awake in a second. Honest, she's pretty in bed.

"Are you worse?"

"No. Better."

"Please go away and let me alone."

If you don't think Mrs. Iredale can look mean, you never woke her up. I was scared of her. But I thought what Jinkie sometimes says when she is hanging over the washtubs muttering to herself. "So will I go in unto the king," she says in a dretful low voice, "and if I perish—I perish."

I shouts very loud, "You have to get up now and run Cherry to the bathroom before she wakes up good. I can't lift her out of bed with one hand. It would be a shame for her to forget her good habits."

"You must be nuts," she says lying down and closing her eyes. "Go away."

I twitched the covers.

"Get up!" I roars. "After you take care of Cherry you have to make coffee quick for the Mister so he doesn't go back to that tablespoon breakfast. He has a program at ten and he'll have to hurry."

Mrs. Iredale looked at me. I didn't like her expression.

"You're the maid. Since when do you give orders? You're fired."

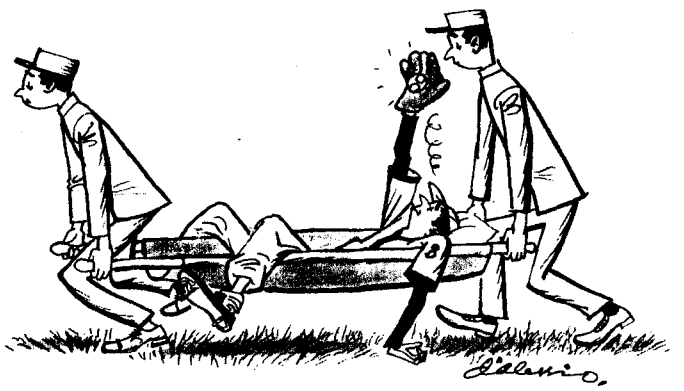
I yanked the covers off.

"Fired, okay. But still you are going to get up and tend to Cherry and the Mister and Stuart."

I grabbed her neck with my good hand and set her on her feet, hard.

"Every tub must stand on its own bottom. That means you too."

I thought she was going to take a



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—A. G. Hill, Jr., Victoria, B.C., Canada

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poke at me. I'm seven inches taller than she is, but my hurt hand was throbbing so I like to died. Cherry let out a bawl, and the Mister came dashing out of his room across the hall and got the baby and sprinted with her to the bathroom. I didn't have to argue with him how nice good habits are in babies.

"Wally!" shouted the Missis.

He came in in his pajamas. No treat to me, I'd been seeing them every two hours all night long.

"De Lucie has gone out of her head, Wally."

The Mister put his big paw on my forehead.

"Burning up. It's time for your pill, De Lucie. Go back to your bed. Do you think the girl is delirious, Gertrude?"

"Perhaps she is," she replied thoughtfully.

Delirious, nuts.

"Can you slip some clothes on Cherry, darling?" she asks, sweet as pie. "It would be too bad to waste all the training De Lucie has given her. I want to make your breakfast. You have a ten-o'clock program."

"Imagine your remembering that!" he says, pleased. "Awfully nice of you to get up, Gertrude."

I staggered to my bed sweating as if I were carrying a trunk. It was just the blood running into my hurt hand. I lay in bed wondering if I would get anything to eat. I thought about that hundred dollars I intend to save up. It's to take a charm course so I can learn to walk and talk and act more like Mrs. Iredale. The Mister yelled goodby, and I heard the door slam, and the yackety noise of his car starting, and then Mrs. Iredale came in with a tray, coffee and toast and orange juice and two fried eggs, all very nice. She's smart enough when she decides to be. Plenty smart enough to be a first-class maid. I said thanks, and sat up and began to eat. Cherry crawled up on the bed beside me and swiped my toast.

"Let's have one thing straight, De Lucie. I'll overlook this morning because you are sick, and I was responsible for that needle being in the curtain. But if you are going to remain here you will have to concede that I am the mistress."

"You are," I said. "You're the boss. I hope I will be a patient for only one day more. By tomorrow I'll be through with the drug and able to do the work rather slowly with my one good hand."

"Then apologize for your colossal impertinence this morning. The idea! Hauling me out of bed!"

"I do apologize. I'm awfully sorry. I felt bad and ashamed right at the time. Tomorrow will you get up without my having to get tough? I don't intend to have the baby and Stuart and the Mister neglected."

She began to laugh. "You are so bull-headed and thickheaded, De Lucie, that it's funny. You treat me like a spoiled child, like a favorite naughty child."

Well, maybe I do feel that way, but I wasn't going to admit it.

"Just don't fire me. This is my home, and I hope to live here ten years, so I can learn to imitate you."

"If Jinkie wasn't having another baby," Mrs. Iredale threatened, "I'd fire you in one minute."

"Don't do me any favors," I said. "If you fire me, you lose as much as I do. I lose my home, and you lose a darn' good cook. I've had three offers of marriage in the last six weeks, Mrs. Iredale. I know plenty of places where I'd be welcome."

"The gas man?" she asks, grinning. "Cute, too."

She sat down in my little rocker, and I was pleased to see Cherry climb into her lap and rock with her.

"Yes, the gas man. He et some of my luncheon rolls and asked me to be his. And Al, the butcher's delivery boy. My coffeecake bowled him over. And the Swede carpenter that you called in to rehang the doors. He has never asked me to go anywhere but he is very insistent to marry me. He would like to enjoy my good cooking and then he thinks I could go out and do daywork and bring in about thirty dollars a week. He's practical. But old Frank, the garbage man, he has got a son Rocky that he hopes I will like. I might too. I just had one glimpse of him."

"I didn't know we had such a belle in the house. That's more chances of holy matrimony than I had, and I was supposed to be an heiress, in a small way."

"But you weren't noted as a good cook, like me, Mrs. Iredale. I don't mean that I'll keep on getting three offers every six weeks. I'll run out of likely candidates pretty soon."

Mrs. Iredale got up and dumped Cherry on the bed, frowning and humming to herself.

"All right. You have made your point, and you have a permanent place in this family, De Lucie. It's a relief to have my husband spurn the bottle in the morning. You've helped clear the nonsense up—and you've helped Stu. Baby loves you. And as a matter of fact, I guess I love you too."

I can't believe I heard her right, because she was walking out of the room. But I think that's what she said. How nice. With love.

De Lucie Weed

THE END

BREAD WITHIN THE WATERS

Continued from page 13

food and breathing air for the rest of life on earth. Scientists call this natural process photosynthesis. For 200 years they wondered how a simple blade of grass performed this daily miracle—taking carbon dioxide from the air; water and minerals from the earth; light from the sun, and turning them into food.

Now, in Year X, man can do what a blade of grass can do. On his farm he turns carbon, water, minerals and sunshine into nourishing food for millions.

How near are we to this farm?

As you read this, hardheaded industrial engineers are consulting with scientists. The problem: One group of scientists has produced test-tube quantities of fats and proteins from single-celled plants. Other scientists, using new atomic-energy tools, have partly glimpsed, for the first time, the way the food-producing factory inside the living plant works. They have even charted some of the steps in this hitherto mysterious process.

Now it's up to the engineers to take the newly created laboratory food and the newly learned lessons on natural food production out of the laboratory and put them into mass production.

Preview of Farm in Operation

On the basis of what scientists already know, here is how the engineers say the farm of the future might work:

The pumping stations on a lake shore or seashore suck in tons of water and pull it through batteries of heat exchangers where it is sterilized. Automatic equipment inoculates the sterilized fluid with microscopic plant life—algae—and adds nourishment for the plants—carbon dioxide, nitrogen, magnesium. In the thick glass coils, which guard the fluid against pollution from the air but let in the sun, the plants multiply and, like so many billions of microscopic factories, go to work to produce edible foods—butter, tissue-building proteins, starches, fodder for cattle.

Miles down the pipe lines, the "crop" is harvested by pumping. Automatically operated devices, requiring only switchboard control, swirl the harvest through batteries of centrifuges. The centrifuges separate the crop from the water in which it grew. On moves the crop to solvent extraction tanks for processing into food for man and beast.

Conceivably, if plants hardy enough to withstand polution from the air are developed, the whole food-making process may simply take place in great tanks of water. Why not? Or in man-made ponds poured out on unused desert land near the sea.

Man could then sow the seas and harvest his daily bread with power pumps.

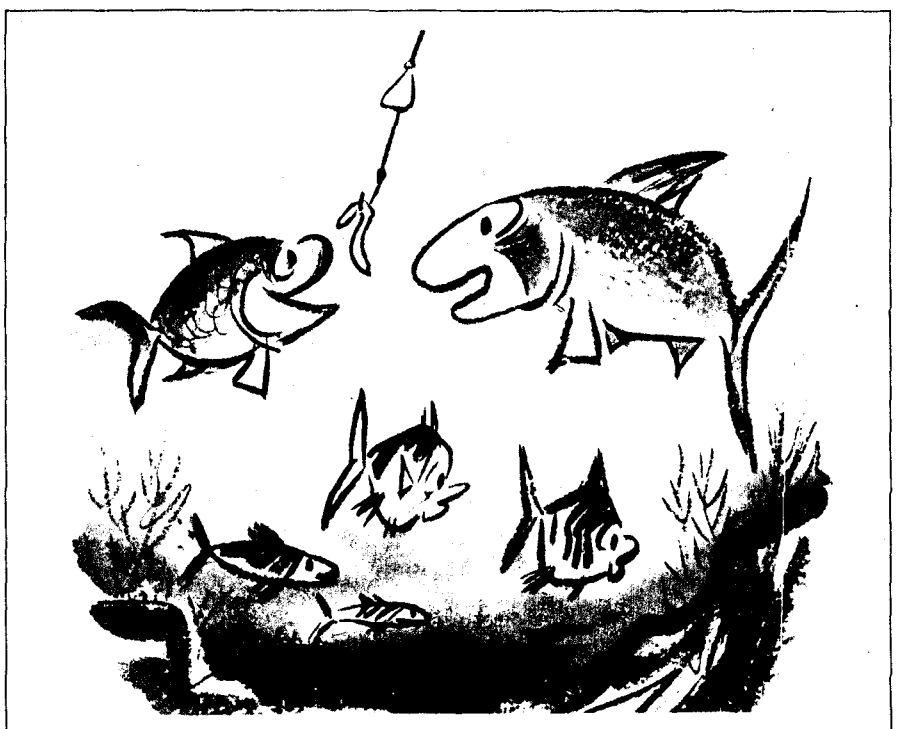
Here, specifically, are the historic discoveries in American laboratories about which engineers weave their dreams of the farm of the future.

The Carnegie Institution's Division of Plant Biology at Palo Alto, California, has developed algae—single-celled water plants—that are 85 per cent fat. To realize the richness of this find, you must understand that the cottonseed and soybean, from which most vegetable oils come, are only 20 per cent fat. The scientists were tempted to see whether they could build a pilot plant to translate the test tube of yellow algae fat into a tank carful. They knew this would be exciting in a world starved for fats. Reluctantly, they decided to stick to their knitting, which is pure research.

But Dr. Herman A. Spoehr, developer of the fat algae, said, "If I were a far-sighted industrialist, say a food or soap manufacturer, I'd certainly build a pilot plant."

At the University of California at Berkeley, in the laboratory where America's first cyclotron was built, other scientists have set the scientific world by the ears by outlining the chemical cycle with which the food-making factory in the growing plant does the job. Using radioactive materials that open up worlds hitherto hidden even to the most sensitive microscopes, they have spotted and isolated some of the compounds which the plant makes in its process of creating sugars and proteins.

The University of California chemists have thus made the first long strides toward making abundant food to order. By understanding what Mother Nature is up to, the chemist can either repeat the process or tamper with it until he has made what he wants.



COLLIER'S

"You'd better lay off, sonny. You are getting big enough to keep"

ED NOFZIGER

Prying into Nature's Chemistry

The university scientists know that it can be done, for the Carnegie Institution researchers at Palo Alto have created fat in a living plant *without understanding* fully how they did it. They simply tinkered with the nourishment of single-celled plants, the atmosphere they breathed, the sunlight in which they grew. Full understanding of how the plant did it will make the industrial engineer's job of mass-producing food easier. And that race for full understanding is now on.

Spurred by the radioactive tracing at the University of California, scientists in a dozen laboratories, most of them supported by Atomic Energy Commission funds, are hurrying to be the first to unravel fully one of the last great mysteries with which Nature has thumbed her nose at man—the "how" of photosynthesis.

At the University of Chicago, at Washington University at St. Louis, at the Charles F. Kettering Foundation at Yellow Springs, Ohio, at the California Institute of Technology, scientists are in full cry.

At stake is not only the synthetic production of food but other dreams of mankind—perhaps the understanding of the secret of life itself.

In the background is the bigger, grimmer struggle. It is the race between a multiplying world population on the one hand and the shrinking of arable land on the other. Each year in the United States alone half a million acres of irreplaceable topsoil are washed or blown away. Every five years Mother Earth must feed 100,000,000 *more* mouths than she did before. By 1975 there will be half a billion more people than there are today. Nothing seems to dam the tide,

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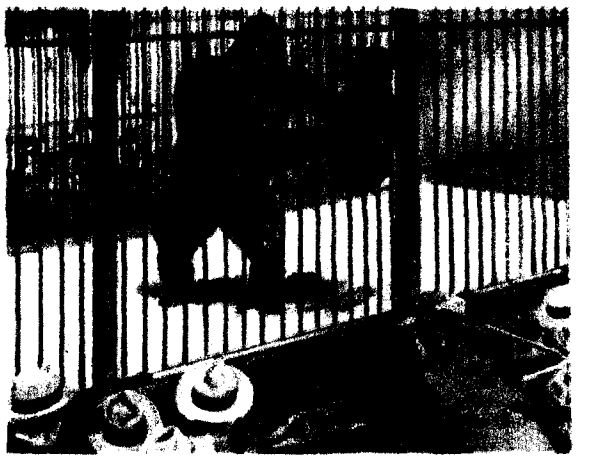
Animal stars that stole the show

1868 **Jumbo, 6½ tons** of showmanship, was the matinee idol of thousands of kids at the London Zoo when the name Corby's was enjoying its 10th year of renown in Canada. Young Britons wept when Jumbo was spirited away to the U. S. by P. T. Barnum, to live and die as a trouper.

1936 **This comical little lady,** first giant panda to reach our shores, clowned her way into overnight fame, as the name Corby's entered its 78th year of popularity in Canada. Cuddly panda dolls, inspired by her, replaced the Teddy Bear in many American nurseries.



1938 **This gorilla,** once a docile house pet, grew up to be one of showdom's most famous villains. Joining the big top in the 80th year of fame for the name Corby's in Canada, he even refused to act sweet to his poor unkissed bride. Despite gentle care, his disposition hasn't improved.

1948 **FRANK BUCK,** daring talent scout of the jungles, makes a career of tracking animal stars and bringing 'em back alive. Some jungle cat like this may be tomorrow's headliner! Mr. Buck and his fellow explorers discover new stars every year—*just as thousands of other Americans discover daily the fine quality of Corby's, the light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name.* Even the price steals the show.

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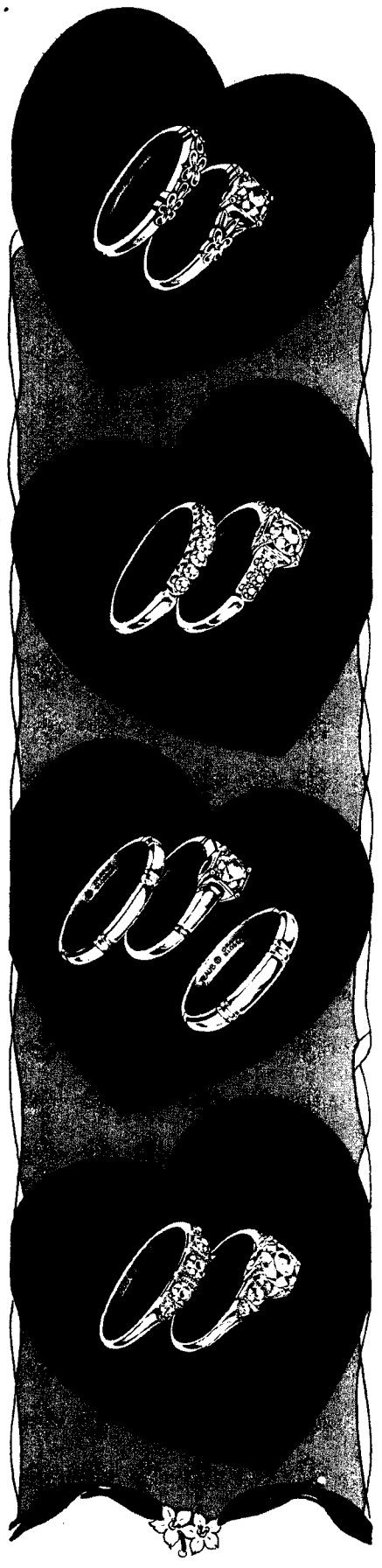
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not even history's most destructive wars. The earth has 200,000,000 more persons today than before World War II.

The world is looking into the terrifying face of the specter of permanent, mass hunger.

Can the scientists get there in time with new sources of food?

Over luncheon coffee in the Faculty Club at the University of California one day in January, 1939, a table at which sat a group of brilliant men buzzed with animated conversation. Via the scientific and academic grapevine had come the news that the Germans had split the atom in the laboratory and released vast energy. The excited group discussed what this might lead to.

Men who were on the threshold of world fame were there—big, handsome Ernest O. Lawrence, who was to win the Nobel prize in physics that year for constructing the cyclotron; frail, boyish J. Robert Oppenheimer, shy and quiet amid the hubbub, who was to direct the fashioning of the mechanism that set off the atomic bomb; the youthful instructors J. W. Kennedy and Glenn T. Seaborg, destined to be the joint discoverers of plutonium a year later.

A chunky twenty-eight-year-old chemistry instructor by the name of Melvin Calvin got in his cent's worth.

"I'll bet my penny atomic fission will be put to work in five years," he said.

Recently, a similar group of University of California scientists again placed penny bets at their Faculty Club luncheon table. This time the talk hummed about the swift strides researchers are making in their hot pursuit of the photosynthesis secret. What would be the first use for the new discoveries? Dr. Melvin Calvin, now a full chemistry professor and in charge of the university's photosynthesis researches, put up another penny.

"I'll bet my cent that the first use will be to make butter," he said.

An Eighteenth Century Experiment

The scientific search to solve photosynthesis, now so near the pay-off, began in 1772. Then Joseph Priestly started the hunt with a simple experiment. He stuck a lighted candle under an inverted glass, and watched it flicker out as the oxygen was consumed. Next, he put a sprig of mint into the exhausted air and then ten days later put another lighted candle under the glass. It burned perfectly! The sprig of mint had created new oxygen.

But *how* this happened remained a mystery for a century and a half, until scientists split the atom and gave themselves new tools. For, until the atomic era, all that scientists could do was to measure the external properties of plants—the oxygen they produced, the carbon dioxide they consumed. The atomic research tools were put to work five years before the bomb. It happened this way:

When Dr. Ernest O. Lawrence put the finishing touches to his Nobel prize-winning, atom-smashing cyclotron in 1938, chemists and physicists at the University of California swarmed to the fascinating, great new scientific toy.

One fascinated bee was a cherub-faced, long-legged, thirty-year-old chemist by the name of Sam Ruben. Joining in the atom-smashing, Ruben and a colleague soon discovered (in 1940) the now famed Carbon 14 and the lesser-known Carbon 11. In the jargon of the scientists, these are isotopes, man-made modifications of elements found in Nature—in this case, modifications of natural carbon. Isotopes are elements composed of atoms whose nuclei have been knocked awry by atomic bombardment. They have one great, overriding quality. They are radioactive, i.e., they eject charged particles at high speeds.

Ruben had a flash of genius. He noted that the radioactive carbon isotopes, although invisible to the most sensitive microscopes, were as apparent to him as, say, his fist. Not through his eyes, but through instruments that could count their radioactive pulsing and thus detect them anywhere at any time. The radioactive carbon atom was like an atom with a flag on it. It could be spotted. Why not use these bellwethers as tracers? Dump Carbon 11 or Carbon 14 into a chemical compound and follow it through every step of its chemical transformation in that compound. Here was a new tool that could broaden scientists' horizons even more than the discovery of the microscope did.

Eagerly, Ruben set his sights for the most distant horizon of them all—the inner world of the plant life processes. His plan of attack was beautifully simple. The plant takes in carbon dioxide and water and with the help of light does a chemical job of producing sugars, proteins and other high-energy materials. Very well. Why not feed the plant radioactive carbon dioxide (by making it breathe in an atmosphere of radioactive carbon dioxide)? Then after a few minutes, or hours, kill the plant with a shot of acid and see what the tiny chemical factory inside the plant had accomplished up to that point.

Hitherto impossible for lack of suitable instruments you could now, thanks to radioactive atoms, tell what happened to the carbon dioxide. Repeat the experiment often enough, and you could eventually spot each chemical step and identify each intermediate chemical compound the plant formed.

It was a noble experiment, conceived in the grand style of a Newton. But Ruben never finished it. The war intervened, and he sacrificed his life through overwork in pursuit of new lethal gases.

But the war brought the atomic-energy pile and the Atomic Energy Commission. From the pile at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, came radioactive isotopes in quantities prewar scientists had not dared dream of. From the Atomic Energy Commission came generous funds for peacetime research, money for Geiger counters, for isotopes, for well-stocked and well-staffed laboratories. The scientist had never had it so good.

At the University of California the doctors Melvin Calvin and Andrew Benson picked up where Sam Ruben had left off.

Calvin is a round-faced, balding young man of thirty-seven, whose tumbling flow of words has trouble keeping pace with his racing mind. A Detroit boy, trained at an engineering college, Calvin came to the University of California by way of England, where as a Rockefeller Foundation fellow, he delved into the porphyrin molecule (the stuff of which the green of the plant and the red of the blood are made). He became a sort of jack-of-all-sciences—physicist, biologist, chemist—and so prepared himself for the challenge of his life—photosynthesis.

Benson is a lanky, freckle-faced Ph.D. of thirty-two, whose slangy informality belies a brilliant research background and intense work habits. He is the man who works out in the laboratory the ideas that Calvin sparks.

Studying How Algae Make Food

First thing they did (in January, 1946) was to breed 15 ten-gallon flasks' worth of green algae. An alga measures about one five-thousandth (.0002) of an inch. This is about the size of a blood cell. The 150-gallon batch yielded one pound of solid green matter.

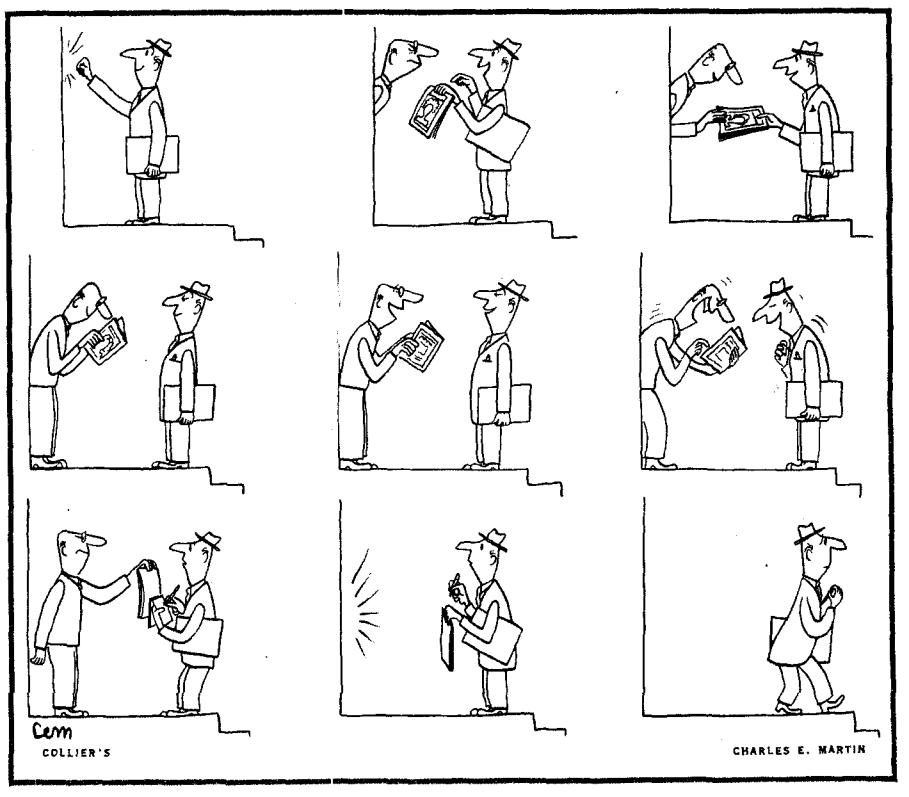
Scientists use algae for prying open Nature's food-making secrets because they are the simplest form of plant life. They do all of the complicated food-making job within a single cell and can be watched more easily than can complex plants like wheat, say, or corn which have specialized cells assigned to special tasks.

Calvin and Benson backtracked over Ruben's prewar work. Ruben and his colleagues had shrewdly guessed that the plant can take carbon dioxide from the air in the dark. Then, when light comes along, the plant starts turning the carbon dioxide into sugar and other chemicals. If this were true, it could be a great help to researchers. By shutting the algae away from light you could slow down their food production. They would make a small array of compounds, and you could have a better chance of identifying them.

Calvin and Benson shined ordinary electric light on a batch of algae, tucked them in a black flask, fed them a shot of "hot" (radioactive) carbon dioxide and found that in the dark they were doing everything a plant can do in the light, i.e., make sugar, protein and the rest.

For 18 months Calvin, Benson and their six-man team of research assistants fed radioactive carbon to the unsuspecting algae. (The algae apparently don't know they're breathing radioactive carbon dioxide and go about their food-making business anyway.)

Algae can produce some sugar in the space of half a minute. So, quickly, before the microscopic guinea pigs had gone far in their work, Calvin and



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Benson would kill them with a shot of acetic acid. With the help of a Geiger counter that clicked off the pulsing radiation of the radioactive carbon atoms inside the plant, the researchers would start a series of brain-busting separations and analyses, using radical chemical methods. What were the algae up to at this point? At that? And at that?

The men worked day and night.

Early this year the nightwork began to pay off. Calvin and Benson crashed through with the compounds they had been seeking. They rocked the scientific world with disclosures of hitherto unknown steps taken by the plant in its food manufacturing. They spotted and named a dozen intermediate compounds —succinic acid, fumaric and malic acid, among others.

Calvin sat down, and on the basis of incomplete evidence, estimated the chemical cycle, the whole sequence of steps in the plant's food making. Much of it, unsupported by laboratory proof, was an imaginative, educated guess. Scientists all over the country set about to knock it down. But steadily, Calvin's own research team has isolated compound after compound. Each has fitted into the cycle as he said it would!

Calvin has painted this picture of the food-producing cycle.

Visualize a ring of pipe shaped like a doughnut, with smaller, tributary tubes leading from it. Into the main pipe from

From Installment XVII of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: Hopkins assured Stalin that all America wanted was a strong, democratic Poland friendly to the U.S.S.R. Stalin assured Hopkins that all Russia wanted was a strong, democratic Poland friendly to the U.S.S.R. But, as Roosevelt had once remarked to Churchill, there was apparently no way of translating "friendly" from one language to the other so that it would end up meaning the same thing.

one side go carbon dioxide and other plant nutrients. Through the tubes on the other side come the completed fat, protein and sugar.

Here is how the chemist can control food production by plants. If he wants fat he can stop up the protein and sugar tubes by chemical means, so that the plant is forced to turn everything into fat. If the scientist wants protein, he can stop up the sugar and fat tubes and so train the plant to produce nothing but protein.

Forty miles south of Calvin's laboratory, where scientists of the Carnegie Institution produced algae which are almost wholly fat, no radioactive carbon was used in trying to find out what went on inside the plant's food-making factory. Here scientists simply experimented with the conditions under which plants grow. Behind these experiments was a fascinating theory.

"Where did our present-day petroleum come from?" Dr. Spoehr asked. "Scientists suspect now it was laid down by billions upon billions of primitive algae which stored a much higher ratio of fat than their present-day descendants. The reason? Well, the theory is that the primitive atmosphere was different from what it is today. It was low in oxygen, because primitive plant life hadn't yet produced it in the abundance we have it today. If we could reproduce the growing conditions which gave rise to the petroleum-depositing algae—we could make algae eat again today."

Dr. Spoehr did this in the laboratory, coming up with the fattest of all plant eats. By using the same set of growing conditions he can repeat at will.

The scientists know they're involved in a grim race to find new sources of food. Food crops are diminishing while baby crops are increasing. Alarmed population chartists predict that one brief century from now the world must cope with a doubled population.

Well, what are we waiting for? Let's open up new land, clear the jungles of the Amazon, and Borneo and Africa. Let's irrigate the deserts, develop new seeds for more intensive farming, new bug and weed killers to protect what we grow.

Here the botanists raise a sobering hand. Forget about the tropical jungles, they say. Tearing rains have leached out the soil over the centuries, robbed it of nutritious minerals and made it poor stuff for growing crops. Geographers throw more cold water. There is little new and fresh land to open up, they point out. Far from having more land to look forward to, man must face up to the fact that he's confronted with a permanent shortage. One human being needs at least 2½ acres to provide him with food and clothing. But if you divide the world's people by the world's arable land, you find there is only an average of one-and-three-quarters acre per person available. Decidedly, the human race is already behind the agricultural eight ball.

And that's not all.

Far from expanding his crop-producing lands and the fruits thereof, man is actually shrinking them. So greatly has he multiplied and so swiftly is he digging into the earth's capital of natural resources that geographers now regard him as a destructive geologic force.

"It is probable that since the dawn of history, man has destroyed as many productive acres as now exist in the world," says Milton S. Eisenhower, the president of Kansas State College and brother of the general, Ike.

Empty Stomachs Breed Revolutions

This means more than an empty belly for many an individual. For peace rests on a full human stomach. Tell nutrition specialists how many calories are being consumed in different places throughout the world and they will tell you where unrest and revolution will break out next. Drop nourishment below 75 per cent of normal (2,900 calories daily is regarded as normal) say Mellon Institute nutritionists, and within weeks or at most months, you can expect a "marked increase in mortality and grave danger of civil unrest."

Today the list of countries below the danger point is frightening. It includes almost all of Europe, Asia and India.

The atom was first cracked in 1939. The explosion of an atomic bomb at Los Alamos, New Mexico, followed six short years later. To do the job in such quick order, America expended great wealth, harnessed the organizing ability of our great industrial corporations and mobilized the genius of the world's leading scientists. The stakes were that high.

Are the stakes just as high today?

What do you think? Here they are:

Enough food for the millions of today and those to come. And food means peace.

Harnessing the sun's rays to give us power and heat directly when our petroleum is running out and the world is just starting to become mechanized.

Understanding the secret of life, a clue to understanding disease, deterioration, death itself.

The stakes are high, and the race is on.

We who have hand-cranked a car, then watched the nation become honeycombed with highways; who have seen penicillin grow from a laboratory curiosity to a sickbed necessity, can now watch a test tube of yellow fat grown from invisible plant life, and in it see hope for the world.

THE END

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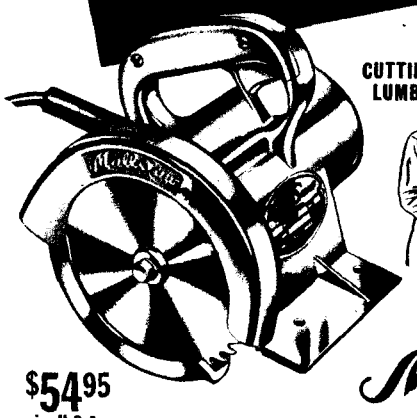

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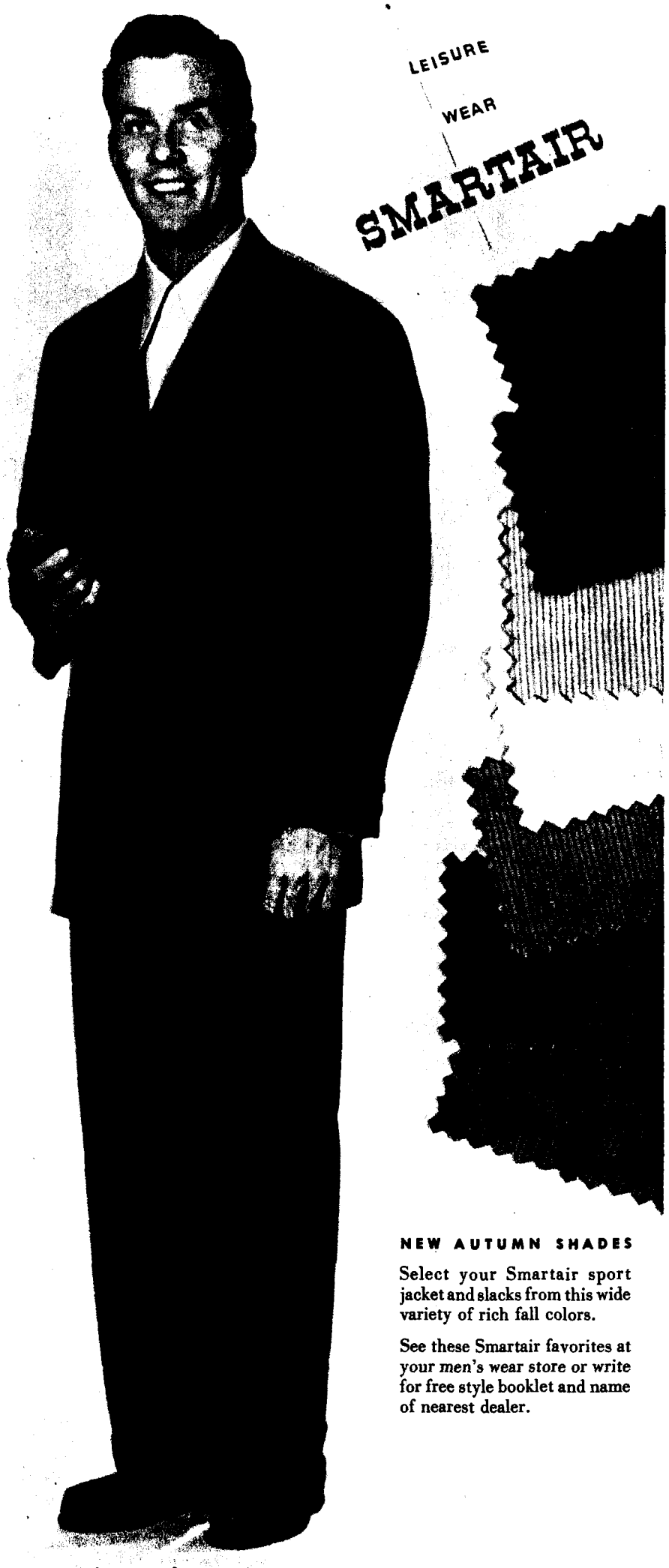

NEW AUTUMN SHADES

Select your Smartair sport jacket and slacks from this wide variety of rich fall colors.

See these Smartair favorites at your men's wear store or write for free style booklet and name of nearest dealer.

Corduroy AT ITS COLORFUL BEST IN
SMARTAIR SPORT JACKETS AND SLACKS

Smartair brings you the outstanding fabric of the season in leisure wear that combines the best traditions of fine tailoring with the deep warmth of color and velvety lustre of Crompton corduroy.

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For lasting softness and long wear, the slacks (about $10.00) are of the same combed yarn corduroy that mellows as it wears. Deep pleats, full cut and superior inner construction assure permanent smooth-fitting comfort.

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RAINFAIR, INC., RACINE, WISCONSIN

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

many fliping cards I get. And yesterday we had steak & homemade cake. And thats all I've got to say. Love, Tom."

L. JOHN BLOCH, Cincinnati, Ohio

PARLAY-VOUS HORSE LANGUAGE?

SIR: I don't think much of Cy Newman's system entitled How to Cash the Daily Double Daily (The Week's Mail, July 31st) in which he played 29, the age of his friend Ruth. I played the system for 3 days and lost heavily $6 all told. Ruthie was born 2 years too soon as 2 and 7 won twice paying $303 and $606. Do you know a better system, one that will work, so I need not?

ED ORPEN, Toronto, Ontario

Yes—ask the horses themselves.

SLEEPER, AWAKE!

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: After reading Mrs. F.N.B.'s advice on how to take a nap (The Week's Mail, July 17th) I tried it on my brother: I first placed my fingers upon his eyelids, and told him to roll his eyes upward and back. I then rubbed his temples a little, and believe it or not . . . I hypnotized my brother almost instantly!

Now could Mrs. F.N.B. of New Orleans please inform me how to wake my brother up again? You see, I'm only an amateur hypnotizer and not waking him up again might cause me plenty trouble.

AIMÉ M. RYPENS, Boom, Belgium

Why not go Boom—Boom?

LOUISIANA HOUSING

DEAR SIR: I have read Scandals in Veterans Housing by Albert Q. Maisel (July 3d and July 10th) with much interest. Mr. Maisel entirely ignored the activities of the United States Attorney's office and the Veterans Administration in the Western District of Louisiana.

As United States Attorney for the Western District of Louisiana, I filed criminal bills of information, charging them with violation of Section 715, Title 38, U.S.C., which procedure eliminated the delay and expense of federal grand jury proceedings and resulted in immediate prosecution.

Among other things that the investigations and prosecutions accomplished were: 1. Restitution of a large portion of overcharges veterans had been forced to pay; 2. Elimination of Veterans Administration fee-basis appraisers who employed unscrupulous tactics; 3. Elimination of unscrupulous lenders from the G.I. lending program; 4. Restitution of major construction deficiencies. 5. Assurance that the U.S. Attorney and the Veterans Administration are determined to see that they are afforded a full measure of square-dealing in the purchase of their homes.

MALCOLM E. LAFARGUE, Shreveport, La.

RACIAL

GENTLEMEN: Forest Newman (The Week's Mail, July 17th) need not have any worries about Mrs. Dawson's squawk over what she terms Southern racial problems. This because southern California, in general, and Los Angeles, in particular, also has its Negro problems, and don't let anyone kid you she hasn't. When police officers who live in certain districts warn their wives to keep their doors and windows locked after sundown, and under no circumstances sit outside on their porches, nor take a walk around the block because of this condition, then you may be assured that Los Angeles has its Negro problem.

HARRY J. KELLY, Tucson, Ariz.

OLYMPIADDICT

DEAR SIRS: Collie Small (The Hot-Potato Olympics, July 3d) raps the Olympic Games Committee across the knuckles for saying that this was the fourteenth Olympiad and suggests that they should count their fingers and toes again and make it the *eleventh* as there were no games in 1916, 1940 or 1944.

Nobody said it was the fourteenth Olympic Games. The official program says it's the fourteenth Olympiad. If he turns up his dictionary he will discover that an Olympiad is "a space of four years; a system of chronology which dates from 776 B.C." Don't tell Collie but I should never have known myself if I hadn't read it in our Daily Express.

BARRY APPLEBY, Surrey, England

Mr. Small and the Olympic Committee had quite a tussle over this point with the final decision being proclaimed a draw. An Olympiad is the four-year period between Olympic Games, it is true, but what happens when there are no Olympic Games? Mr. Small says he will take the matter up again in 1952 with a slide rule, a dictionary, and a new Olympic Committee.

WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE

SIRS: I just got around to your wonderful article Are We Short of Water? (May 15th). The solution is this: Construct in the desert places a few mountains about 5,000 feet high and this will draw snow and the snow will accumulate and get you water. This can be done as cheaply as a dam and it needs no repairs. With large bulldozers and cable dumpers these mountains can be constructed in a short time.

ELBERT EASTMAN, Portland, Ore.

Why not make it simpler—engage a molehill enlarger?

NORRTH CARROLINER, YO'ALL!

DEAR SIRS: The July 31st cover was very attractive, but—when Shane in The Week's Work says its lovely subject, Janet Abel, "answered in good old Nawth Cahlina she-all'd be delighted" my feelings as well as those of any true native of our fair state may be best summed up as follows:

Come all of you from other parts,
Both city folks and rural,
And listen while we tell you this:
The word "you-all" is plural.

A week ago, while on a train,
And seated in the diner,
A man spoke up and said to me:
"Do YOU live in Ca-LIE-na?"

And when I told him he was wrong,
That Carolina was the place
A look of blank amazement
Appeared upon his face.

"That's what I asked you, sir," he said
In tones of cold disdain.
'Twas plain to see he thought there was
An idiot on the train.

BRYANT WILLIAMS, Asheboro, N. C.

MISS 1949

GENTLEMEN: In submitting the enclosed pic, I yield to family pressure. The model is Patty Valentine, who graced your 1948 New Year's cover (Jan. 3d). Patty's

mother is my sister, and Patty is so damned photogenic, that even I could not resist shooting her—in the present instance, on our dining-room table.

HARRY E. CUTHBERTSON, Oakland, Cal.

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THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 29

countries which had signed the United Nations Declaration by the day on which this conference should end would be invited to the San Francisco Conference. He said that at the latter conference the delegates of the United Kingdom and the United States would support the proposal to admit to original membership the two Soviet Socialist Republics.

Later in this meeting, both Stalin and Molotov indicated that the signatures of the Ukraine and Byelorussia to the United Nations Declaration might be obtained immediately, thereby qualifying them for invitation to San Francisco. Again Roosevelt made a bid to change the subject, whereupon Stalin said that he didn't want to embarrass the President; if he would explain his difficulties they would see what could be done.

More Assembly Votes for Soviets

Roosevelt said that previously it had been a question of adding new countries to the list of members. Now, the question was whether to give one of the great powers three votes in the assembly instead of one. This, he felt, should be left for the San Francisco conference to decide. He added that America and Great Britain had agreed to support the Soviet request.

Stalin again asked if it would not solve the difficulty if the Ukraine and White Russia signed the United Nations Declaration now. When Roosevelt said he thought not, Stalin withdrew his proposal.

The final yielding on this point at Yalta was by Stalin, who also agreed immediately when Roosevelt asked for Russian support for a possible request that the United States be given two additional votes.

Stalin was at first obdurate on the subject of French participation in the control of Germany, and throughout most of the conference Roosevelt was inclined to agree with him. But, as Hopkins expressed it, "Winston and Anthony Eden) fight like tigers for France." And Hopkins worked constantly from his sickbed to support them. He was convinced that stability in Europe was inconceivable without a strong and influential France.

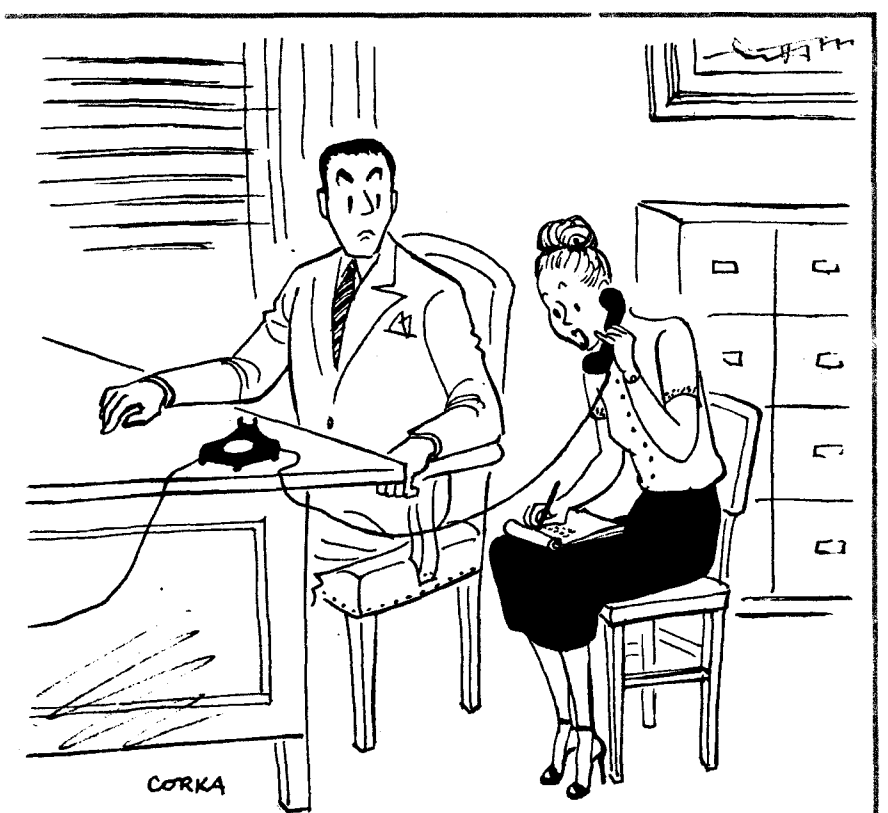
Before the seventh formal meeting on February 10th (this was after Byrnes' departure from Yalta), Hopkins finally persuaded Roosevelt to side with Churchill on this controversial point. When Eden again (for the seventh time) brought up the subject of France, Roosevelt announced that he had changed his mind with regard to the question of the French participation in the Control Commission. He now agreed with the Prime Minister that it would be easier to deal with the French if they were on the commission than if they were not.

Stalin without further argument said that he had no objections and would agree to this.

Reading the record, it would seem that Stalin's concurrence with Roosevelt's reversal of position had come with dramatic suddenness. Actually, Roosevelt had previously informed Stalin privately through Harriman of his long-delayed change of mind and heart on this and Stalin had said that since this was the President's considered decision, he would go along with it.

The question of the Russian claim for reparations in kind from Germany was argued back and forth throughout the Yalta Conference. Both Churchill and Roosevelt said that public opinion in their countries was opposed to the whole concept of reparations in view of the unfortunate results of the Treaty of Versailles—and Stalin was later to confess to Hopkins that he became pretty fed up with hearing about American and British public opinion, believing that the President and Prime Minister kept on referring to it merely as a device to justify their own personal opinions and prejudices. The Russians never did succeed in understanding that public opinion could be a determining factor even with the powerful heads of state.

In the final meeting at Yalta, the whole question of reparations seemed to have reached a deadlock. It was decided



"No, he hasn't, Mama. . . . No, not yet, Mama. . . . Well, I don't know. . . . I'll let you know, Mama. . . ."

COLLIER'S CORKA

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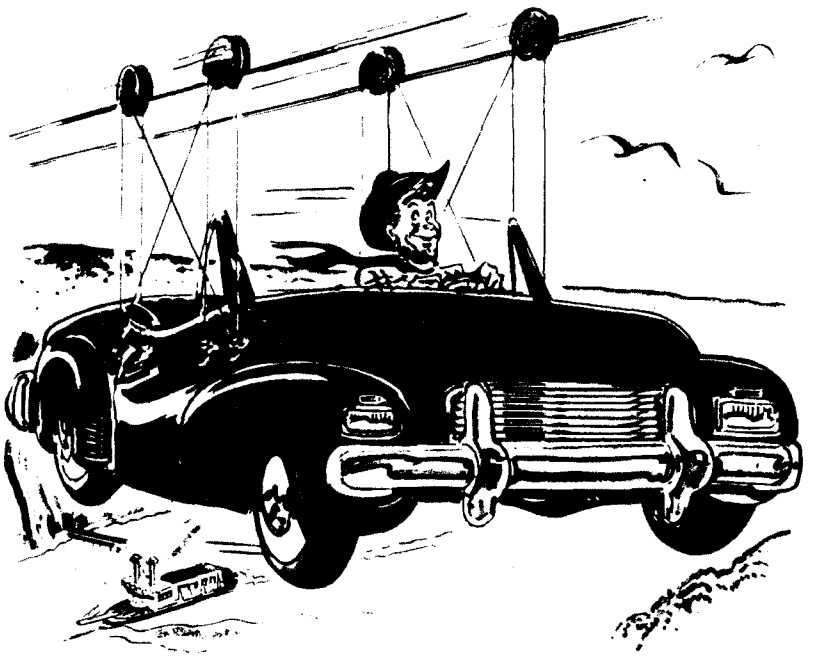

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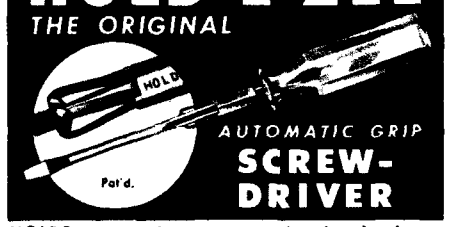
*Pazo Ointment and Suppositories. ®

HOLD-E-ZEE
THE ORIGINAL



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that the matter should be referred to an Inter-Allied Commission to be set up in Moscow, but it seemed impossible to agree on the terms of the basic directive on which this commission would proceed. During the argument, Hopkins wrote the following note and passed it to Roosevelt: "The Russians have given in so much at this conference that I don't think we should let them down. Let the British disagree if they want to—and continue their disagreement at Moscow. Simply say it is all referred to the Reparations Commission with the minutes to show the British disagree about any mention of the 10 billion."

Roosevelt took that advice, believing he had left the door open for all sorts of deliberations in the future.

Russians Claim F.D.R.'s Support

After Roosevelt's death, the Russians were arguing that he had supported their claim. They cited as their authority his statement, as Byrnes has written, that the Reparations Commission should "take in its initial studies as a basis for discussion, the suggestion of the Soviet government, that the total sum of reparations should be 20 billions and that 50 per cent should go to the Soviet Union." That was the basis of the 10-billion-dollar claim, but a reading of the quoted statement plus a knowledge of Roosevelt's oft-proclaimed point of view would certainly suggest that he was carefully making no commitment whatsoever.

The outcome on other principal subjects considered at Yalta can be summarized as follows:

Liberated Areas—The communiqué issued on this was a heartening reaffirmation of the principles of the Atlantic Charter.

Poland—The discussions of Poland's precise boundaries and the composition of its provisional government seemed to have taken up more time than was devoted to any other subject in the conference. Certainly the British and Americans left Yalta with the belief that this difficult problem had reached an honorable and equitable solution. They soon learned that they were wrong. There was similar optimism by the British and Americans that the basis had been established for a truly representative government in Yugoslavia.

The Dardanelles—While Stalin stated his country's desire for a modification of the Montreaux Convention, he did not press for an immediate agreement on this. Churchill said that the British certainly felt that the present position of Russia with her "great interests in the Black Sea should not be dependent on the narrow exit." He said that since this might affect the position of Great Britain in the Mediterranean more than it would that of the United States, he suggested that it should be discussed at a later meeting of the Foreign Secretaries in London. Stalin agreed.

Iran—On this one subject the Western Allies ran into a blank wall of disagreement.

At 3:30 on the afternoon of February 8th, Roosevelt, Harriman and Bohlen met privately with Stalin, Molotov and Pavlov to discuss questions relative to the Far East.

Roosevelt first discussed plans for the additional bombing of Japan. His hope was that it would not be necessary actually to invade the Japanese islands, but by intensive bombing to destroy Japan and its army, and save American lives.

Stalin said he had no objection to the United States having bases at Komsomolsk or at Nikolaevsk. In regard to bases on Kamchatka, the presence of a Japanese consul there made it difficult at present to make the necessary arrangements.

After discussing other military questions involved in the Far East, Marshal Stalin said that he would like to discuss the political conditions under which the U.S.S.R. would enter the war against Japan.

Roosevelt said he had been informed of Russian views on this by Harriman, and he told Stalin that he felt that there would be no difficulty in regard to the southern half of Sakhalin and the Kurile Islands going to Russia at the end of the war. He reminded Stalin that they had discussed at Teheran the matter of a warm-water port in the Far East for the Soviet Union. Roosevelt said that he had suggested then that the Soviet Union be given the use of a warm-water port at the end of the south Manchurian railroad, possibly at Dairen on the Kwantung peninsula. As Roosevelt had not yet had an opportunity to discuss this matter with Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, he said he could not speak for the Chinese.

President Roosevelt went on to say that there were two methods for the Russians to obtain the use of this port: (1) outright leasing from the Chinese; (2) making Dairen a free port under some form of international commission. Roosevelt preferred the latter, because of the relation to the question of Hong Kong. The President added that he hoped the British would give back the sovereignty of Hong Kong to China, so that it could become an internationalized free port. He said he realized that Mr. Churchill would have strong objections to this suggestion.

Stalin then brought up the question of the use by the Russians of the Manchurian railways. He pointed out that the czars had use of the line running from Manchouli to Harbin and from there to Dairen and Port Arthur, as well as the line from Harbin running east to Nikolsk-Ussuriiskii connecting there with the Khabarovsk to Vladivostok line.

A Choice of Two Solutions

The President said that here also, though he had not talked with Marshal Chiang Kai-shek on the subject, there were two methods of bringing this about: (1) to lease under direct Soviet operation; (2) under a commission composed of one Chinese and one Russian.

Stalin remarked that if these conditions were not met, it would be difficult for him and Molotov to explain to the Soviet people why Russia was entering the war against Japan. The war against Germany had clearly threatened the very existence of the Soviet Union, but they would not understand why Russia would enter a war against a country with which they had no great trouble. If these political conditions were met, however, the people would understand the national interest involved and it would be very much easier to explain the decision to the Supreme Soviet.

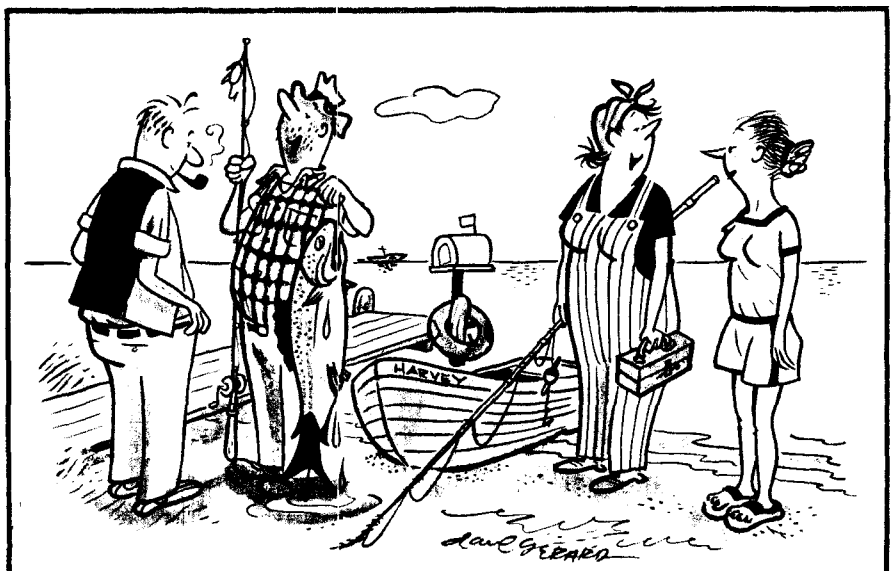
Roosevelt said he felt that one of the difficulties in speaking to the Chinese was that anything said to them was known to the whole world in 24 hours.

Stalin agreed and said he did not think it was necessary to speak to the Chinese of these arrangements at this time. It would be obviously disastrous if word leaked out prematurely of Russian intentions to enter the war against Japan, and that is why it was decided not to notify the Chinese of the arrangements made at Yalta until the Russians could complete the movement of twenty-five divisions to the Siberian-Manchurian frontier. Stalin said that the tentative agreements concerning the Far East should be put in writing, and this was accordingly done.

Prelude to Invasion of Japan

Certainly, Roosevelt had reached the determination to make a large part of these agreements long before Yalta. He considered that the Russian claims to a warm-water port and to Sakhalin and the Kurile Islands to be fair and reasonable. At Yalta, however, his principal concern was based on the American war plans against Japan. The costly operations against Iwo Jima and Okinawa were about to be launched, and the plans were made for the major invasion of the Japanese home islands in the fall of 1945. The entry of Russia into the Far Eastern war by midsummer could mean the saving of countless American lives; it might make the final invasion unnecessary. Of course, at the time of the Yalta Conference, the perfection of the atomic bomb still seemed to be only a remote possibility for the uncertain future; it was not until three months after Roosevelt's death that assurance came that the long years of research and experiment on this decisive weapon had achieved success.

Roosevelt and Stalin discussed the question of trusteeships. The President expressed the belief that Korea should be under a trusteeship, composed of a Russian, a Chinese and an American representative, until the Korean people had developed the capacity for self-government. He said the only experience America had had in this matter was in the Philippines, where it had taken about 50 years to prepare the people for self-government. He felt that in the case of Korea the period might be from 20 to 30 years.



"Made a long cast into a reed bed, let the spinner settle and started a slow reel"

"He'd put his rod down to get his line untangled and his hook hung over the side of th' boat. Suddenly—!"

COLLIER'S

DAVE GERARD

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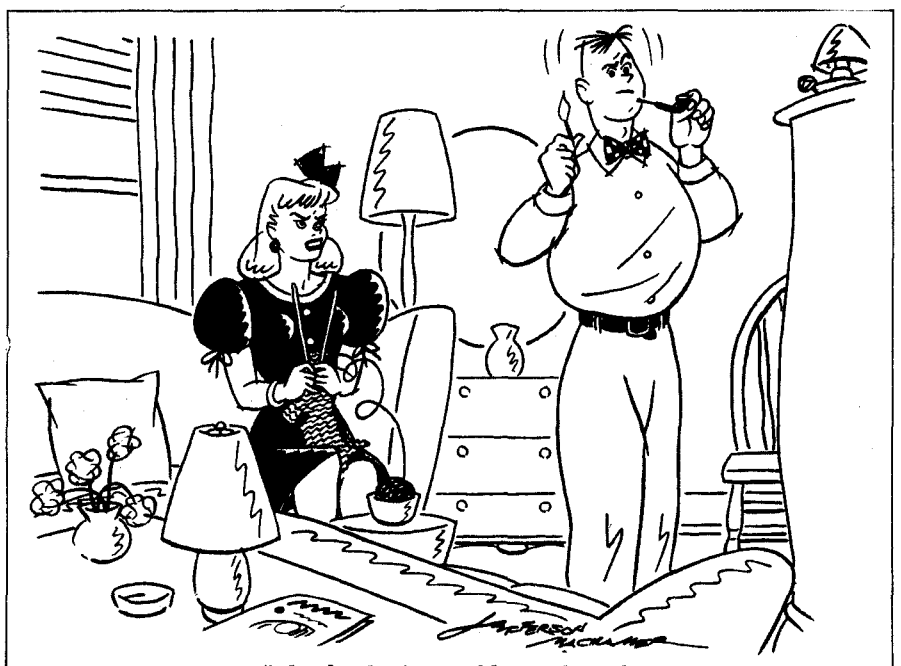


"The bank thoroughly explained to me all about a joint account—and it's nothing like you said!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Stalin said the shorter the period the better. He inquired whether any foreign troops would be stationed in Korea, and when Roosevelt replied in the negative, Stalin expressed approval.

The President admitted that there was one question in regard to Korea which seemed delicate. He, personally, did not feel it was necessary to invite the British to participate in the trusteeship of Korea, and he felt that they might resent this.

Marshal Stalin replied that the British would most certainly be offended. In fact, he said, the Prime Minister might "kill us." It was his opinion that the British should be invited.

The President then said he also had been thinking about a trusteeship for Indo-China. The British, he said, did not approve of this idea. They wished to give it back to the French—they feared the implications of a trusteeship as it might affect Burma. But, he added, France had done nothing to improve the natives since she had had the colony. He said that General de Gaulle had asked for ships to transport French troops to Indo-China.

De Gaulle's Conditional Promise

Stalin asked where De Gaulle was going to get the troops. To which Roosevelt replied that De Gaulle said he was going to find the troops when the President could find the ships. Up to the present, the President added, he had been unable to find the ships.

Roosevelt then spoke of China, saying that for some time we had been trying to keep China alive.

Stalin felt that China would remain alive. He added that they needed some new leaders around Chiang Kai-shek.

The President said General Wedemeyer and the new ambassador, General Hurley, had made more progress in bringing the Communists in the north together with the Chungking government. He said the fault lay more with the Chungking government than with the so-called Communists.

At the sixth formal meeting on February 9th, Stettinius reported on the results of the discussion of the meeting of Foreign Ministers on the matter of providing machinery in the world organization for dealing with territorial trusteeships and dependent areas. The report stated that it was agreed that the five governments which will have permanent seats on the Security Council should consult one another prior to the United Nations Conference providing machinery in the World Charter for dealing with territorial trusteeship and dependent areas.

When this was read, Churchill vigorously interrupted, saying that he did not agree with one single word of this report on trusteeships! He had not been consulted nor even informed of this subject up to now. And under no circumstances would he ever consent to 40 or 50 nations thrusting interfering fingers into the life's existence of the British Empire. As long as he was Minister, he would never yield one scrap of their heritage! He continued in this vein for some minutes.

Mr. Stettinius explained that this reference to the creation of machinery was not intended to refer to the British Empire. It had in mind particularly dependent areas which would be taken out of enemy control, such as the Japanese islands in the Pacific. He said that it was felt that provision had to be made for machinery to handle this question, and he repeated that this was not intended to refer to the British Empire.

Churchill accepted the explanation but suggested that it would be better to specify that it did not refer to the British Empire.

The final agreements relative to the Far East were made between Roosevelt and Harriman and Stalin and Molotov on the afternoon of February 10th. Churchill did not participate in these, nor did Byrnes, who by this time had left Yalta.

Harriman met first with Molotov, and took up three amendments which Roosevelt wished incorporated in the agreement. He wished the wording to indicate clearly Stalin's readiness to accept the President's proposal that Port Arthur and Dairen should be free ports; and Section 2C should include the alternative of the railways being operated by a Chinese-Soviet commission. Harriman also mentioned again the fact that the President would not wish to dispose finally of these two matters in which China was interested, without the generalissimo's concurrence.

After the formal conference meeting in the afternoon between the President, the Prime Minister, Marshal Stalin and their associates, Stalin met with Harriman to explain further changes he had in mind for the agreement. He said that he was entirely willing to have Dairen a free port under international control, but that Port Arthur was different. It was to be a Russian naval base and therefore Russia required a lease.

(NOTE: Russia had leased Port Arthur in 1898 from the Chinese and had lost it in the Russo-Japanese War.)

Harriman suggested that Stalin discuss the matter at once with the President, which he did. Roosevelt agreed to Stalin's revised proposal regarding the ports.

Stalin told Roosevelt that he agreed it would be more appropriate for the Manchurian railroads to be operated by a Chinese-Soviet commission. He further agreed in the need for concurrence of the generalissimo on the matters, and he felt that the generalissimo should also give his concurrence to the *status quo* in Outer Mongolia.

Roosevelt asked whether Stalin wished to take these matters up with T. V. Soong when he came to Moscow, or whether Stalin would prefer that Roosevelt take them up with the generalissimo.

Stalin Insists on Secrecy

Stalin replied that as he was an interested party, he would prefer to have the President do it. Having in mind the question of secrecy, Stalin said he would let the President know when he was prepared to have the subject opened with Chiang Kai-shek.

Roosevelt said that he would send an Army officer from Washington through Moscow to Chungking with instructions to Ambassador Hurley, in order to insure secrecy.

(NOTE: This explains why these tentative agreements relative to the Far East were not made public until after Roosevelt's death.)

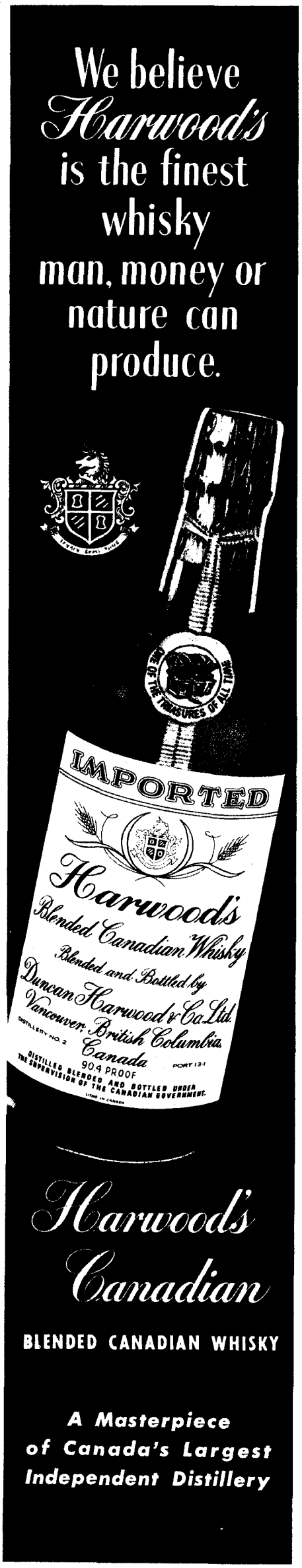
The following day, before Roosevelt's departure from Yalta at 4:00 P.M., the amended agreement on the Far Eastern conditions was signed by Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill.

A large dinner was given by Stalin on the evening of February 8th and a smaller one (with only the principals attending) by Churchill on the last evening, February 10th. At the former dinner, in a toast to the alliance between the three great powers, Marshal Stalin remarked that it was not so difficult to keep unity in time of war since there was a joint aim to defeat the common enemy. He said the difficult task came after the war, when diverse interests tended to divide the Allies. He said he was confident that the present alliance would meet this test also and that it was our duty to see that it would, and that our relations in peacetime should be as strong as they had been in war.

At the Churchill dinner, Stalin expressed dissatisfaction that no positive decision had been reached on the question of German reparations and it was agreed that the communiqué should contain these words: "We have considered the question of the damage caused by Germany to the Allied nations in this war and recognize it as just that Germany be obliged to make compensation for this damage in kind to the greatest extent possible. A commission for the compensation of damage will be established." That, of course, left the exact computation of the damage and of Germany's capacity to pay as subjects for future consideration.

The mood of the American delegates, including Roosevelt and Hopkins, could be described as one of supreme exultation as they left Yalta. They felt that this had been the most successful conference of all, and the immediate response of the principal spokesmen for British and American public opinion added immeasurably to their sense of satisfaction with the job that had been done. As soon as Roosevelt came on board the cruiser Quincy at Suez he received floods of messages telling of the enthusiastic response to the publication of the Yalta communiqués in the United States. One of the cables quoted Herbert Hoover as saying, "It will offer a great hope to the world."

Hopkins later said to me, "We really believed in our hearts that this was the dawn of the new day we had all been



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praying for and talking about for so many years. The Russians had proved that they could be reasonable and far-seeing and there wasn't any doubt in the minds of the President or any of us that we could live with them and get along with them peacefully. I think we all had in our minds the reservation that we could not foretell what the results would be if anything should happen to Stalin. We felt sure that we could count on him to be reasonable and sensible and understanding—but we never could be sure who or what might be in back of him there in the Kremlin."

Last Rendezvous at Alexandria

The Quincy proceeded through the Suez Canal to Alexandria, where Churchill came aboard for lunch, this being the last meeting of the "two naval persons."

During the three days between Alexandria and Algiers, Hopkins felt desperately ill and was confined to his cabin, which was inaccessible to Roosevelt.

Roosevelt, who was feeling sick and tired himself, had arranged to appear before the Congress immediately after his return to Washington and deliver a speech on the Yalta Conference. (Churchill was to make his report to the House of Commons on February 27th.) Roosevelt's speech must be prepared during the trip across the Atlantic and naturally he expected Hopkins to help. But Hopkins sent word through Bohlen that he must leave the ship at Algiers and fly back to Washington. Roosevelt made no particular attempt to persuade Hopkins to change his mind, but he was disappointed and even displeased.

When Hopkins left the Quincy at Algiers, the President's "goodby" to him was not a very amiable one—a circumstance which it is sad to record, for Hopkins never saw his great friend again.

Hopkins arrived back in Washington on February 24th, and three days later flew to the Mayo Clinic where he remained until April 13th. Roosevelt returned to Washington on February 28th and made his speech to the Congress on March 2d. He made no claims to the achievement of perfection at Yalta. He said, "It has been a long journey. I hope you will all agree that it was a fruitful one. Speaking in all frankness, the question of whether it is entirely fruitful or not lies to a great extent in your hands. For unless you here in the halls of the American Congress—with the support of the American people—concur in the decisions reached at Yalta, and give them your active support, the meeting will not have produced lasting results."

After this speech, disillusionment began to set in. Speaking of the voting procedure in the Security Council, Roosevelt said, "It is not yet possible to announce the terms of it publicly, but it will be in a very short time." On March 5th announcement of the voting formula was made by Stettinius from Mexico, where he had gone for the Chapultepec Conference. Press opinion on this was very much divided. Most of those who criticized the veto provision interpreted it as a "sellout" to Stalin.

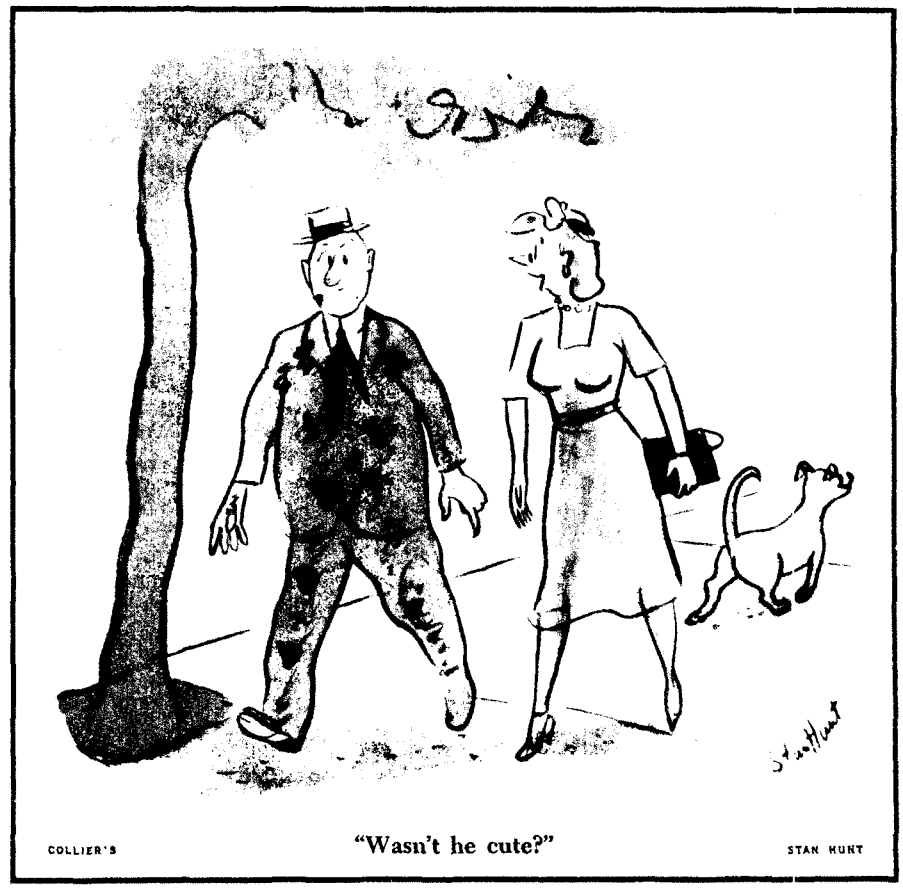
Then it was announced that Molotov would not go to San Francisco, the Russian delegation there to be headed by Gromyko. Since Eden was to head the British delegation, and Stettinius the American, Molotov's abstention was generally interpreted as a blunt confession that the Soviet government did not attach much importance to the conference.

There was now a growing feeling of uneasiness regarding the true relationship between the Soviet Union and the United States, Great Britain and other United Nations. It was beginning to be feared that a monstrous fraud had been perpetrated at Yalta, with Roosevelt and Churchill as the unwitting dupes. Then, suddenly, there came a news break which made the whole situation look very much uglier.

Roosevelt had announced that the American delegation at San Francisco would be completely bipartisan: Congress would be represented by Senators Tom Connally and Arthur Vandenberg and by Representatives Sol Bloom and Charles A. Eaton.

On March 23d the President summoned members of this delegation to the White House and informed them in strictest confidence of the arrangement made at Yalta whereby the United States and Britain would support the Russian request for three votes, in return for which Russia would support the United States request for three votes if it were put forward. This important piece of information was conveyed either accidentally or through a deliberate "leak" to the New York Herald Tribune and was printed on March 29th. The White House was compelled to issue a statement admitting that it was true. Then the press quite naturally wanted to know why it had been kept a secret—and how many more secrets were left over from Yalta.

From then on, the very word "Yalta" came to be associated in the public's mind with secret agreements. When the Far Eastern discussions were finally disclosed they were viewed with intense suspicion as further evidence of devious dealings, although there had been good and sufficient reason to withhold these until Russia was ready to go into action against Japan.



COLLIER'S "Wasn't he cute?" STAN HUNT

After Conferring with MacArthur

It was during this last week in March that I saw Roosevelt for the last time. I had just returned from a long trip around the Pacific, during which I had gone to Manila at the President's request to talk to General MacArthur in an attempt to learn something about his ideas for the future military government of Japan.

It was extremely difficult for any emissary from Washington to get through to MacArthur in those days. I, however, being an obscure and relatively inoffensive civilian, encountered no difficulties and was most hospitably received. General MacArthur talked to me for nearly three hours, and I came away enormously impressed with the extent of his understanding of the Orient and the breadth of his views.

On March 24th I went to see the President in his office and then walked over with him to the White House proper where we had lunch with Anna Boettiger on the sun porch. I said that I believed strongly that MacArthur was the ideal choice for military governor of Japan after the surrender; and victory in the Pacific appeared a great deal nearer than I had imagined before I made this trip. I told the President what I had heard MacArthur say on this subject, and Roosevelt observed, rather wistfully, "I wish that he would sometimes tell some of these things to *me*."

Three weeks later when I heard the news that the President was dead, all I could think of was, "It finally crushed him. He couldn't stand up under it any longer." The "it" was the awful responsibility that had been piling up and piling up for so many years. The fears and the hopes of hundreds of millions of human beings throughout the world had been bearing down on the mind of one man, until the pressure was more than mortal tissue could withstand, and then he said, "I have a terrific headache," and lost consciousness, and died. "A massive cerebral hemorrhage," said the doctors—and "massive" was the right word.

The morning after Roosevelt's death Hopkins telephoned me. He said, "You and I have got something great that we can take with us all the rest of our lives. Because we know it's *true* what so many people believed about him and what made them love him. The President never let them down. That's what you and I can remember.

"Oh, we all know he could be exasperating, and he could seem to be temporizing and delaying, and he'd get us all worked up when we thought he was making too many concessions to expediency. But all of that was in the little things, and he knew exactly how little and how unimportant they really were. But in the big things—all of the things that were of real, permanent importance—he never let the people down."

The next afternoon, Saturday, we went to the funeral service in the East Room of the White House. I was sitting at the extreme right of the assemblage when I felt a hand squeeze my shoulder. I looked up and it was Hopkins, who had flown on from Minnesota. He himself looked like death, the skin of his face a dreadful cold white with apparently no flesh left under it. I believed that he now had nothing left to live for, that his life had ended with Roosevelt's.

After the service, Hopkins asked my wife and me to come to his house in Georgetown. He went to bed and I sat with him for a long time and listened as he talked. He didn't seem like death now. Fire was shooting out of his eyes in their sunken sockets. I drastically revised my impression that he had nothing left to live for.

"Now we've really got to begin," he said. "We've had it too easy all this time, because we knew he was there, and we had the privilege of being able to get to him. Whatever we thought was the matter with the world, whatever we felt ought to be done about it, we could take our ideas to him, and if he thought there was any merit in them, or if anything that we said got him started on a train of thought of his own, then we'd see him go ahead and do it, and no matter how tremendous it might be or how idealistic he wasn't scared of it. Well—he isn't there now, and we've got to find a way to do things by ourselves."

The New Man in the White House

Hopkins talked at length of the new Administration. He said, "I'm pretty sure that Jimmy Byrnes and Henry Wallace and Harold Ickes are saying right now that they'd be President of the United States today if it weren't for ___ Hopkins. But this time I didn't have anything to do with it. I'm certain that the President had made up his mind on Truman long before I got back to the White House last year. I think he would have preferred Bill Douglas, because he knew him better and he always liked Bill's toughness. But nobody really influential was pushing for Douglas . . . and Bob Hannegan was certainly pushing for Harry Truman and the President believed he could put him over at the convention.

"People seemed to think that Truman was just suddenly pulled out of a hat—but that wasn't true. The President had had his eye on him for a long time. The Truman Committee record was good—he'd got himself known and liked around the country—and above all he was very popular in the Senate. That was the biggest consideration. The President wanted somebody that would help him when he went up there and asked them to ratify the peace."

Hopkins said he was going to turn in his resignation at once. He said, "Truman has got to have his own people around him, not Roosevelt's. If we were around, he'd know we were thinking, 'The *President* wouldn't do it that way!' "

That night we boarded the funeral train for Hyde Park. (Hopkins felt too exhausted to make this last, sad trip.) It was the same train with the same crew that we had traveled with on campaign expeditions.

In the rose garden that Sunday morning I was standing behind General Marshall and Admiral King. Across the garden was a detachment of cadets from West Point, and on the other three sides were lines of soldiers, sailors and Marines wearing ribbons that meant Cassino, and the Persian Gulf, and the Solomons Slot, and the *bocage* country, and Leyte, and Medjez El Bab, and Midway and Ploesti and Iwo Jima and the Hump. In the memorial to Roosevelt in the soldiers' magazine, Yank, they wrote: "He was the Commander in Chief, not only of our armed forces, but of our generation."

Next week: In the last of the articles on the Hopkins Papers, Marshal Stalin states that "he did not intend to have the British manage the affairs of Poland and that is exactly what they want to do."

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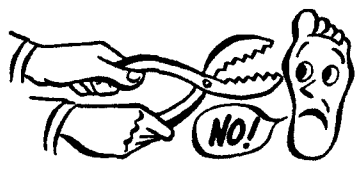

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HE HAD NO RESERVATIONS

Continued from page 23

to call a taxi and realized that he didn't know the numbers of any taxis. He looked in the wrong part of the telephone book and couldn't find any means of transportation listed under Taxi. He decided maybe the listing might be simply Cab but that, too, proved erroneous. Certainly, he decided, it wouldn't be under Hack. Even the fiends who concoct phone books couldn't be that illiterate. He was growing desperate when he happened to glance at the classified book and found dozens of cab companies listed therein.

HE WENT to Janice's home and found her there alone, her bags all packed. He kissed the nape of her neck and then her lips and then released her to stand at arm's length and adore her.

"Ah, my beautiful sweet," he said. "I can hardly wait until we're on the train and—" And then he thought of something. "Incidentally," he asked, "what train are we taking?"

"What train?" repeated Janice, staring at him blankly. "Why, don't *you* know?"

"You mean you didn't call the people?"

"What people?" asked Janice.

"Whoever it is that fixes up train reservations," said Chris. "I don't know who. Jane always takes care of things like that."

"Oh," said Janice flatly. "Jane always does. Well, I didn't. What do we do?"

"We might look in the phone book under tickets," said Chris and then he remembered the taxi episode. "No," he said, "that'd take the rest of the day. I'll tell you what. We'll just take a cab and go to the station and buy our tickets. I've got the number of a cab company."

They took a cab and went to the station and bought two tickets to Marina on the coast. After waiting two hours, they got on the train. Chris surrendered his tickets to a conductor.

"Will you please show us to our drawing rooms?" he asked.

"Sure," said the conductor. "Your reservations, please."

"Reservations?" said Chris and gulped.

He looked accusingly at Janice. Why hadn't she thought of reservations?

"I seem to have forgotten reservations," he told the conductor. "Can't you fix us up with a couple of drawing rooms anyway?"

"I can't imagine what use you'd find for two drawing rooms," said the conductor; "but I can't even fix you up with one. We're all sold out."

"Then," asked Chris, "how about compartments or bedrooms?"

"Nothing doing," said the conductor. "We haven't even got an upper berth. The only remaining accommodations on this train are a few seats in the day coach. Of course, if you two are mad at each other, I have no objection to your selecting seats at opposite ends of the coach."

By the time they had found two seats Chris had decided not to mention Janice's lack of foresight in not reminding him to get drawing-room reservations, and Janice had reached the same decision in regard to Chris.

"You know, I don't think sitting up all night's going to be bad at all," Janice said. "It'll be an adventure. Sort of like camping out. And besides we're going to have ever so much time for sleeping after this."

"I hope," said Chris, "that you aren't easily embarrassed. I'm going to kiss you right here in front of everybody."

He did and then they sighed and snuggled together and held hands.

Their contentment was not to be for long. As darkness fell, a small, stubby, bald-headed man seated himself opposite them and subjected them to a frank, scrutinizing gaze. Janice blushed a little and withdrew her hand from Chris's.

"Oh, don't mind me," said the stubby man. "I like to see young people hold hands. You just pretend I'm not here."

"We do not," Chris told him, "hold hands as a means of entertaining the general public. With us hand holding is definitely not a spectator sport. Do you mind?"

"Not at all," said the man. "Incidentally what are you two honeymooners doing in a day coach? You are honeymooners, aren't you?"

"After a fashion," said Chris.

"Gosh, you kids must be pretty green," said the man. "Don't you know they have private sleeping quarters on a train like this?"

"Do they really?" asked Chris.

"Sure," said the man. "A drawing room's the best, if you can afford it. But a compartment or bedroom's not bad. Even a roomette'd do in a pinch. Tight fit for two, though."

"Why," asked Chris, "aren't you, for example, all alone in a nice comfortable tight-fitting roomette, out of public sight?"

"My wife," said the little man indignantly, "forgot to make reservations. I can't understand it. She always takes care of things like that."

Janice noticed that a peculiar expression had come over Chris's face.

"I'll tell you what," she said. "Let's take this gentleman at his word. Let's pretend that he isn't here." Then she took Chris's hand and held it.

THEY were stiff and sore from sitting up all night when the train pulled into Marina. The sight of a blue, sparkling sea, however, and the smell of salt air revived their spirits and they were in a gay mood as they walked into the town's largest hotel. Chris went to the desk and asked for a suite of rooms—two bedrooms and a sitting room.

"You have reservations, of course?" asked the clerk in a tone of voice that indicated that he doubted it.

Chris turned to Janice. "Of course you wired for reservations, didn't you?" he asked in a voice as doubtful as that of the clerk's.

"You mean to say that you didn't?" asked Janice.

"No," said Chris. "Jane always—"

"—takes care of those things for you," Janice completed the sentence. "How many other hotels are there in town?" she asked the clerk.

"Two fair ones," said the clerk, "and three or four fleabags that you wouldn't be caught dead in."

The two "fair" hotels offered them nothing, not even hope.

"Let's try the fleabags," suggested Janice, wearily. "I'm willing to run the risk of being caught dead in anything that has a bed in it."

But the fleabags could provide them with no space; not even enough to be caught dead in.

They had a leisurely breakfast, interspersed with a minimum of conversation. Then they went for a walk along the seashore and returned to an even more silent lunch. After that they went to a motion picture which featured a talking camel and bored them silly. It was dusk when they emerged from the theater.

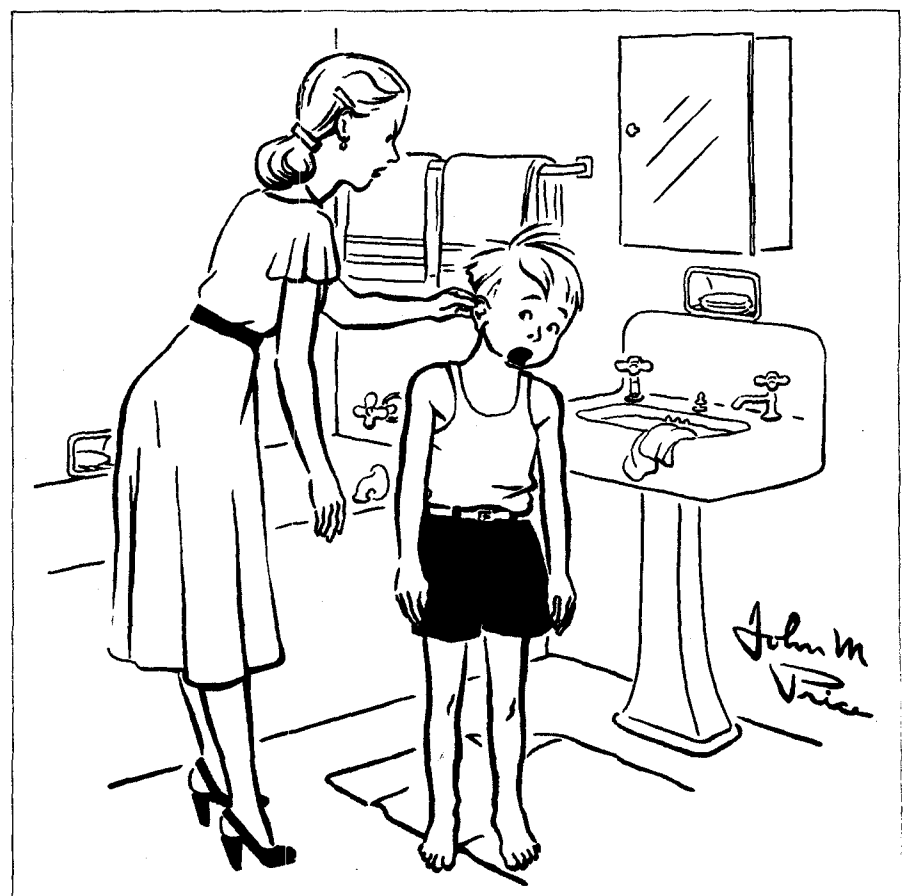
"Now what?" asked Janice dejectedly.

"I think a drink might help," said Chris. "That is, if you don't need a reservation to get to a bar."

After the third drink, Tom Clark, the friend Chris had mentioned to Jane, came up and shook hands with Chris.

"Well, well," he said, "what on earth are you doing here, Chris, old boy?" Then he stared admiringly at Janice. "Don't bother to answer that—" he said, "not even in a vague general way. It sure is great to see you, Chris. Plan on doing any fishing?"

"No more than you do," said Chris. "Incidentally, this is Miss Janice Mason."



"Well, it's as clean as I could get them without actually washing"

COLLIER'S JOHN M. PRICE

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COLLIER'S "I trust these references will be confidential" CLAUDE

"How do you do?" Tom said to Janice. "I am always delighted to meet friends of Chris's, especially pretty ones. Are you enjoying your stay here?"

"Oh, just dreadfully," said Janice.

"Where you staying?" Tom asked Chris.

"We're sort of on the town," said Janice. "We're not staying anywhere. Do you have any practical suggestions as to how one might break into the local jail, just for a night?"

"What, no rooms?" asked Tom.

"No reservations," said Chris and looked at Janice.

"My, my, how inconvenient," said Tom and he, too, looked at Janice. "I'd like to help you, really I would. But I have such small quarters. There's only room for one more and, of course—"

"Of course," said Chris. "Well, it's nice to have seen you, Tom, old boy. We'll be running along now. This is the time of evening Janice and I reserve for watching the sea gulls.". . .

Finally Janice broke the silence of their walk along the seashore.

"What," she asked glumly, "comes next?"

"I don't know," said Chris unhappily. Can't you think of something?"

"The only thing I can think of," said Janice, "is a park bench."

"Horrors," shuddered Chris. "Not that."

The park bench proved to be hard and uncomfortable and the park itself had not been designed with an eye to shelter. It was quite drafty. Late at night, Chris awakened. Janice sat slumped beside him, snoring gently. The moon came out and a beam of light touched the girl's neck. The delightful curl was gone. Perhaps because of damp sea air, all that remained of it was a limp hank of hair. She was no longer glamorous. Chris sighed and drifted off to sleep. . . .

When Chris awakened next morning he discovered two things: Janice was gone, and a note was pinned to his coat sleeve. The note read:

"Dear Chris:

"Your friend found me sleeping on the bench and he was overcome by something akin to chivalry. He agreed to let me use his room and I did not say share. I'm sorry, dear heart, but I'm afraid this whole thing's a bust. As a matter of fact, I can state without reservations that it's a bust. Goodby and let me give you some friendly advice. The next time you decide to run away from Jane why don't you make it easy on yourself and take her along?

"Yours truly,

"Janice"

Chris read the note with remarkable equanimity. He was somewhat pleased to realize that he was not grief-stricken. He was, as a matter of fact, not even disappointed. He found it in him even to chuckle at Janice's parting crack about Jane. And then he leaped to his feet and started running.

Jane! *That note he'd left for her!* She'd be home sometime today. She'd find it, unless—

WITHOUT any help from anyone, Chris managed to get himself aboard a southbound plane. There are two things you can count on in airplane travel. You'll get lukewarm coffee and you'll have a gabby seat companion. Chris had both.

His companion was an affable, red-faced individual named Charley, who seemed to have dedicated himself to making his life an open book for the edification of even the most casual acquaintances. After having bared his dull soul, Charley leaned back and waited for Chris to contribute his share to the conversation. Chris just stared moodily out the window.

"What do you do?" asked Charley after an unbearable silence.

"Paint," said Chris.

"Pictures?" asked Charley.

"Yeah," said Chris.

"Magazine illustrations, huh?" asked Charley.

"Yeah," said Chris.

"What's your name?" asked Charley. Chris told him.

"I've seen your work," said Charley. "You know I've always wanted to meet one of you birds. What a racket!"

"Unh," said Chris, wondering why the confounded plane didn't pick up a little speed. Perhaps the hostess was dragging her feet.

Charley began thumbing through a magazine.

"The thing about you birds," Charley continued, "is you think you're prompting romance, but you aren't by a long shot. You're selling disillusionment. The beautiful babes you paint. Why, they don't exist any more'n unicorns! Do you think my wife'd be the mother of three kids if I really believed dames like this were running around loose?"

He shoved a full-page illustration under Chris's nose. Chris stared at it for a long time. The illustration was the one for which Janice had posed while wearing the abbreviated bathing suit. But, incredibly, the likeness was only superficially that of Janice. The living, breathing flesh and the soul of the picture were Jane. Obviously, while painting the picture he had been looking at Janice but in his mind's eye he had been seeing Jane. And that, he realized, accounted for his infatuation for the model; her faint resemblance to his own wife. Even the similarity of names might have contributed to the illusion. Janice. Jane.

"That dame," he said somberly to Charley, "is liable to be running around loose very shortly—unless I get home in time."

ENCOURAGED by a ten-dollar tip, the taxi driver broke all laws and speed records in rushing Chris to his home. He sprinted up the path and tried the door. Thank Heavens, it was locked. He opened the door and went into the house. Again, thank Heavens! The envelope he had addressed to Jane was still on the mantel. He tore the envelope open and stared blankly into it.

It was empty.

Obviously, in his haste to leave, he had either mislaid or dropped the note and, somewhere in the house, it waited to accuse and damn him. He began a frantic search, which was interrupted by Jane's arrival.

"Oh, my darling," he cried and took her in his arms. He kissed her tenderly and, as he did, he noticed an adorable curl at the base of her neck. This curl was the real McCoy. Janice's, he decided, was probably a phony. Why, he'd bet anything she used a curling iron on it.

"I've missed you so," he murmured. "It's seemed like months."

"Nonsense," laughed Jane. "We've been parted before."

"We'll never be again," declared Chris fervently. "I adore you, Jane."

"Now if you're through kissing me—and if you're not, say so, because I like it— I think I'll go unpack my bag," said Jane.

All was right now with Chris's world. He breathed a sigh of contentment, sank languidly into a chair and lighted a cigarette.

"Be a good girl," he said, "and unpack my bags, too."

He had completely forgotten about the note. He did not have occasion to remember it or what he had said in it until he returned home one night and found a package of new shirts waiting for him.

And then, in a searing flash, he remembered the note and what he had written in it, especially in the postscript.

He had instructed Jane to have his shirt collars made a half size larger.

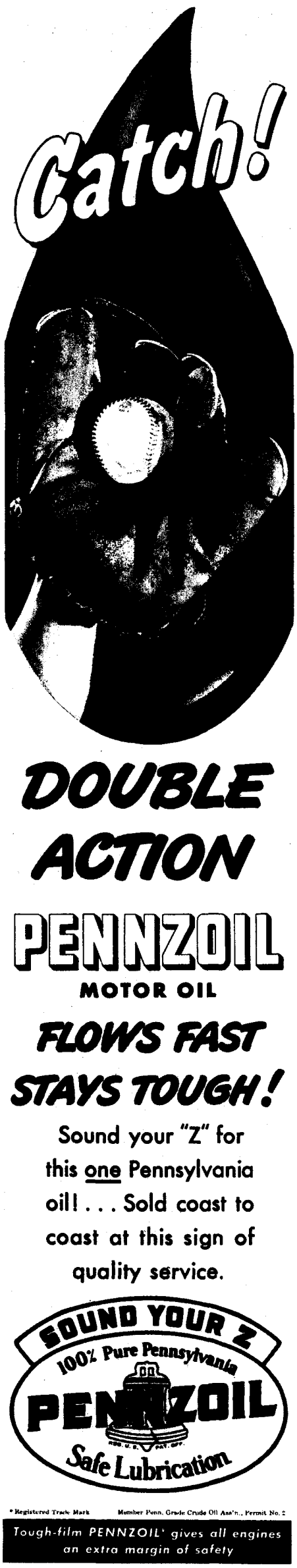
With trembling hands he opened the package and examined the shirts. The collars were a half size larger.

Then that meant Jane had found the note. Or had she? Perhaps, in her usually efficient manner, she had anticipated his need for more space around his esophagus. On the other hand perhaps she was being devilishly subtle. Which?

There is a punishment for every crime; for every sin there is retribution.

Chris never did find out.

THE END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Collier's believes...

...NOW IS THE TIME TO DIG

ONE of the most persistently cheerful and ironic phenomena of the last three years has been and is the enormous number of paying jobs available to Americans.

It's a cheerful phenomenon because few things are pleasanter than to see almost everybody at work who wants to work. And it's ironic because so many economic prophets, before V-J Day, scheduled a record-smashing depression for us, to begin within scant weeks after the war. There were going to be at least 8,000,000 workers out of jobs, eating up their unemployment insurance and swarming onto the relief rolls—remember?

So, as this is written, we have more than 61,000,000 people holding down jobs in the United States—or 1,000,000 better than the 60,000,000 that Henry A. Wallace used to yodel about as being the ideal figure. Wonder what ever became of that particular slogan of Henry's anyway.

Nor have we reached the peak yet, if we can rely on assorted statistics and forecasts worked out by various government agencies, industrial analysts, and others in position to speak with authority. The Marshall Plan (ERP or ECA) is getting under way, and rearmament is firing up; and between them they bid fair to drain our pool of available labor close to the bottom.

The armed services will be requiring many kinds of goods, as well as about a half-million more men than they now have. To fill these needs, we'll have to round up perhaps 200,000 additional workers for the airplane industries in the next year or so, plus some 500,000 or more extra hands in a large number of other industries.

Where are they coming from? Well, it looks as if Rosie the Riveter, of World War II fame, will be back on the job before long in considerable numbers, along with a lot of kids fresh out of high school and quite a few old-timers who thought their working days were done. Workers in these categories turned in an impressive performance before, and they can do it again—and apparently will have to be urgently requested to do it again if we're to do a reasonably good job of meeting prospective domestic and foreign demands for our goods and services.

To repeat, this is mainly a fine state of affairs, and we wish it could last forever. Compared with the desperation of jobless millions in the long 1929-40 depression, this is Utopia, despite the galling inflation that goes with it and the Russian threat which so heavily contributes to it.

But, as the human race has known at least since the justly famed Joseph's time in ancient Egypt, fat years do not last forever. Up to now, they have always been followed by strings of lean years.

So we'll make bold to pass out a few tips to the customers—tips which may not make overly pleasant reading, but which we believe are of top value.

The gist of this advice is that now, in this flush period, is the time for anyone who wants to go on working indefinitely and better his or her condition along the way to dig in with the old extra effort, ambition, energy, application.

Give the job the best you've got, even if it isn't the most agreeable job you could imagine, or the one best suited to your talents and personality. Keep an eye open for that ideal job, but in the meantime don't neglect or slight the one you have. You'll regret it if you do—quite possibly to the extent of losing your present job and failing to connect with a better one.

To put out your best efforts now is the best-known way to make ready for the time when help will have to be laid off here and there, when some business concerns will fold, when demand for labor and goods alike will slack off.

In that melancholy period, those let out first will be, by and large, people who didn't pay much concentrated attention to their work in the fat years. The hard and conscientious boom-time workers will have the best hopes of hanging onto the pay rolls; the negligent, flip, don't-give-a-hang boys and girls will get the gate, while long-suffering foremen, personnel managers and even occasional owners howl with horrid glee.

Another smart thing to do in these fat years is to save what money you can and put it where it will be safe—in a savings bank, or into government bonds, or into stocks that have long and consistent dividend-paying records behind them, or into your own home.

We're aware that this kind of talk sounds a bit old-hat just now. A great deal of talk has gone the rounds in the last decade or more about how society owes everybody if not a living, at least the opportunity to make a living. It is true that during the depression the relief disbursements were most generous, and a considerable number of good-for-nothings profited thereby along with the millions of worth-while people whose only recourse was to go on relief.

The cold fact remains that the thrifty person who has stashed away some portion of his fat-year earnings is invariably better off than the wastrel when the lean years arrive. And with our national debt at its present stratospheric level, there is grave question whether relief allotments in any future depression can be nearly so generous or as widespread as they were in the last one.

By saving some of your present earnings, too, you will be doing what you personally can to combat the inflation now plaguing the country. Inflation is the result of the pressure of too much buying power against too few goods to satisfy demand. Taper off that pressure—defer that buying power to another day—and you contribute your bit to the eventual victory over inflation.

And that's about the end of the sermon for this week. We think it's the truth and nothing but the truth about how best to get along in these frothy, fermenting, excited boom times that have come upon us in the last three years. Those who keep their heads screwed on now will have the best chance to keep said heads above water the next time the going gets rough.

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9 out of 10 say IMPERIAL again!

91.4% to be exact! When purchasers of Imperial were questioned in a nation-wide survey, 91.4% proved to be *repeat purchasers.* Yes, nine out of ten say Imperial again!

It's good to know... IMPERIAL *is made by Hiram Walker.*

No wonder nine out of ten say Imperial again!

HIRAM WALKER
SINCE 1858
IMPERIAL
Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC PEORIA - ILLINOIS

90 years at fine whiskey-making makes this whiskey good. 86 proof. Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 30% straight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

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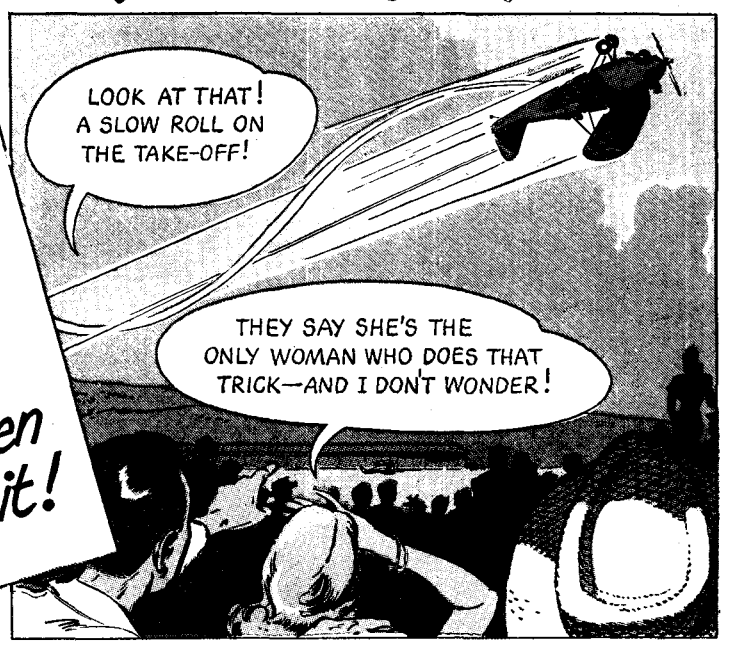
WATCH THAT WING!

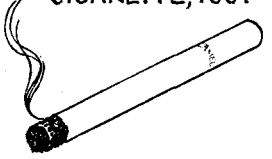
Daring BETTY SKELTON calls it "precision flying"— but few men would try it!



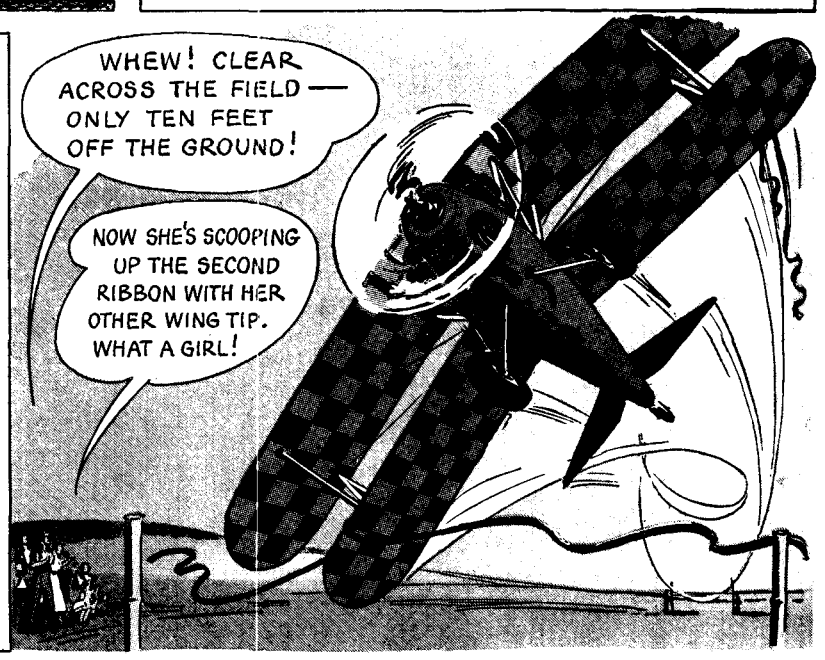
BETTY SKELTON'S TOUGHEST STUNT—— USING HER WING TIP TO PICK UP TWO SILK RIBBONS—500 FEET APART—EACH STRETCHED BETWEEN TWO POLES, ONLY TEN FEET ABOVE THE GROUND!

"EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!"

SAYS BETTY SKELTON, "IN PRECISION FLYING... AND IN CHOOSING A CIGARETTE, TOO!"



WITH BETTY—AND MILLIONS OF OTHER SMOKERS—— CAMELS ARE THE "CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE."


WHEW! CLEAR ACROSS THE FIELD— ONLY TEN FEET OFF THE GROUND!
NOW SHE'S SCOOPING UP THE SECOND RIBBON WITH HER OTHER WING TIP. WHAT A GIRL!

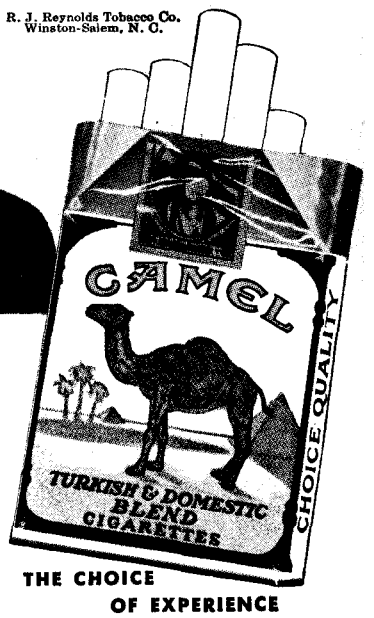
AH—A CAMEL! I SEE YOU KNOW YOUR CIGARETTES —AS WELL AS YOUR FLYING!
I LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE THERE'S NO OTHER CIGARETTE LIKE A CAMEL!

Let your "T-Zone" tell you why!

T for Taste...T for Throat...

that's *your* proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. Winston-Salem, N. C.



According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.

MORE PEOPLE ARE SMOKING CAMELS THAN EVER BEFORE

THE CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE

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